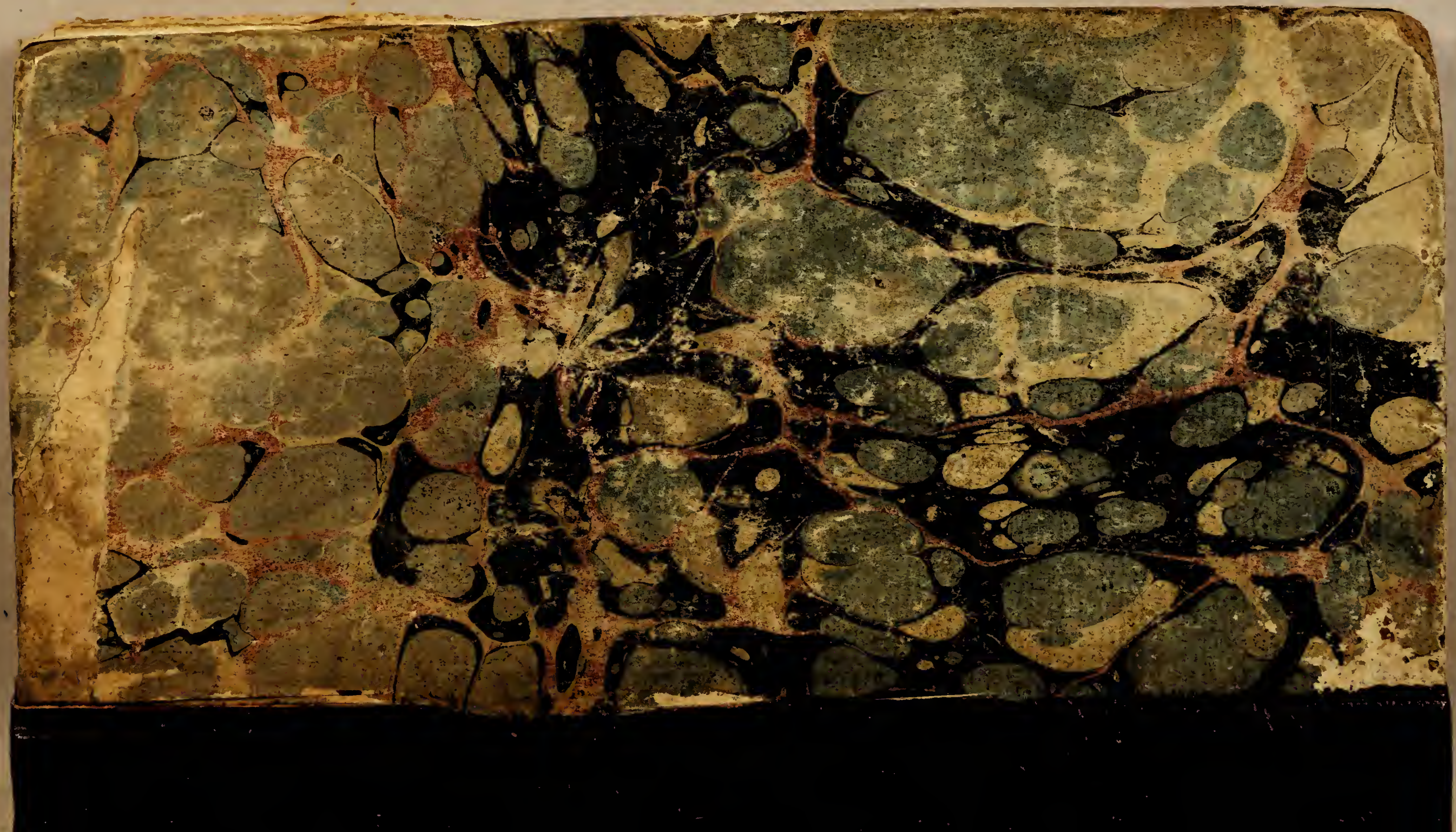

John Carter Brown
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MISCELLANEOUS

POEMS

BY

Several HANDS

PARTICULARLY

The D--- of W---N,	Mr. JOHN HUGHES,
Sir SAMUEL GARTH,	Mr. THOMSON,
Dean S———,	Mrs. C———R.

PUBLISH'D BY

Mr. *RALPH.*

LONDON:

Printed by *C. Ackers*, for W. MEADOWS at the *Angel* in *Cornhill*; J. BATLEY at the *Dove* in *Paternoster-Row*; T. COX at the *Lamb* under the *Royal-Exchange*; S. BILLINGSLEY at the *Judge's Head* in *Chancery-Lane*; R. HETT at the *Bible* and *Crown* in the *Poultry* near *Cheapside*; and J. GRAY at the *Cross-Keys* in the *Poultry*. MDCCXXIX.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Earl of *Albemarle*,

KNIGHT of the Honourable ORDER of the *BATH*, &c.

My LORD,

THE Criticks, who are Lawgivers to the *Muſes*, have eſtabliſh'd it as a Rule, that Collections of occaſional Verſe,

ſhould be compos'd of all the different Graces of Poetry; and common Senſe obliges every Author to chooſe a Patron with all the Delicacy imaginable; a Patron, whoſe ſimilar Virtues ſhould give him a Title to the Performance, and almoſt prejudice the Reader in its Favour.

On theſe Principles, my LORD, I ventur'd to ask your Protection, and am pleas'd with my Succeſs; am pleas'd to ſee theſe Poems recommended by ſo great a Name, and made the Entertainment of

ſo

ſo good a Judge: They are now like a Wreath of Flowers buckled with a Gem; Beauty, and Magnificence united.----I ſhould not take the Liberty of inſinuating the leaſt Applauſe to any Thing I am concern'd in my ſelf, were not Silence an Injuſtice to my Fellow-Writers, and want of Deſert an Affront to You: No, my LORD, I would preſent you with ſuch miſcellaneous Pieces of Poetry and Wit as merit your Regard; and, if any Frailties of mine ſhould leſſen their Value, I truſt to your LORDSHIP's good Humour

for a Pardon, ſince it has been long concluded, that Perfection was inconſiſtent with Humanity.

As Dedications, my LORD, have been ſo often made the Vehicles of Flattery, 'tis almoſt dangerous to praiſe, leaſt that ſhould be eſteem'd Injuſtice, which was due to Virtue only: I would not be ſuſpected of ſuch a Meaneſs, ---- neither is it likely I ſhould, when I addreſs my ſelf to your LORDSHIP. The World, indeed, without a Compliment, ſhould conſider a Patron, as a Man of Honour and

Virtue,

DEDICATION.

Virtue, and a Dedication the bare Acknowledgment of ſuch ſingular Merit; which is the ſincere Intent of,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's

Moſt Obliged Humble Servant,

J. RALPH.

THE

CONTENTS.

AN Imitation of Spencer's *Fairy Queen: A Fragment.* Page 1
To Sapho. 29
On a Spider. 31
To a Lady in a Fever. 32
Supplement to Milton's Il Penseroso. 33
Receipt to make Love. 34
The Mock Heroes. 35
Verses occasion'd by the General History of Printing. 36
To Clio. 40
Timon *and* Flavia; *or the Fruitless Repentance. A Tale.* 43
The Cause of Inconstancy. 52
A True and Lamentable Ballad; call'd, The Earl's Defeat. 55
Love and Knowledge. To Orinda. 61
The Dream; to a Lady. 64
On Valentine's *Day.* 67
Ecclesiasticus XXXVIII. 15 *Verses.* 68
The Courtier. 73
Epithalamium. 79
An Essay, in Praise of Gold. 85
On Death. 93
Verses, by an Unfortunate Lady. 96
By the Same. 98
To the Lady, Author of the two preceeding Poems. 101
To a Lady, upon our being chosen King and Queen upon Twelfth-Day. 102

On

The CONTENTS.

n Playing with a Lady at Shuttlecock on Valentine's-Day. 104
he Morning Apparition. 106
Poem, occasion'd by the Death of Mr. John Hughes. 107
a Lady in Tears, for the Decay of her Beauty. 112
Sleep. 113
he Lunatick. A Tale. 115
Lady Carteret; *A Riddle.* 126
nother. 129
Song, sung at the Opera-Houſe, *by Mrs.* ------, *on her leaving the* Engliſh-Stage, *and Return to* Italy. 130
nitated by the D--- of W------. 131
n the Death of a Youth. 132
n Half a Crown. 134
belard *to* Philintus. 137
n Ode. 149
wo Satires on Old Age. Satire I. 153
tire II. 155
he Dangler. 157
a Learned Lady. 158
a Man of Quality; on his Marriage. 160
n Miſs E-----*'s landing at* Briſtol. 162
he VIIth *Chap. of* Job *Paraphraſed.* 163
ella *and* Flavia. 168
a Lady at her Glaſs. 169
nacreontique. 170
Henry Powney, *Eſq;* 174
Flavia. 179
the Same. 180
the Same. 182
the Same. 183
the Same. 185
he 139*th* Pſalm *Paraphras'd.* 188
Melancholy: An Ode. 194
he Heron: A Tale for the Old Maids. 197

To

The CONTENTS.

To Sir James Thornhill, *on his Picture of* John Sheppard. 199
A Song. 201
Another. 202
Another. 204
On Sir W------ M------n, *Knight of the* Bath, *losing his Badge of the Order.* 206
Part of the Third Chapter of Job *Paraphras'd.* 208
To Serena; *on presenting her The* Conscious Lovers. 212
Verses made at Crambo. 213
The Comparison. 214
An Ode; occasion'd by Lord Bolingbroke's *presenting a Butt of Wine to Mr.* Barnes, *on his Dedicating a New Edition of* Anacreon to his *Lordship.* 219
Written Extempore, on a Lady, who (by some Mishap) fell in a Vault. 222
Prudery. 224
Mater Sæva Cupidinum. **Hor.** 225
The Milk-Maid. 226
Verses writ by a Gentleman in his Sister's Table-Book. 230
To a Lady who ask'd what is Love? 231
To Lady Harvey; *on a Conversation concerning Names, by* Miranda. 232
On Miss S---- R----s *Birth-Day.* 235
To Cloe, *covering her Neck with an* Indian *Handkerchief.* 237
The Rover fix'd. 239
To Jacynta, *Lamenting at* Cloe's *Small-Pox.* 241
A Familiar Epistle to the Right Reverend Dr. Hoadley, *Lord Bishop of* Bangor. 242
Cloe *to Mr.* Tickell, *occasion'd by his* Avignon *Letter.* 246
On Martilla *Weeping.* 250
On a Masqu'd Mistress. From Buchanan. 251
Claudian's *Old Man of* Verona. 254
On the Death of a Lap-Dog. 256
To Mrs. A. B. 258

Cupid

The CONTENTS.

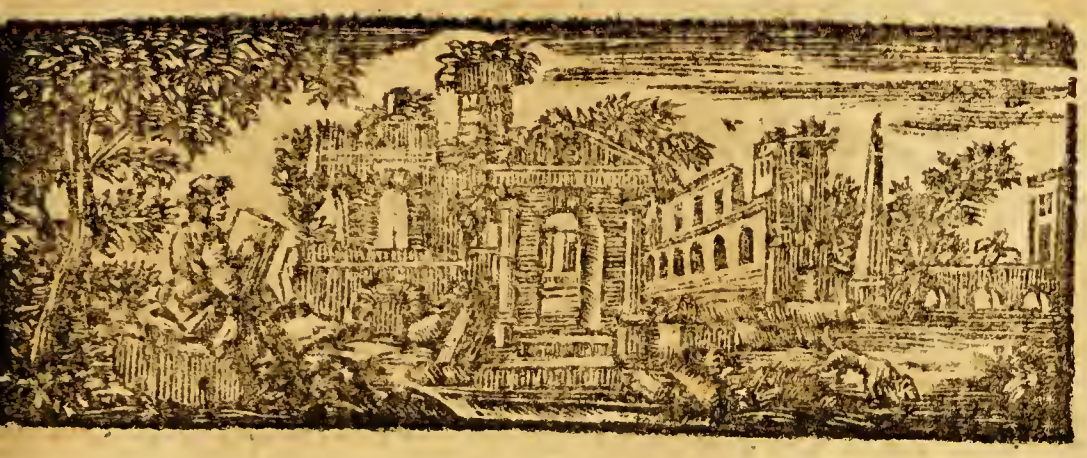
Cupid *in Love.* 260
Hor. Lib. IV. Ode. XII. 262
Blew-Ey'd Nancy ; *Or, The* Diſappointed Lovers. 264
To Amoret *at Church.* 269
To Thyrſis. 270
To the Same. 272
Anſwer. 273
Written by a Lady at Bath, *in her laſt Sickneſs, to her Huſband.* ibid.
To a Lady on her Singing. 275
Hermilia. 276
The Diſappointed Lady. 277
On Blenheim-Houſe. 280
Epitaph. 281
A Song. ibid.
Another. 283
An Ode from Sapho, *Engliſh'd.* 284
From Catullus. 285
On Jealouſy. 286
The Beginning of Lucan, Lib. VIII. *Engliſh'd.* 287
Part of Lucan, Lib. IX. *Engliſh'd.* 294
Horace, Book II. Ode V. *Engliſh'd.* 297
On a Gentleman, who ran Mad with Love of a Phyſician's Daughter. 299
Epitaph. 300
Ode to the Thames, *for the* New-Year's-Day, 1720. 301
To a Young Friend. 304
To ------ on his intended Marriage, after an Increaſe of his Fortune. 307
Pride and Diſcontent ſilenc'd. 309
On Language. 311
A Thought at Waking. 314
Life made Agreeable. 315
To Amanda, *going to* Bath. 316
Epitaph. 317
Nature. 319

Written

The CONTENTS.

Written on one of the Ivory-Leaves of a Lady's Pocket-Book. 321
On Hellen's *Picture, painted by a Lady.* ibid.
The Story of Ariadne, *apply'd.* 322
Horace, Book III. Ode XXIX. *Imitated.* 323
The Fable of the Fox and Grapes. 327
Life, from a French *Epigram.* 328
On Friendſhip. ibid.
The Victory, to Cynthia. 331
A Morning-Hymn. 333
To an Infant, by a Lady. 335
A Song. 336
Another, occaſion'd by the Sight of a Corps in the Thames. 337
The Ruins of Time. 339
On her Majeſty's Statue in St. Paul's Church-yard. 340
A Paraphraſe on the latter Part of the VIth *Chap. of St.* Matthew. 341
The imcomparable Soporifick Doctor. 343
The Happy Man. 345
Hymn on Solitude. 346

AN



AN IMITATION OF *Spencer's* FAIRY QUEEN: A FRAGMENT.

By a GENTLEMAN of Twenty.

ARGUMENT.

In SPENCER's *preceding* Canto, *we have an Account of the Birth of* Change, *as a metaphorical Being, her reducing the Earth*

to her Subjection, and her Attempt on the Skies; where, being daunted at the Majeſty of JOVE, *ſhe refers her Claim to the Determination of* Nature, *which is the Subject of the following Lines, where the* Poet *has occaſionally introduced a View of the Seaſons, Months, Life, Death,* &c. *in the moſt agreeable and pictureſque Manner that can be imagin'd.*

FROM humble Themes, and unaſpiring Strains
Of verd'rous Shades, and ſtream-delighted Plains,
O whither would the daring *Muſe* aſcend!
Or where will this unuſual Tranſport end!
Again ſhe fires my Soul with Thirſt of Praiſe,
And tunes my Numbers to ſublimer Lays,
Of Sovereign JOVE her awful Sire's Succeſs,
At laſt obtain'd againſt the *Titaneſs*,
Who, high aſpiring, e'rſt rebellious ſtrove
To hurl him headlong from the Realms above:
Then deign, O ſacred Source of deathleſs Fame!
To aid my Labours, and exalt my Name;

Since

Since only thou, from JOVE's great Lineage ſprung,
Canſt rightly trace the wond'rous Deeds along,
That now employ my Verſe, and dignify my Song.
Since thou alone canſt endleſs Glory give,
And make that Song to future Ages live.

Now, at th' appointed Time, th' aſſembling Gods,
For * *Arlo-Hill*, forſook their bright Abodes;
Both thoſe deſcended of celeſtial Birth,
And the long Offspring of the fruitful Earth:
With theſe, obedient to th' Almighty's Call,
Met all the Nations of the wond'ring Ball,
That *Arlo-Hill* could ſcarce contain the Croud,
And almoſt ſunk beneath th' unwonted Load;
Nor could the narrow Space ſuch Numbers hold,
If thund'ring JOVE, by whom the World's controul'd,
Had not, with wond'rous Art, diſpos'd the Throng,
In ſeemly Ranks, the ſcanty Ground along.

Laſt came great *Nature*, whoſe Almighty Pow'r
The Gods themſelves with Reverence adore;
When, riſing inſtant from his golden Throne,
The Heav'n's dread Ruler bow'd ſubmiſſive down,

* *In* Ireland *where* SPENCER *liv'd.*

And all th' Immortals due Obedience paid,
And at her Feet their boaſted Honours laid;
Ev'n haughty *Change* controul'd her ſtubborn Mind,
And low her daring Creſt with Awe reclin'd:
For ſhe, the Goddeſs, towr'd ſupreamly tall,
And high exalted overlook'd them all;
A brighter Glory flam'd around her Head,
Her fiercer Eyes a keener Influence ſhed,
In awful Majeſty, more dread than JOVE,
In Beauty fairer than the Queen of Love.
------Beſide, e'er Time his circling Courſe began,
Or reſtleſs round the changing Seaſons ran;
While CHAOS yet his loud Uproar maintain'd,
In the mad Whirl the Goddeſs calmly reign'd,
And at her Word the Tumult rag'd no more,
And Peace, and Concord waited on her Lore:
Then, blaz'd the Sun, and all the Worlds on high
Roll'd round their Orbs, and brighten'd o'er the Sky,
By her they roſe, and when ſhe gives Command,
In Heav'n's Mid-way the Lamp of Light ſhall ſtand;
Down from the vaulted Blue the Planets fall,
And one dread Ruin ſwift devolve on all;
So vaſt is her Controul, ſo wide her Sway,
Which Gods above, and Men below obey:

But

But none her Sex could ever throughly learn,
Or unarray'd her heavenly Form diſcern;
For, wrapp'd in Darkneſs, and involv'd with Night,
She skreen'd her Face from Day, and ſhunn'd the Light,
Some dreadleſs Souls, who dar'd the Cloud remove,
And fond of Knowledge with the Goddeſs ſtrove,
Have taught the World that Horror lurks beneath,
The Source of Sorrow, and the Seeds of Death;
And ſome that Beauty, in its brighteſt Blaze,
From thence emits ſuch ſtrong, and piercing Rays,
As, far tranſcending the *Meridian* Sun,
Can be but by Reflection view'd alone.

Where, ſunk into a Plain, the Mountain ſpread,
The Pow'r ſupream her gay Pavillion made;
Not ſuch as mortal Kings ſublimely raiſe
All bright with Gold, and with the Diamonds blaze,
But, from the teeming Earth, immediate ſprung
Spontaneous Trees with purple Bloſſoms hung,
Whoſe bending Branches bow'd obedient down,
And form'd, in all their Bloom, a woody Throne:
The Pride of Spring, and Glory of the Fields,
The Pomp of Flow'rs which annual FLORA yields,

With ſudden Growth in all their Charms were ſeen
To deck the Earth, and paint th' enamel'd Green,
And, wafting ſweet, enliv'ning Gales from far,
With heav'nly Fragrance fum'd the circling Air:
Beſide, the River Nymphs ten thouſand more
Glean'd from the Borders of the wat'ry Shore,
And at her Feet the gay Profuſion threw,
Sweet to the Smell, and pleaſant to the View:
Leſs gay the ſplendid, coſtly Carpets ſhow,
Whoſe *Tyrian* Grounds with golden Labours glow,
And, ſpread Illuſtrious where the Great reſide,
On the rich Walls reflect their Luſtre wide:
Ev'n ancient *Arlo*, on whoſe hoary Brow
Hung thawleſs Ice, and never-melting Snow,
For lovely Green his ruſſet Gray reſign'd,
And round his Head an oaken Garland twin'd,
As if, to Youth reſtor'd, ſome freſh Deſire
Had warm'd his Heart, and alter'd his Attire:
It's Sovereign Queen the whole Creation ſung,
And all the vaſt Immenſe with loud Applauſes rung.

Such Gladneſs ne'er in future Times was known,
Save that diſtinguiſh'd Day when PELEUS won

His

His heav'nly Bride, a Daughter of the Sky!
When all the Gods deſcended from on High
To grace the nuptial Feaſt, and give the Bridegroom Joy.

When thus the Goddeſs, whoſe creating Hand
Spread out the Seas, and fix'd the ſtedfaſt Land,
Had fill'd her *Sylvan* Throne; before her came,
Audacious *Change* to urge her daring Claim;
Who bending low her plaintive Plea began,
And thus her Tale in bold Invectives ran:

To thee, great Goddeſs! injur'd I appeal,
And at thy Throne, in hope of Juſtice kneel;
The whole Creation's bleſs'd beneath thy ſway,
And at thy Word Oppreſſion ſoars away;
From thee the wretched find relief alone,
Thy Hand upholds the Weak, and hurls the Tyrant down:
Dread Source of Right! of JOVE I now complain,
And all the Gods that form his ſervile Train,
Who jointly boaſt that to their Rule is giv'n
The vaunted Empires both of Earth, and Heav'n;
Tho' here below I hold unbounded Sway,
And Brutes, and Men my great Commands obey:

Tho' mine's the Right to rule th' empyreal Plains,
And like a Tyrant this dread Thund'rer reigns :
---- Now Heaven, and Earth are both thy equal Care,
And Gods, and Men alike thy Favour ſhare ;
For Gods to thee oppos'd, like mortal Men
Compar'd to Gods, would boaſt their Strength in vain :
Then deign, O righteous Judge! to hear my Cauſe,
And give my Claim the Sanction of thy Laws :
Yet weigh our diff'rent Rights in even Scale,
And let the Juſt as Juſtice will's prevail ;
Tho' all muſt know th' ethereal Plains are mine,
As eldeſt Offspring of great TITAN's Line ;
And JOVE, uſurping, holds the regal Throne,
Depriving me of what is mine alone :
Yet, ſpight of all the Thunders in his Hand,
And the joint Pow'r of his united Band,
In this low Orb I've fix'd my awful Reign,
And Gods, and Men would tempt my Pow'r in vain.
For Proof the whole created Frame ſurvey,
And bring its Changes forth to open Day :
See! the huge Globe, on its own Axis hung,
Varies its Seat, and ſmoothly rolls along ;
No Pauſe of Reſt, no ſtedfaſt Point it knows,
But round the Sun its annual Journy goes,

While

While Heat, and Cold renew their Sway by turns,
While Winter freezes, and while Summer burns.

What num'rous Changes have receiv'd their Birth,
And damp'd the Glories of the blooming Earth,
Since the firſt Age, when Peace, and Plenty crown'd
Its happy Realms, and bleſs'd the teeming Ground?
The Rage of Arms, the Tyrant's rig'rous Sway
Have waſted Towns, and ſwept whole Tribes away;
The ſtormy Wild, where angry *Neptune* roars,
Has burſt its Bounds, and ſcorn'd its narrow Shores;
Ev'n the huge Mountains of this pond'rous Ball,
By Earthquakes ſhook, in mighty Ruins fall;
Then new Convulſions heave the trembling Plain,
And rear the Mountain to its Height again.

Obſerve how Brutes, thro' various Changes run,
How ſhort their Joys! how ſoon their Labour's done!
To Day ſecure thro' flow'ry Fields they ſtray,
To Morrow bleed their ſlighted Souls away
At Man's ſevere Command; yet more ſupply
The murth'rous Waſte, and more unpitied dye.
Like turns of Fate unhappy Mortals know,
By Wealth exalted, and by Want made low;

Bent, with the Weight of heavy-rolling Time,
They change for feeble Age their vig'rous Prime;
For Evil Good, for Juſt Unjuſt become,
Decay in Life, and Moulder in the Tomb.

Nor fewer Changes can the Water boaſt,
In Rains deſcending, and in Vapours loſt:
Ten thouſand Rivers ſwell the boiſt'rous Main,
Which backward rolls the wond'ring Waves again;
When gentle Gales with adverſe Wing ariſe,
In whit'ning Foam, the ſmootheſt Current fries;
By Tempeſts rag'd old *Ocean* loudly roars,
And burſts enormous on the frighted Shores.
Nor free from Change the wat'ry Tribes we find,
Toſs'd on the Waves, and driven by the Wind:
Firſt, the deſerted Spawn at random rides
On rapid Torrents, and retreating Tides,
And when, with vig'rous Life, it glides away,
New to the Light, and wond'ring at the Day,
Strait from beneath the ſcaly Monſters riſe,
And in ſome rav'nous Jaw, the Wand'rer dies:
For ev'ry Species of the wat'ry Train,
Which haunt the Brooks, or gambol in the Main,

Dreads

Dreads the dire Hunger of ſome vengful Foe,
And tries for Safety ev'ry Depth below;
But tries in vain, for when I give Command
No Art's ſucceſsful, and no Strength can ſtand.

Now let's enquire if fluid Air diſdain
To own my Laws, or vary to my Reign,
Tho' all Mankind their Length of Days receive
From its ſoft Breath, and by its Influence live.
O fickle State! which truſts a Thing ſo frail,
And hourly alters with the veering Gale;
Which Sickneſs plagues, or ſadd'ning Vapours cloud,
When Fogs aſcend, or *Auſter* roars aloud;
For this ſtill changing, turns with ev'ry Breeze,
That skims the yielding Wave, or bends the nodding Trees;
Nor can reſolv'd a conſtant Temper hold,
But glows with ſult'ry Heat, or chills with ſhiv'ring Cold:
Now Sunſhine fair adorns the gladſom Day,
And ſweetly ſhows the whole Creation gay;
Then waſtful Storms, and raging Whirlwinds riſe,
And dusky Clouds involve the darken'd Skies:
Here rattling Hail, or ſwift deſcending Rain,
Show'rs on the Hill, and ſmoaks along the Plain;

There

There baleful Light'nings fly from Pole to Pole,
And in redoubled Peals tremend'ous Thunders roll.

Remark the Worlds of Fire that roll on high
To gild the Night, and brighten o'er the Sky;
Shine they for Years with undiminiſh'd Blaze,
And o'er the Earth emit unchanging Rays?
'Tis plain that Fire by dread Deſtruction reigns,
And ſoon conſumes what e'er its Rage ſuſtains;
Nor ever breeds what may the Waſte ſupply,
So unrepair'd muſt conſequently dye:
If then long Burnings melt thoſe Orbs away,
And no Recruit prolongs the vaſt Decay,
In future Times their Beams muſt ſhine no more,
Their Heat exhauſted, and their Motion o'er:
But if theſe flaming Worlds ſuch Aids require
To light new Splendours, as the Old expire,
My Empire ſhines confeſs'd thro' all the Realms of Fire.
Yet more, 'tis prov'd each ſhooting Star that flies
Aloft in Air, each Blaze that gilds the Skies
Atteſts my Pow'r, and, faithful to my Sway,
Creates freſh Changes thro' th' ethereal Way:
Ev'n dreadful Comets move at my Command,
And ſhed hot Vengeance o'er a guilty Land;

Provoke

Provoke Mankind to Arms, whole Hoſts o'erturn,
And fraught with Change, and dire Commotions burn.

---- Now theſe Materials all this Frame compoſe,
And from their Mixture ev'ry Being roſe,
Yet ever changing my Dominion own,
Chang'd into each, as in themſelves alone:
The fluid Water, moiſt'ning ev'ry Birth,
Dries by Degrees, and thickens into Earth;
The pond'rous Earth its annual Vigour drains
In laden Orchards, and in teeming Plains:
From low and marſhy Grounds damp Vapours riſe,
And veil with wat'ry Clouds the azure Skies;
The wat'ry Clouds diſſolve in Air away,
Or gayly gilded brighten all the Day;
The Air, refin'd, to Fire aſcending turns,
And in a Blaze of tranſient Glory burns:
Thus all revolving, take new Forms again,
And ev'ry Change confirms my rightful Reign;
Howe'er theſe vaunting Gods by Force pretend
To ſeize my Rule, and bid my Empire end:
For VESTA claims th' ethereal Fire on high,
And VULCAN that which flames beneath the Sky;

OPS

OPS would the Earth, and JUNO ſway the Air,
NEPTUNE the Seas, and all reſiding there;
And various Nymphs would various Rivers roll,
And what the Reſt uſurp, 'tis I alone controul:
For Proof, O Goddeſs! here before thy Throne
Thy Works ſurvey, and give me all mine own,
Leaſt JOVE again ſhould boaſt his thund'ring Hand,
And ſeize the Remnant of my wide Command.
She ſaid, and *Nature* pond'ring the Event,
Favour'd her Pray'r, and gave a full Conſent.

The annual *Seaſons* firſt her Call obey'd,
And luſty *Spring* the various Circle led:
The Bloom of Youth upon his Cheek is ſeen,
And where he treads freſh Flowrets deck the Green;
His fragrant Breath perfumes the Evening Skies,
And tun'd to him the *Sylvan* Strains ariſe;
A pointed Jav'lin in his Hand he bears,
And on his Head a golden Helmet wears;
For then begins the ſtern BELLONA's Rage,
And hoſtile Realms in bloody Wars engage:
His calm Approach revives the peaceful Plain,
But leads on Death where Diſcord holds its Reign.

In ſilken Garb array'd of chearful Green,
Was ſportive *Summer* next advancing ſeen;
A gilded Quiver at his Shoulder hung,
And in his Hand he trail'd a Bow unbent along;
His tawny Brow with faded Flow'rs was crown'd,
And ſtudded thick with Drops of Sweat around,
As if fatigu'd with the laborious Chace,
Or faint with Heat in ſultry TITAN's Rays:
He, moving ſlow, invok'd the friendly Air,
And ſought the cooling Streams to quench his Burnings there.

Autumn ſucceeds, in flaming Yellow clad,
With Fullneſs ſmiling, and with Plenty glad;
Laden with ſunny Fruits of ev'ry Kind,
He dar'd the Cold that waited cloſe behind;
A Wreath of ripen'd Corn, his Temples bound,
Enrich'd with Leaves, and cluſt'ring Grapes around:
An harveſt Crook employ'd his better Hand,
To reap the Grain, and eaſe the burthen'd Land.

Winter was laſt in woolly Robes array'd,
And bent with feeble Age his hoary Head;

Shrunk

Shrunk in himſelf he wrapp'd his Garments cloſe,
And inly trembled as the Tempeſt roſe;
His length of Beard, and deep-indented Brow,
Were whiten'd o'er with an eternal Snow;
Prone to the Earth his bending Back declin'd,
And, almoſt froze, he ſhiver'd in the Wind;
Propp'd on a Staff he ſlowly mov'd along,
And round him loud inſulting *Boreas* rung.

When theſe were paſs'd the *Months* in turn enſu'd,
And by the Goddeſs, like the Reſt were view'd.

Firſt, *March* tempeſtuous, mounted on a *Ram*,
With bended Brows, and low'ring Aſpect, came;
He ſhudd'ring gaz'd at *Winter*'s cold Remains,
The icy Torrents, and the harden'd Plains;
For chilling Gales ſtill ruſh'd impetuous forth,
From the bleak Chambers of the freezing *North*:
Yet in his Hand he held the uſeful Spade,
The timely Seed along the Furrows laid,
And the delightful Hopes of future Harveſts made.

Next wanton *April* (frolick as a Lamb,
That friſks in ſunny Paſtures round his Dam)

With

With Bloſſoms deck'd, and ev'ry early Bud,
Rais'd on a lordly *Bull* exulting rode ;
The faireſt Flow'rs, that waft their Sweets on high,
When *Spring* returns, and wantons in the Sky,
His haughty Brow in circling Wreaths adorn,
And purple Streamers grace his gilded Horn.

Then *May* approach'd, Queen of the rowling Year!
And faireſt Nymph among ten thouſand fair!
A flow'ry Garland round her Temples twin'd,
And fum'd with od'rous Scents the balmy Wind ;
Bright LEDA's Twins ſuſtain'd the heav'nly Maid,
And on her ſnowy Breaſt was wanton CUPID laid :
The whole Creation joy'd her Sweets among,
And hymn'd her Praiſes as ſhe mov'd along.

Next ſprightly *June* advanc'd in chearful Green,
And crown'd with Leaves, and Roſes ty'd between ;
Sportive he ſeem'd, and fond of gladſom Play,
Yet held a Sythe to cut the Graſs away,
As grown mature ; and in his Footſtep trod
A *Crab*, with Look reverſe, the backward Road :
He panting glow'd with *Summer*'s Heat begun,
And ſought for Shades to cool the ſcorching Sun.

Then *July*, hot with burning Fury, came,
His Boſom ſcorch'd, his Viſage all aflame;
Unable to endure the ſult'ry Day,
His ſwelt'ring Raiment he had hurl'd away;
Yet o'er his Back a Reaper's Crook he hung,
And from the Harveſt near reluctant ſtalk'd along:
A furious *Lion* waited his Command,
And couch'd obedient to his pow'rful Hand.

Auguſt ſucceeds in golden Robes attir'd,
And with the Sweets of Peace, and Plenty fir'd;
Elate with ſparkling Joy, a lovely *Maid*,
Along the yellow Fields, he ſmiling led,
Whoſe lilly Hand a *Cornucopia* held,
With ripen'd Grain, and ſunny Fruitage fill'd.

September, bent beneath the Reaper's Toil,
And the rich Product of the fertile Soil,
The next advanc'd, and in his equal Hand,
A fraudleſs Pair of even *Scales* ſuſtain'd;
Joyous he view'd his Length of Labour done,
And hail'd, with gladſom Heart, the low-retreating Sun.

October now came reeling from the Preſs,
With drunken Splendour ſhining in his Face;
For he had newly eas'd the pregnant Vine,
And quaff'd the luſcious Muſt of purple Wine;
The nodding Cluſters twin'd around his Head,
And dy'd his Garments with a crimſon Red:
A lurking *Scorpion* at his Side was ſeen,
And turn'd to ruſſet Brown the faded Green.

Then march'd *November* all defil'd with Blood
Of num'rous Beaſts deſtroy'd for Winter's Food,
Which cloſe behind his bluſt'ring Rage began,
With all the Rigours of his ſtormy Reign:
He joy'd to give ſucceeding Foreſts Birth,
And ſow with timely Seed the fruitful Earth;
A two-form'd *Centaur*, from old SATURN ſprung,
Unwearied bore his tardy Bulk along.

Next chill *December* paſs'd, in Furs array'd,
By frequent Bowls both warm, and ſprightly made,
Tho' feeble Age his vig'rous Prime impair'd,
And hoary Froſts had ſilver'd o'er his Beard:

On

On a rough Mountain *Goat* he blithly rode,
Which nurtur'd JOVE while yet an Infant God,
And held a Goblet in his lifted Hand,
From whence repeated Draughts of ſparkling Wine he drain'd.

Then came the Month from JANUS nam'd of old,
Numb'd with the Rigours of the wint'ry Cold,
And ceaſeleſs Shudd'ring at the ſtormy Sweep
Of raging *Boreas* o'er the boiſt'rous Deep;
Yet in his Hand he wav'd an Ax on high,
And bar'd the Woodland to th' invading Sky:
Down from its huge, capaceous Urn he pour'd
The *Roman* Flood, and loud the Waters roar'd.

Laſtly afloat, and down the raging Tides,
The Month which fills the Year's great Circle rides,
Thro' the cold Waves by *Fiſhes* drawn away,
Yet, by his Side, the ſharpen'd Plough-ſhare lay
To break the clotted Glebe when Heav'n allows,
And pruning Tools to fell the uſeleſs Boughs;
Wither'd with Age he ſcarcely ſeem'd to breath,
And look'd as hov'ring on the Verge of Death.

When theſe were gone, enſu'd the *Night* and *Day*,
Still on the Wing, and never at a Stay;
The firſt was mounted on a jetty Steed,
And with a ſable Veil involv'd her dusky Head;
Uplifted high ſhe held her awful Rod,
(And Sleep diffus'd, and Darkneſs all abroad)
Round which the Moon, and Stars in order roll,
And ſtream their ſilver Rays from Pole to Pole:
But gladſom Day, a ſnow-white Courſer preſs'd,
With endleſs Beams of dazling Glory grac'd;
And on his Sceptre bore the golden Sun,
Such as he brightly blazing ſhines at Noon.

Then flew the poſting *Hours* with rapid Flight,
Daughters of thund'ring JOVE, and timely *Night!*
Who bleſs'd their Offspring with eternal Bloom
Thro' all the Length of Ages ſtill to come;
Yet from the Rage of Love's dread Empire freed,
Leaſt fond Delays ſhould ſlack their deſtin'd Speed;
So from the Gates of Heav'n's eternal Height,
By turns reliev'd, they take their circling Flight,
Nor ever pauſe, but on the Watch are found
To guard the Portal, and compleat their Round.

Next

Next blooming *Life*, in Strength, and Youth array'd,
With roſy Cheek, advanc'd, and Wings diſplay'd,
As ancient Bards deſcribe the God of Love
In *Paphos* Iſle, or in the *Cyprian* Grove,
And ſwiftly ſoaring fled in haſte away,
With Health delighted, and with Pleaſure gay.

And laſtly, *Death* gigantick ſtalk'd along
With twice ten thouſand Horrors round him hung;
Yet was this boaſted Dread an empty Shade,
And to relieve unhappy Mortals made;
Appearing dreadful when far off alone,
And ſweetly ſmiling when familiar grown:
Light as the Air, her ſilent Courſe he took,
And in his lifted Hand a fatal Jav'lin ſhook.

When thus the awful Cavalcade was done,
Again bold TITAN's Offspring thus begun:
---Now mighty Parent thro' the World make known,
That Gods, and Men ſhould my Dominion own,
For circling Time, who varies all below,
To me ſubmits, and acts what I allow;

Thus

Thus nought the ſame unchanging Form can hold,
To me ſubſervient, and by me controul'd.

Then Sovereign Jove return'd this brief Reply:
All Things, 'tis true, are chang'd beneath the Sky,
Are chang'd by Time; but who impells his Courſe,
Or gives his Pow'r ſuch unreſiſted Force?
Are we not thoſe by whom this Pow'r is given,
Reſiſtleſs Pow'r deriv'd alone from Heav'n?
Are we not thoſe from whom all Changes riſe,
And at whoſe Nod thy boaſted Empire lies?

To whom ſhe thus return'd: The unknown Cauſe
Why Beings vary, and why Changes roſe,
You may aſcribe to your unbounded Sway,
And fooliſh Men ſhall at the Boaſt obey;
Yet who ſhall me convince, the Doctrine's true,
Or make my Pow'r at laſt ſubmit to you?
But grant the World, as you would fain perſuade,
Mov'd by your Might, and order'd by your Aid;
From your own changeful Orbs I'll make my Claim,
And add the rightful Honours to thy Name.

Firſt CYNTHIA, moſt admir'd by thund'ring JOVE,
And faireſt Star among the Stars above,
For ever varies; now to creſcent Horns
Her darken'd Globe, and ſhaded Glory turns;
Then bright'ning, throws augmented Streams of Light,
And, blazing full, ſhe gilds the gloomy Night;
Strait, all eclips'd, ſhe mourns her Beams again,
And, faintly lighten'd, wanders in the Wane.

Next HERMES, leſs remark'd, with Radiance leſs,
Muſt my eternal Sovereign Pow'r confeſs;
For equal Changes in his Orb are found,
And equal Motion whirls his Circlet round;
Nay ſometimes loſt, amid th' ethereal Way,
In vain the Eye explores his abſent Ray.

Again, when Evening's awful Shades ariſe,
If fulgent VENUS gilds the darken'd Skies,
E'er Night has waſted half her gloomy Reign,
She rolls her Orb beneath the *Weſtern* Main;
Or, when the *Orient*, o'er the Dawn of Light,
Beholds her Riſing eminently bright,
Soon as the Morn, array'd in Gold, returns,
Her Light extinct in fiercer Glory mourns.

I grant APOLLO vaunts a conſtant Light,
Unveil'd with Darkneſs, unobſcur'd with Night;
Yet, ſhorn in dread Eclipſe of all his Rays,
He fills the frighted World with wild Amaze,
And while his Globe conſumes, anew requires
Freſh Aids to brighten, and prolong his Fires.

Next furious MARS as much my Rule obeys,
And round his Circuit ſtreams a changeful Blaze;
Alike his boaſted Pow'r on me depends,
By me he riſes, and by me deſcends:
---- By me impell'd, ev'n tardy SATURN rolls,
And my Command his baleful Ray controuls;
At my Command his Ray is chang'd again,
And Death, and Slaughter take their turns to reign.
---- Thus prone to change we find theſe vaunting Gods,
In the bright Circle of their own Abodes:
But you, immortal JOVE, ſuperiour move
Round the vaſt Limits of your Orb above;
Permit me then, ſubmiſſive to that Pow'r,
Which knows no Change, and all Mankind adore,

To ask by what peculiar Laws you hold
Eternal Rule, unchang'd, and uncontroul'd,
When form'd by Nature's Hand, of like conſumptiv
Mold ;
Or, why to you alone's th' Indulgence giv'n,
Why not enlarg'd to all the Sons of Heav'n?
But ſure, ſince you your radiant Courſe began,
And round your Orb thro' circling Ages ran,
A thouſand Changes, at my pow'rful Call,
Have ſhed their Influence on your varied Ball ;
Nay, ev'ry Moment, as it ſwiftly flies,
Waſts the huge Frame, yet all the Waſte ſupplies ;
So ev'n dread JOVE the ſame no more remains,
But ſtoops to me, thro' my Indulgence Reigns.

Thus all the Pow'rs that hold the Realms on high,
And all the ſtarry Glories of the Sky,
Muſt own the Influence of my wide Command,
And feel the Weight of my controuling Hand :
Then what remains to crown my juſter Cauſe,
But that both Heav'n, and Earth, confeſs my Sovereig
Laws ?
To thee, great Goddeſs! I ſubmit my Claim,
And truſt the future Honours of my Name ;

Fro

From thee I hope to rule the Realms above,
In all the Glory, all the Strength of JOVE,
And, rais'd ſupream to all th' adoring Gods,
Lead the long Triumph thro' the bleſs'd Abodes.

She ſaid, and, inly wedded to her Reign,
A Murmur of Applauſe the Croud began;
But, penſive, ſilent, and in Thought profound,
The Goddeſs fix'd her Eyes upon the Ground;
At laſt, reſolv'd, ſhe rear'd her Sun-bright Head,
And thus aloud the dread Deciſion made:

Conſid'ring well the Strength of either Claim,
And what's the Homage due to either Name,
The ſtarry Worlds, and Heav'n's eternal Throne,
Great JOVE muſt rule unbounded, and alone;
For he, the firſt of Gods, can beſt controul
The Sons of Light, and bid the Thunder roll,
And tho' 'tis urg'd that all Things fade below,
Or ev'n the upper Worlds their Changes know;
'Tis not by thee they change; 'tis my Command
Controuls the Air, the Ocean, and the Land;
And, when from waſtful Deeps, I form'd the Skies,
And bid theſe Orbs in all their Glory riſe,

Beneath the Pow'r of JOVE, and far from Heav'n,
For thee to rule this lower World was giv'n;
But not to dare the Thund'rer's Strength in Arms,
Or fright OLYMPUS with unjuſt Alarms:
Ceaſe, Daughter, then to boaſt thy vain Deſcent,
Or hope to rule the azure Firmament.
For ſuch dire Aims include thine own Decay,
And when I give thy reſtleſs Fury way,
This earthly Globe, and ev'ry ſtarry World,
Shook from their Orbs, ſhall be in huge Deſtructi
hurl'd.

Thus JOVE was fix'd in his imperial Throne,
And *Change* her Claim laid ignominious down;
From *Arlo-Hill* the parting Crouds return'd,
And, while, in penſive Guiſe, the Uſurper mourn'd,
Th' exulting Gods with Songs of Triumph riſe,
And in a Blaze of Glory reach'd the Skies.

To SAPPHO.

NO, no, in vain is all my Art,
I find I can't ſecure my Heart,
Long have I ſcorn'd the armed Boy,
Laugh'd at his Grief, deſpis'd his Joy?
But he unheeded ſtrikes the Blow,
And is moſt fatal when he's ſlow.
Beauty, 'tis true, I did admire,
A Sigh would quickly raiſe the Fire,
But with a Sigh it did expire.
Beauty alone may wound the Heart,
But faint the Arrow, weak the Dart,
The lovely SAPPHO ſcorns to prize
A Heart, the Conqueſt of her Eyes:
No, tho' her Eyes ſo pointed are,
Her Eyes, the Envy of the Fair,
Wit ſhe knows can only bind,
'Tis Wit ſecures the worthy Mind;
Her Wit and Voice at once conſpire
To melt the Heart and wake Deſire;

Her ſprightly Wit the Heart alarms,
Her tuneful Voice the Heart diſarms;
High ſoars her Wit, on airy Wings,
Soars like the Lark, and like him Sings;
Muſick before was never join'd,
With Senſe and Language ſo refin'd,
Nor Eloquence did ever meet,
With Melody ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet.
How muſt we ſhun then CUPID's Snare?
Why we muſt ſhun this fatal Fair,
Viewing her Eyes, we find him there;
While Graces hanging on her Tongue,
Form in her Speech the ſweeteſt Song.

Thus various Ways our Fate is found,
Each Look's a Dart, each Word's a Wound.

On

On a SPIDER.

ARTIST, who underneath the Table,
Thy curious Feature haſt diſplay'd,
Who, if we may believe the Fable,
Waſt once a blooming lovely Maid:

Inſidious, reſtleſs, watchful *Spider*,
Fear no officious Damſel's Broom,
Extend thy artful Building wider,
And ſpread thy Banners round my Room.

While I thy wond'rous Fabrick ſtare at,
And think on hapleſs Poet's Fate,
Like thee confin'd to lonely Garret,
And proudly baniſh'd Rooms of State.

And as from out thy tortur'd Body,
Thou draw'ſt thy ſlender Wit with Pain;
So does he labour, like a Noddy,
To ſpin Materials from his Brain.

He for ſome gaudy flutt'ring Creature,
That ſpreads her Charms before his Eye,
And that's a Conqueſt little better,
Than thine o'er captive Butter-fly.

Thus far, 'tis plain, you both agree,
Your Death perhaps may better ſhow it;
'Tis ten to one but Penury
Ends both the *Spider* and the *Poet*.

To a LADY in a Fever.

AROUND your Couch while ſighing Lovers view,
Wit, Beauty, Goodneſs ſuffering all in you,
So mournful is the Scene, 'tis hard to tell
Which Face betrays the Sick, and which the Well:
They feel not their own Pains while your's they ſhare;
Worſe tortur'd now, than lately by deſpair.
For bleeding Veins, a late Relief is found,
When Ir'n red hot, by burning ſtops the Wound.

Their

Their former Anguiſh now they wiſh t' endure,
And would, on any Terms, obtain your Cure.
Grant Heaven! they cry, this Moment our Deſire
To ſee her well, tho' we the next expire.

Supplement to MILTON's *Il Penſeroſa*, after theſe Lines,

" 'TILL old Experience do attain,
" To ſomething like prophetick Strain.
There let Time's creeping *Winter* ſhed,
His hoary Snow around my Head;
And while I feel by faſt Degrees,
My ſluggard Blood wax chill and freeze,
Let Thought unveil to my fixt Eye
The Scenes of deep Eternity,
'Till, Life diſſolving at the View,
I wake, and find thoſe Viſions true.

Receipt to make LOVE.

TWO or three Dears, and two or three Sweets,
Two or three Balls, and two or three Treats;
Two or three Serenades giv'n at the Door,
Two or three Vows how much you adore;
Two or three Meſſages ſent in a Day,
Two or three Times leading out to the Play,
Two or three ſoft Things ſaid by the Way;
Two or three Tickets ſent two or three Times,
Tho or three Billet-deaux all writ in Rhymes;
Two or three Months keeping ſtrict to theſe Rules,
Can never fail making two or three Fools.

The

The Mock HEROES.

HARK! hark! what Sounds tremendous from afar
Rend the blue Arch, and ring the Alarms of War!
Shrill Trumpets, thund'ring Drums, in Concert join'd,
Fill with ſtern Horror ev'ry breathing Wind;
The martial Din, aſſails my ſoft Retreat,
Stranger to Noiſe! the *Muſes* ſilent Seat!
---- But ſee! all gay, the mimick Hoſt appears,
In Laughter loud, to diſſipate my Fears,
Tho' arm'd with Fau'chions, Buff and Bandileers:
Eating, not Arms, to Day is all their Trade,
Real the Feaſt the fighting Maſquerade.
--- So the dull Aſs, when cloath'd in Lion's Skin,
Shows terrible without, tho' calm within,
Pretends to reign the Monarch of the Wood,
And loudly brays to make his Title good;
But vain is the Pretence, the Bray as vain,
His Ears betray the Cheat, and he's an Aſs again.

Verſes

Verſes occaſion'd by the General Hiſtory of PRINTING.

LONG had Mankind with Darkneſs been oppreſs'd,
And ſcarce one PETRARCH nine whole Centuries bleſs'd:
The conquer'd World, and e'en imperial *Rome*,
O'erwhelm'd in Ignorance, ſhar'd an equal Doom:
Vandals, and *Monks* enflam'd with impious Rage,
Drove, like a Torrent, Learning off the Stage:
To native Skies Religion ſlighted fled,
And heav'nly Science veil'd her bliſsful Head;
Myſterious Jargon then Devotion ſeem'd,
Greek, pious Ideots *Hereſy* eſteem'd;
Yet *Latin*, oft was read, ----not underſtood;
For none but Pray'rs in Sounds unknown were good.
When ſome kind Pow'r (who now propitious ſmiles
With ſweet Indulgence o'er BRITANNIA's Iſles,)
Expell'd around the gloomy *Gothic* Night,
And chear'd the World with dawning Rays of Light.

Inſpir'd

Inſpir'd by him, firſt FAUST, ſagacious Mind!
The great Diſcovery open'd to Mankind;
Rude Characters on wooden Tablets made,
And of the *Printing-Art* the *Baſis* laid:
'Till fuſile *Types*, invented by his Skill,
With numerous *Tomes* th' admiring Nations fill.
Vaſt his Attempts, immortal is his Fame,
While *Mentz* reſerves the great auſpicious Name,
In ſpite of *Harlem*'s, or of *Strasburgh*'s Claim.
Thence was the Art tranſplanted to our Coaſt,
(Whoſe generous Sons ingenious CAXTON boaſt,)
Improv'd by various Hands in ev'ry Stage,
'Till ALDUS roſe, the Genius of the Age!
Firſt, by his Care, behold learn'd *Greece* ariſe,
And the thick Miſts remove from mortal Eyes!
See her fam'd Works in native Luſtre ſhine!
See *Athens* once again the World refine!
While pleaſing Scenes o'er *Europe*'s Realms appear,
And Joys, uncommon, ev'ry Mortal chear.
No more, Tranſcribers Negligence is blam'd
For Faulty *Iliads*, or a TULLY maim'd.
No more did HORACE, Bard of ſprightly Fire!
Mourn ruder Hands, or BENTLEY's Wit require:

No

No more the Scholar, preſs'd by adverſe Fate,
Procures a LIVY with his whole Eſtate.
Swift, o'er the World, learn'd Volumes were diffus'd,
And thouſand *Bibles* for one *Miſſal* us'd:
Divine *Æneids* each Muſeum grace,
While PLATO's Works aſſume a SCOTUS' Place:
Each needy Student ſhews his *Claſſic* Store,
And boaſts ſuch Treaſures, Kings ſcarce knew before.

Hail, *Printing!* hail, thou thrice illuſtrious *Art!*
Which clear'd the Head, and which reform'd the Heart,
Bleſs'd with new Light, a ſuperſtitious Age,
And purg'd the Relicks of *Barbaric* Rage;
From thee, celeſtial Streams of Learning flow,
And to thy Pow'r we pure Religion owe.
By thee aſſiſted, LUTHER laſh'd the Crimes
Of *Rome*'s vile Clergy, and reform'd the Times;
While off their rev'rend Maſk ERASMUS drew,
And ev'ry pious Fraud expos'd to View;
The Labour finiſh'd, by thy friendly Aid,
Which HUS and WICKLIFF long in vain eſſay'd.

But ſee, ye learn'd! from far a genial Ray
Dawn in the *Eaſt*, and promiſe riſing Day!

See,

See, diſtant Climes, in this auſpicious Hour,
Receive with tranſport, Learning's ſov'reign Pow'r!
Behold this *Art* in fam'd *Byzantium* * riſe,
And barb'rous *Sultans*, hail the mighty Prize:
High it advances, o'er the *Mufti*'s Rage,
Tho' Prieſts the Ruin of their Craft preſage.
O! would indulgent Heav'n by this reſtore
To *Eaſtern* Lands the Arts, they loſt before:
By this make *Turks* their native Rage forego,
And the vile Frauds of MECCA's Prophet ſhow:
While *Aſia*'s Realms enjoy a milder Doom,
While *Greece* its *Athens* boaſts, and *Thrace* a ſecond *Rome*, †
O'er diſtant Worlds, while Truth and Freedom ſhine,
And conſcious Nations bleſs the *Art* Divine.

* Conſtantinople. † Conſtantinople *was anciently called* New Rome.

To

To CLIO.

WHILE adverſe Fate, on diſtant Plains
Fair Clio, gentleſt Nymph! detains;
Clio! by every Swain careſt,
But Strephon's Hopes alone confeſt:
Penſive and ſad the Shepherd lay,
Each watchful Night, each tedious Day;
And ſang, beſide the murm'ring Stream,
The abſent Nymph, his conſtant Theme.
Kind *Zephyrs* waft his Sighs in Air;
The Stream receives each falling Tear;
The rural Pow'rs attend his Song;
And Eccho bears his Plaints along.
Ye Streams! with ſwifter Current flow,
And let my lovely Clio know,
Her Swain his abſent Charmer mourns,
Nor e'er ſhall joy, 'till ſhe returns.
Ye Winds! your balmy Wings diſplay,
To Clio ſwift theſe Sounds convey;

Strephon,

STREPHON, a Name for ever dear!
Lives not, but while his CLIO's here.
Ye Birds! whoſe Breaſts with genial Fires
Are urg'd to melting ſoft Deſires,
When vernal Suns renew the Force
Of Love, great Nature's fruitful Source;
Ye Warblers! round my CLIO move,
And tune your Strains to Notes of Love;
Touch'd with your Songs, the Nymph again
Shall ſigh, ſhall pant, invoke her Swain,
With mutual Warmth impatient glow,
And ev'ry Pang of Abſence know.

But ſee! there dawns a genial Ray,
The ſure Preſage of riſing Day!
Far o'er yon Hill, in all her Charms,
Mild as AURORA, to my Arms
She comes! ye arduous Hills! ſubſide,
Ye Floods! reſtrain your foaming Tide;
Her Path let Flow'rs luxuriant ſtrow,
And a whole Spring of Roſes blow.
She comes! O hail her to your Plains,
Ye lovely Nymphs, and faithful Swains!
Her Praiſe your tuneful Reeds employ,
Pride of this Sex, of that the Joy!

What Softneſs ſmiles o'er all her Face,
Benevolence, and winning Grace!
Her Soul, with native Candour bleſt,
With Truth in pureſt Light confeſt,
Boaſts all Attractions of the Mind,
The Charms of Art, and Nature join'd!
Riſe, STREPHON! ceaſe each gloomy Fear;
The roſy Hours, that roll the Year,
Bring on the Day, with downy Feet,
Your Hands to join, your Bliſs compleat,
With Love to crown your future Life,
A happy Swain, a happy Wife!
'Till cloy'd with mortal Joys, you riſe
To brighter Day, and purer Skies;
Where rais'd to wond'rous Raptures, Love
Refin'd, exalts the Bliſs above.

Thus STREPHON ſung; nor ſigh'd he long;
The Nymph returns; applauds his Song;
And pleas'd an equal Flame to own,
She vows to be her Swain's alone.
Their mutual Faith kind Heav'n approves;
Joy fills their Days, their Nights are Love.

TIMON

TIMON and FLAVIA; or the Fruitleſs Repentance. A Tale.

---NOW frowning Winter from the gladſom World
With all his Train of Horrors, roll'd away,
And jocund *Spring* led on the youthful Year;
The golden Sun with mildeſt Beam flam'd high,
The azure Vault was deck'd with fleecy Clouds,
The wild Winds gently whiſper'd thro' the Trees,
All rob'd with tender Green, and, in the Flow'rs,
Perfum'd their balmy Wings; on ev'ry Bough
Above, below, around the *Sylvan* Choirs
Attun'd their ſweeteſt Songs, and ſportive trill'd
The Lays of Love: A Steam of Fragrance roſe
To Heav'n, the brighteſt Verdure green'd the Fields,
The Earth was all abloom, the Air, the Sea
All calm, Nature in Smiles, and ſecret Joy,
With ſofteſt Influence, brooded all around.

--- So bright the Scene, ſo lovely look'd the *Spring*,
And all its Charms, when luckleſs FLAVIA, grown
In Love with Sorrow, roam'd thro' every dark,
Unknown Receſs, where, loſt to all the World,
She might in Secret mourn. Sometimes the Grot,
All gloomy, ſhaded from the Face of Day,
Became her ſad Retreat, where, ſighing ſoft,
She liſt'ned to the murm'ring Stream, that, from the Rock,
Fell gently, and, in wider Space, roll'd thro'
The Greens away: Anon the thickeſt Shade,
That trembled in the breathing Gale, allur'd
Her penſive Step, and, on the moſſy Green,
She ſpent the lonely Hours: No Joy e'er reach'd
Her Heart, no Proſpect chear'd her Eye, in vain
The Seaſon bloom'd, in vain the Flowrets ſmil'd;
Not Flow'rs, or Seaſon, Waves, or Trees could give
One Pauſe of Comfort to her plaintive Soul.
When Night's brown Shades came on, her own Abode
Was made the Seat of Melancholy; Silence reign'd
Around, and Sables blackend all within;
One midnight Taper only burn'd, by which,
Full gazing on its Beams, ſhe muſing ſate,

With

With Hair looſe flowing, and diſorder'd Dreſs,
Revolving all her Woes, while frequent Tears,
Thick-falling, trickled down her roſy Cheek,
And inward Torment labour'd for a Vent.

With fruitleſs Love a Train of noble Youths
Attended on her morning Hours, and ſigh'd
The Paſſion of their Souls; the op'ning Bloom
Of roſy Life, the Bluſh of Beauty ſpread
Their ſilken Snares in vain, in vain ev'n Wealth,
And gawdy Titles vied with ſplendid Charms
To ſlide into her Heart, and ſnare her Thoughts
With flatt'ring Proſpects of magnifick Joys:
With baſhful Mein ſhe ſhunn'd the nuptial Band;
And modeſtly declin'd its doubtful Bliſs;
Avow'd a bleeding Heart, and Grief too ſtrong
For ought but Death to cure; rehears'd the ſad,
The melting Story of her tragick Woes,
And all the Length of Sorrow ſhe was doom'd to know.
With Tears her Lovers liſt'ned to her Tale,
And mourn'd the Beauty they could ne'er enjoy;
Ev'n Sorrow in Exceſs improv'd her Charms,
And, while her Breaſt heav'd high with Pain, her Eyes
O'er-flow'd with Tears, each ſoften'd Soul grew more

Enamour'd

Enamour'd of her Form, and honour'd more
The matchleſs Virtue that adorn'd her Mind.

---FLAVIA was fair, and rich, and vain, could boaſt
A noble Birth, was lov'd by half the World,
And envy'd by the Reſt; when *one*, unknown,
Friendleſs, diſtreſs'd, but virtuous, wiſe, and brave,
Became her Vot'ry, and with gallant Suit,
Preferr'd his honourable Vows; with juſt,
And manly Boldneſs breath'd his love-ſick Pain,
And told her all his Heart; conſcious of Worth
Inborn, and Virtue, nobler than a Crown,
Diſclaim'd all abject Fawn, all ſlaviſh Dread,
And talk'd of reaſonable Joy; of Joy
In ſweet Society, and kindred Souls,
The Joy that ſoftens every Woe, diſarms
The Stings of Life, and leads on chearful Age,
As bleſs'd in Amity, as Youth in Love:
Piqu'd by her Pride to hear a Tale ſo new,
So free from one ſo far beneath her State,
She turn'd away averſe, and with Diſdain,
Expos'd his honeſt Flame, to all the gay,
Fantaſtick Flatt'rers round. --- Long time he mourn'd
His Fate, and by a thouſand Deeds, all great,

And

And noble, ſtrove to win her wayward Heart,
And dignify his Love: At laſt Deſpair
Took place, clouded his gen'rous Soul, and hung
A Gloom on ev'ry Senſe; weary of Life,
Deſiring Death, he flew to Arms and War,
And in the Battle's Front, reſolv'd to fall
For ever Glorious in his Country's Cauſe.

The Evening Star was rolling from the Skies,
And Night's returning Shadows gloom'd the World,
When, pale, and penſive, leaning on his Sword,
Th' unhappy Lover ſought the Fair's Abode,
And preſs'd amid the rival Throng that gaz'd
Around, and vainly trifled Life away;
'Twas nought but Joy, and Muſick, Revelry,
And Mirth; no Thought of Sorrow enter'd there
'Till TIMON came, and in the Circle ſtood
All ſudden, and, a while, dumb as a Ghoſt,
That reſtleſs roams, unable to reveal
His Pain: at length on FLAVIA fixing full
His ghaſtly Eye, he ſigh'd with inward Pain,
While, ſcalding Tears, unwilling forc'd their Way
Adown this Cheek, and all his Soul was rack'd
With Agony. Then thus; Madam, no more

Shall

Shall now my hated Paſſion, reach your Ear,
Or e'er intrude upon your Joys; may Peace,
And Pleaſure, Hand in Hand, for ever bleſs
Your Days, and lead on ev'ry ſmiling Hour;
May no unhappy Wretch, by long Deſpair,
And hopeleſs Love, undone like me, moleſt
The joyous Round. --- Tir'd with a Length of Woe,
I quit the World, and, in the hoſtile Field,
Prepare to labour in purſuit of Death;
Death is the End of ev'ry human Ill,
And Death alone can be the End of mine----
Farewell --- farewell for ever. Here a Groan,
With ſad Compulſion, forc'd its Way, and Tears,
Anew ſtood trembling in his Eye; one laſt,
One parting Glance he ſtole, and then forſook
The ſcornful Beauty with unwilling Step,
And heaving Heart, like the poor *Exile*, doom'd
To wander helpleſs thro' remoteſt Climes,
And view his dear, lov'd, native Land no more.
FLAVIA, with ſome Compaſſion, heard his Moan,
And ſigh'd in Pity of his Fate; but ſoon
Her buſy, flatt'ring Train of ſilken Fools
Baniſh'd her fleeting Sorrow, and renew'd
The lov'd Idea of returning Joy.

Mean

Mean while brave TIMON rang'd the Battle's Front,
In Search of Death; wiſh'd ev'ry Morn his laſt,
And envy'd ev'ry Coarſe that preſs'd the Graſs,
And ſlumber'd on the Field; with Warmth of Soul,
He courted Toil and Danger, and alone
Was pleas'd amid the loudeſt Din of War:
Once, in the midmoſt Hurry of the Day,
The Standard of his Troop, became the Prize
Of hoſtile Hands, and, bleeding on the Earth,
The luckleſs *Bearer* lay; far in the Throng
Of fighting Legions, high in Air it wav'd
In Triumph, and the boldeſt Chief, Heart-ſtruck
With Terror, ſhunn'd the dang'rous Fray; when he,
Intrepid, flew like Light'ning thro' the Ranks,
Redeem'd the bloody Prey, and, thro' a Lane
Of Slaughter, bore it, from his wond'ring Foes:
Loud Acclamations rung along the Hoſt,
And Honour, dearly earn'd, confeſs'd his Fame.

----But vain the Honour, fruitleſs the Applauſe,
For, in his Breaſt, one fatal Wound yawn'd wide,
And Death, ſo long implor'd, at laſt approach'd
To end his Woes. ----Yet, longing to indulge

His lateſt Breath, in ſpeaking FLAVIA's Name,
He journey'd Homewards, tedious, painful, ſlow;
The Lamp of Life juſt laſting, 'till he view'd
Her long lov'd Charms, then ending in a Blaze.

----FLAVIA, I dye, with melancholy Voice
He cries, for you, I dye; the Hand of Fate
Is on me, Love, and Sorrow were my Bane;
My rig'rous Stars decreed my Heart to burn
With hopeleſs Paſſion, for your peerleſs Charms,
And yours, with icy Chillneſs froze your Breaſt,
Rigidly cold, immoveably ſevere:
Pardon, what Sorrow forces from my Soul,
And let the agonizing Pangs of Death,
Atone the Errors of my Tongue. ---- But why
Should I complain! why murmur at my Doom!
I leave the Storms of Life for Happineſs,
And Peace, laid in the ſilent Grave, no more
The Voice of Scorn ſhall vex me, or the Sting
Of diſappointed Love, corrode my Heart.
---- Adieu, relentleſs Fair! I haſte away
To other Worlds, and dream of this no more;
But may ſome friendly Angel deign to crown
Your Days with Pleaſure, and your End with Peace.

--- This

--- This ſaid, he groan'd, and dy'd, where FLAVIA, who
Before was loſt in vain Amuſements, gay,
And full of Mirth, now turn'd a ſerious Thought
On the pale Youth, expiring at her Feet.
At firſt, 'twas mute Surprize, then Sorrow ſeiz'd
Her Heart, and Tears impearl'd her Eyes; at laſt,
Ev'n Love approach'd, and imag'd to her View
His Beauty, Virtues, and reſpectful Flame,
In ſuch a lovely, ſuch a mournful Light,
That Paſſion kindles her repenting Soul,
And, with untimely, fruitleſs Pity, melts
Her ſtubborn Heart; with frantick Glance ſhe eyes
The wretched Coarſe, and on each Feature dwells
With ſad Attention: 'Till, ev'n loſt in Pain,
And racking Agony, ſhe prints one dear,
One tender Kiſs, on his inſenſate Cheek,
And takes her laſt Farewel. Farewel, ſhe cries,
Thou deareſt, beſt of Men! too late confeſs'd
The Honour of thy Sex, too late belov'd
For thee, and me, Farewel. --- Yet ſhall thy Name,
Thy Love, thy Memory, be ever firſt,
And neareſt to my Heart; one Grave ſhall hold

Our mutual Duſt, and, 'till the Hour of Death,
I'll ne'er indulge one Thought of Pleaſure more.

--- Now, o'er his Grave, with artful Sculpture grac'd,
Leans his lov'd Statue, graceful as in Life,
But gloom'd with Melancholy, ſtung with Grief,
And fainting with his Wounds, as when he fell
At FLAVIA's Feet, and bled from ev'ry Vein anew.

The Cauſe of INCONSTANCY.

HOW have I heard the Fair lament
Men's Falſhood, and their wretched Fate?
How few are with their Spouſe content?
Or conſtant to their ſighing Mate?

How ſeldom Souls below are join'd
For one another form'd above?
How ſeldom Pairs of Hearts we find,
By Heav'n ordain'd for mutual Love?

Thus

Thus Man's inconſtant Soul we blame,
(For want of Knowledge, or of Thought)
When all the while, 'tis in the Frame
Of both their Bodies lies the Fault.

When JOVE had made this little Ball,
For four-legg'd Beaſts, and creeping Things,
At length he form'd, to govern all,
A two-legg'd Creature without Wings.

Millions of theſe he made at once,
To ſave himſelf all further Trouble,
And Men and Women for the nonce,
By Pairs, like Tallies, he made double.

Then from *Olympus* dreadful Top,
Well ſhaken in a Bag together,
He toſs'd them down, and let them drop,
Juſt as it pleas'd the Wind and Weather.

Some fell in *Aſia*, ſome in *Greece*,
In *England* ſome, and ſome in *Spain*,
But ſeldom two of the ſame Piece,
In the ſame Climate met again.

Hence Men, who grown to riper Years,
Remembring this, their former making,
Hunt up and down to find their Peers,
And Women too in the ſame taking.

Some prove too ſhort, and ſome to tall,
This is too big, and that too little,
A Fault they're ſure to find in all,
Few ever tally to a Tittle.

By chance a Pair may meet and Love,
And ſpend their Lives in Bliſs together,
But when they tumbled from above,
It muſt be mighty temp'rate Weather.

From hence the murm'ring Fair may ſee,
Men's Hearts are not to blame one bit,
Our Souls would never diſagree,
If once our Bodies did but fit.

A True and Lamentable BALLAD; call'd, The EARL's Defeat.

[To the Tune of *Chevy-Chaſe*.]

On both Sides, Slaughter and gigantick Deeds.
Milton.

GOD proſper long from being broke,
The * Luck of *Eden-Hall*,
A doleful Drinking-bout I ſing,
There lately did befal.

To chaſe the Spleen with Cup and Cann,
Duke PHILIP took his way,
Babes yet unborn ſhall never ſee
The like of ſuch a Day.

The Stout, and ever thirſty Duke,
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleaſure within *Cumberland*,
Three live-long Nights to take.

* *A Pint Bumper at Sir* Chriſtopher Muſgrave's.

Sir MUSGRAVE too, of *Martin-dale*,
A true and worthy Knight,
'Eſtſoon with him a Bargain made,
In drinking to delight.

The Bumpers ſwiftly paſs about,
Six in a Hand went round;
And with their calling for more Wine,
They made the *Hall* reſound.

Now when theſe merry Tidings reach'd
The Earl of HAROLD's Ears,
And am I (quoth he, with an Oath)
Thus ſlighted by my Peers?

Saddle my Steed, bring forth my Boots,
I'll be with them right quick,
And Maſter Sheriff come you too;
We'll know this ſcurvy Trick.

Lo, yonder, doth Earl HAROLD come,
(Did one at Table ſay)
'Tis well, reply'd the mettled Duke,
How will he get away?

When

When thus the Earl began, Great Duke,
I'll know how this did chance
Without Inviting me, ſure this
You did not learn in *France*.

One of us two, for this Offence,
Under the Board ſhall lie,
I know thee well, a Duke thou art,
So ſome Years hence ſhall I.

But truſt me, WHARTON, pity 'twere,
So much good Wine to ſpill,
As theſe Companions here may drink
E're they have had their fill.

Let thou and I, in Bumpers full,
This grand Affair decide;
Accurſt be he, Duke WHARTON ſaid,
By whom it is deny'd.

To *Andrews* and to *Hotham* fair,
Many a Pint went round,
And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay Sick upon the Ground.

When, at the laſt, the Duke eſpy'd,
He had the Earl ſecure;
He ply'd him with a full pint Glaſs,
Which laid him on the Floor.

Who never ſpoke more Words than theſe,
After he downwards ſunk,
My worthy Friends revenge my Fall
Duke WHARTON ſees me Drunk.

Then, with a Groan, Duke PHILIP held
The ſick Man by the Joint,
And ſaid, Earl HAROLD, 'ſtead of thee,
Would I had drunk this Pint.

Alack, my very Heart doth bleed,
And doth within me ſink;
For ſurely a more ſober Earl,
Did never ſwallow Drink.

With that the Sheriff, in a Rage,
To ſee the Earl ſo ſmit,
Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk Peer,
Upon renown'd Sir KITT.

Then ſtep'd a gallant 'Squire forth,
Of Viſage thin and pale,
LLOYD was his Name, and of *Gang-Hall*,
Faſt by the *River Twale*.

Who ſaid he would not have it told,
Where *Eden-River* ran,
That unconcern'd he ſhould ſit by;
So, Sheriff, I'm your Man.

Now when theſe Tidings reach'd the Room,
Where the Duke lay in Bed,
How that the 'Squire ſuddenly
Upon the Floor was laid.

O heavy Tidings (quoth the Duke)
CUMBERLAND, witneſs be,
I have not any Captain more,
Of ſuch Account as he.

Like Tidings to Earl THANET came,
Within as ſhort a Space,
How that the Under-Sheriff too,
Was fallen from his Place.

Now

Now God be with him (ſaid the Earl)
Sith 'twill no better be,
I truſt I have within my Town,
As drunken Knights as he.

Of all the Number that were there,
Sir BAINS he ſcorn'd to yield;
But with a Bumper in his Hand
He ſtagger'd o'er the Field.

Thus did this dire Contention end,
And each Man of the Slain,
Were quickly carried off to Bed,
Their Senſes to regain.

God bleſs the KING, the Ducheſs fat,
And keep the Land in Peace,
And grant that Drunkenneſs henceforth,
'Mongſt Noblemen may ceaſe.

And bleſs likewiſe our Royal PRINCE,
The Kingdom's other Hope,
And grant us Grace for to defy,
The *Devil* and the *Pope*.

LOVE and KNOWLEDGE.

To *ORINDA.*

ORINDA, blooming, fair, and young,
Kindly accept my humble Song;
Tho' rude the Verſe, and void of Art,
It flows from no diſhoneſt Heart.
The *Muſe* would ſoar a greater Height,
Did not your Abſence damp her Flight;
That pleaſing Converſe is no more,
In which ſhe ſo much joyed before:
Then, act the kind good-natur'd Friend,
Nor diſregard th' Advice I ſend,
Freely approve theſe artleſs Lays,
Sung by a *Muſe*, you've deign'd to praiſe.

A Medley doth this Life compoſe,
Of tranſient Joys, and pungent Woes;

Things

Things here, have an uncertain Stay,
Awhile they flouriſh, then decay :
All Beings muſt ſubmit to Death,
And Kings and Peaſants yield their Breath :
One Grave ſhall level Rich and Poor,
The Rich ſhall leave their idle Store,
Which can't prolong Life's Date an Hour.
CRESUS, and IRUS, are the ſame,
For either's but an empty Name.
Proud *Blenheim*'s Pile ſhall kiſs the Ground,
And all its Pomp no more be found ;
Ev'n Braſs and Stone ſhall wear away,
And your fair Form too ſoon decay :
Then greatly covet Wiſdom's Lore,
And nobly ſcorn the glitt'ring Ore ;
The Dolt, with all his ſhining Maſs,
Is but, at beſt, a golden Aſs.

Let Love and Books divide your Thought,
Learn all that *Greece* and *Rome* have taught :
In theſe immortal Works you'll find,
Good Senſe, with Wit, and Judgment join'd,
Rich Entertainment for the Mind.

Revolve

Revolve 'em o'er and o'er again,
Their noble Sentiments retain,
Nor think your Labour will be vain:
Regard what Precepts thence ariſe,
Then ſhall you happy be, and wiſe.

Let Love inſpire your gentle Mind,
But pure and chaſte, and all refin'd;
Free from each baſe, and ſordid View,
Such Love as ancient Poets drew;
Smile kindly on ſome blooming Youth,
Endow'd with Learning, Wit and Truth:
To Merit yield, and honeſt Arts,
Nor make a Merchandize of Hearts;
Pity the Nymphs, whoſe Charms are ſold,
Who barter Happineſs for Gold,
Condemn'd to waſte a tedious Life,
In endleſs Diſcontent, and Strife:
But happier Moments, you ſhall prove,
Bleſt with Content, and mutual Love;
From theſe, eternal Pleaſures flow,
Nor is there more of Heav'n below.

May you be bleſs'd with Joys like theſe,
And paſs your Hours in letter'd Eaſe;
Thus, ever may you be,----
And kindly ſtill, remember me.

The DREAM; to a LADY.

NOW Night in ſable Veſt array'd,
O'er Earth and Heav'n, diffus'd her Shade;
While Silence ſooth'd the Cares of Men,
Nor Envy murmur'd in her Den;
While CYNTHIA riſing o'er the Sea,
Shed her faint Beams; ---and *Paul*'s ſtruck Three;
Young STREPHON, Swain of gentleſt Kind!
Lay ſunk in Sleep, unbent his Mind;
Soft Viſions all his Soul employ,
And Dreams of Love, and Dreams of Joy.
When lo! (for Morning Dreams are true)
HYMEN, all charming, roſe to View,

Blooming

Blooming and young; enchanting Grace,
And conſcious Joys, ſmil'd o'er his Face;
His Robes adorn'd with Flames and Darts,
With coupled Hands, united Hearts,
And all the gay, and pleaſing Things,
The Lover feigns, or Poet ſings.
Slow he approach'd the raptur'd Swain,
And ſmiling, led acroſs the Plain,
Fair CLIO, ſweeteſt of the Fair,
His joyous Hope, his only Care.
Soft ſhe trip'd on by HYMEN's Side,
Beauteous and bluſhing, like a Bride;
In native Charms, in Robes all white,
White as her Soul, or Noon-day Light.

See, STREPHON! Heav'n your Faith approves,
Succeſs ſhall crown ſuch gen'rous Loves:
Thy Soul, by Wealth unmov'd, ſhall know,
What Joys from real Merit flow.
This Nymph (nay bluſh not now) confeſt
A ſecret Flame, that warm'd her Breaſt:
Then take her, STREPHON, to thy Arms,
A Fund of Bliſs, a Heav'n of Charms!
Your future Life my Pow'r ſhall prove,
In Days of Pleaſure, Nights of Love.

Thus

Thus ſpoke the God; their Hands he joyn'd,
The Pair embrace: He, ſwift as Wind,
Diſſolves the Viſion, flies to Heav'n,
And STREPHON wakes; --- the Clock ſtruck Sev'n.
At Nine, he dreſs'd, his Nymph to ſee,
To talk of Love, --- and drink *Bohea*.
Laſt Night, -- ſuch Dreams! -- Heav'n grant Succeſs, --
--- You dream't! --- but Dreams you muſt confeſs,
Are airy, phantom Scenes of Joys,
This Moment raiſes, that deſtroys. ---
--- But HYMEN joyn'd our Hands: --- Obey,
Nor dare diſpute great HYMEN's Sway.
Nymphs, curſt by him, ſhall waſte in Tears,
A barren lonely Length of Years:
Unbleſt, unlovely, die ſuch Dames;
No blooming Race preſerve their Names!
Then meet the Bliſs, that waits the Bride;
Nor dread the Path, where Nature's Guide:
To mutual Love, ſhe points the Way,
The nuptial Hour, the bliſsful Day!

She heard, ſhe ſigh'd, and ſoon confeſt
The ſoft Deſires, ſhe long ſuppreſt; —

With plighted Vows confirm'd her Love;
The Youth exults, nor envies JOVE:
Bleſt in his Choice, he thanks his Fate,
And ſcorns the Ideot in her Coach of State.

On VALENTINE's Day.

COME, my Delight, let's fly unto the Grove,
The Grove that's ſacred to Delight and Love;
To love a thouſand blooming Charms invite,
A thouſand more will ſpring up at thy Sight.
The early *Spring*, his various Bloſſoms ſhows,
The Pink, the Lily, and the lovely Roſe,
Lovely they look, but for a Day they're made,
Our Love like them ſhall bloom, but never fade.
Come, my Delight, then fly unto the Grove,
The Grove that's ſacred to Delight and Love.

So lovely Nature looks, ſo bright, ſo gay,
The Sun with Lover's Joy prolongs the Day;
Earlier he riſes to behold her Charms,
He looks, he loves, her Breaſt with Gladneſs warms,

Like

Like him our Love ſhall riſe, like him ſhall blaze,
But know no ſetting, know no Ev'ning Rays.
Come, my Delight, then fly unto the Grove,
The Grove that's ſacred to delight and Love.

So gay the *Spring*, the Sun ſo warm, ſo bright,
The tuneful Birds ſalute with Joy the Sight,
Each picks his *Valentine* to bill and play,
They play, they ſing, and love the live-long Day;
Like them, my *Valentine*, we'll play and ſing,
Each Year they change, our Love ſhall ever ſpring.
Come, my Delight, then fly unto the Grove,
The Grove that's ſacred to Delight and Love.

ECCLESIASTICUS XXXVIII.

15 *Verſes.*

NO more expect th' immediate Aid of Heav'n,
As Ages ſince, to our Forefathers giv'n;
Diſpers'd and exil'd from our native Home,
We roam diſtreſs'd, and ſicken as we roam:

When

When God in anger, ſhook the *Jewiſh* Throne,
And hurl'd in Ruins, our proud Empire down.
Such Wonders ceas'd, and now in vain we mourn
The vaniſh'd Bleſſing never to return:
Then hear my Son, when Sickneſs ſtings thy Heart,
Conſult the Learned in the healing Art;
For Man's Relief, the healing Art was giv'n,
A wiſe Phyſician is the Boon of Heav'n!
For Man's Relief, the Favour was beſtow'd,
And who contemns the gracious Gifts of God?
His Kings reſpect him, for his Care can ſave
Their flitt'ring Glories, and elude the Grave.

---- Look o'er the World's wide Face, what various Plants
Grow all around us, to relieve our Wants;
'Tis not in vain, ſuch num'rous Virtues riſe,
One Species blooming, as another dies:
By God's Command, a Branch of healing Wood,
Sweet'ned the brackiſh Stream, and made the Waters good.
Hence underſtand, that ev'ry Herb contains
Some latent Virtue, in its juicy Veins;

Down the green Vale, or on the Mountain's Brow,
From Year to Year, from Age to Age they grow;
The curious Artiſt, with experienc'd Hand,
Gathers the Plenty, and diſrobes the Land;
While from the Heav'n of Heav'ns, the Eye of God
Surveys his Labours, and directs his Road;
Bow down, ye Sons of Men, before his Throne,
Adore his Name, and make his Goodneſs known.

--- Again, the Sage aſſumes another Toil,
The Limbecks ſweat, the fuming Cauldrons boil,
From the whole Maſs, the Burthen of the Plains,
With ſecret Joy, a Flood of Med'cine drains;
With various Art, corrects the wholſome Tide,
Health all his Aim, and Wiſdom all his Guide.

Now, pining Sickneſs, or diſtracting Pain,
Sinks the ſad Heart, or racks the tortur'd Brain;
The ghaſtly Patient rolls his ſwimming Eyes,
Groans for Relief, and for the Doctor cries:
The Doctor comes, removes the vexing Pain,
And his Heart beats with new-born Joy again.

--But oh, my Son, when weak and faint, and wan,
Thy Pangs return, truſt not alone in Man:
To the great God of Heav'n thy Pray'r addreſs,
He'll hear thy Pray'r, and pity thy Diſtreſs,
Remove thy Sickneſs, ſoften all thy Pain,
When human Help, and human Arts are vain.

---Yet dare not, dare not, truſt a Bed-rid Pray'r,
Or Vows extorted from extream Deſpair:
In Health alone, the Voice of Heav'n cries loud,
Correct thy Crimes, nor trifle with thy God,
Alike thy Days in Virtue's lore employ,
And Life or Death will be alike thy Joy.

When Health's reſtor'd, be grateful to the Skies,
And let thy Thanks like Morning Incenſe riſe,
Confeſs the Pow'r divine, whoſe Arm could ſave
Thy forfeit Life, and ſnatch thee from the Grave;
On Angel's Wings, thy Off'ring all ſincere,
Shall then aſcend, and pleaſe the Almighty's Ear.

Now let the Artiſt, by whoſe timely Aid,
Thy Soul was skreen'd from Death's ſurrounding Shade;

Let

Let him, next Heav'n, a due Regard receive,
To him, live grateful, by whoſe Aid you live;
Nor barren of Return forget your Moan,
And ſcorn the Doctor when the Cure is done.

There is a Period in the Fever's Reign,
The Faint of Sickneſs, and the Rage of Pain;
When Nature, ſtruggling with the dire Diſeaſe,
Pants for Relief, and labour after Eaſe;
'Tis then the Sage, collecting all his Skill,
From the vex'd Patient drives the latent Ill;
But firſt with Pray'r implores the Pow'r divine,
And begs of gracious Heav'n to proſper thine.

Who e'er Ingrate, aſſumes a ſcornful Brow,
His Pain forgot, forgot his former Vow;
Who drove by Paſſion, gives his Crimes the Rein,
And runs thro' ev'ry Round of Vice again;
Who dares diſclaim, his Virtue and his GOD,
Again ſhall ſmart beneath the chaſt'ning Rod;
Again, ſhall groan, with all the Wrath of Heav'n,
And never, never, know his Sins forgiv'n.

The COURTIER.

WHEN IRUS wanton'd in the Pride of Youth,
And Health, and Vigour, bleſs'd his blooming Days,
In love with Life, and all its flatt'ring Joys,
He labour'd to be Great: Frequent at Courts,
And where the haughty *Stateſman*'s gilded Roof
Dazled the vulgar Eye; with conſtant Toil,
And long Attendance, he aſſiduous watch'd
The happy Moment, that ſhould crown his Hopes,
And recompence his Cares: So fondly broods
The frantick *Chimiſt* o'er the melting Mine,
And hourly images the dawning Gold,
Juſt redd'ning to the Light, where not a Spark
Should ever twinkle, nor a Grain refund
His real Treaſures, waſted all in vain.

--- From Day to Day, from Year to Year, a Round
Of Diſappointment, Vanity, and Pain,

He kept his Hopes alive, and fancy'd ſtill,
Some lucky Minute, would at length arrive
To eaſe his Woes, and lead on Fortune, gay
With ſofteſt Smiles, and rob'd in Happineſs,
And Peace, and Joy; but fruitleſs was the Hope.---
DAN SPENCER hymns a diff'rent Song, a Song
To warn the cred'lous Soul, and gently rouze
The thoughtleſs Dreamer from his golden Trance.

" Moſt miſerable Man! whom wicked Fate
" Has Shipwreck'd on a Court, to ſue for what
" So few have found, ſo many never could:
" How little thinks he, what a Hell of Pain,
" Attends the tedious Search; to looſe good Days
" That might be better ſpent, to waſte long Nights
" In melancholy Thought; this time he ſooth'd,
" Another ſcorn'd; to feed on Hope, to pine
" With anxious Fear; bleſt in his Prince's Grace,
" To want the *Stateſman*'s too; granted his Wiſh,
" To wait a Length of Years; to fret his Soul
" With agonizing Care, and feel Deſpair,
" With all her Terrors, gnawing at his Heart;
" *To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,*
" *To ſpend, to give, to want, to be undone.*

---T

---This IRUS read, and, finding in his Soul,
The like Ideas of reſembling Woes,
Grew ſick of Splendour, ever in his Eye,
But never yet enjoy'd; with Horror ſaw
His Ruin lurking underneath the Veil
Of Titles, Honours, Wealth, and Power: He ſaw,
And trembled at the View too late reveal'd;
With Penitence ſincere, bewail'd his fond
Belief, and curs'd the glitt'ring Bane: So when
The little *Darling* of the Mother's Breaſt,
Sportive and gay, perſues, with eager Haſte,
An airy Bubble, floating on the Wind;
He runs, he flies, to graſp the fleeting Toy,
All heedleſs of the Pit that yawns below,
Till, juſt within his Reach, it flits in Air
Away, while ſudden Downfall ends at once
His Pleaſure, and his Days. ---Now IRUS, wak'd
To ſad Reflection of ſucceeding Woes,
Looks round for Succour, but looks round in vain;
No Friend, no Patron, deign'd a pitying Eye,
A friendly Heart, an helping Hand; aloof,
They gaze on his Undoing; ruthleſs, ſtern,
Embitter'd Scoffers, at ſo hard a Fate.

His Virtues were forgot, his Wit deſpis'd,
His Perſon ſhunn'd, affronted, ſcorn'd, his Tears
Neglected, jeer'd his Wants, and unreliev'd
His Woes: Thoſe whom his ſympathizing Soul,
With ſofteſt Tenderneſs, redeem'd from Care,
From Error, Wretchedneſs, and ev'ry Ill,
Ev'n thoſe, Ingrate! forſook him in his laſt,
Extream Diſtreſs, and ſought a firmer Root,
A ſurer Shade. At laſt, hopeleſs of Aid,
Or ev'n Compaſſion from ſo dire a Race,
From Courts, and Cities he retir'd; ſought out
The wildeſt Heath, moſt unfrequented Woods,
Where *Poverty* reſides, to be his Haunt;
There wander'd long, amid the thickeſt Gloom,
Avoiding Man's deceitful Face, oppreſs'd
With ev'ry Want, and ſtung with ev'ry Woe;
Deſpair his ſole Companion, *Death* the Theme
Of all his melancholy Thoughts; a Cave,
Rude, rocky, dark as Night, his ſad Abode;
His Food what Nature furniſh'd, and his Drink
The falling Stream: Oft from the rocky Cliſt
His Sorrows urg'd him to precipitate
His Fall, and often, tempted by the Flood,
That roll'd beneath; he ponder'd on the Brink,

How ſharp his Woes were, yet how light the Cure.
When e'er a human Form appear'd, he fled
Away, thro' the obſcureſt Shade, and ſhunn'd
The ſmiling Villany; with harmleſs Brutes,
Alone maintain'd a dumb Society,
With ſoft Attractives, lur'd them to his Hand,
And taught them to alleviate his Woes.
--At Length, the Grief, that rankled in his Heart,
Aſſail'd the Springs of Life, and, by Degrees,
Waſted the brittle Frame away; with Joy
He ey'd th' Approach of Death, with open Arms,
Receiv'd him to his Breaſt, call'd him his Friend,
His Dear, his only Friend, and, in a Sigh,
Serenely breath'd his Soul to Heav'n.--- Stretch'd on
His parent Earth, his ghaſtly Reliques lay,
To rot and moulder in the open Air;
No pitying Hand to break the graſſy Turf,
And deign with fun'ral Rite, a decent Grave;
No weeping Eye to wail his hapleſs End,
No tuneful Tongue to ſing his genuin Praiſe;
Lone, in the dreary Cave, his Guardian *Dog*
Howl'd mournful thro' the Gloom, ſad PHILOMEL,
And ev'ry warbling Bird, that us'd, with Joy,
To flutter round him, and aſſuage his Grief

With artleſs Melody; ſad PHILOMEL,
And ev'ry warbling Bird, in fulleſt Choir,
Bewail'd him with a Note of Woe; the Clouds
Afforded Tears, and ev'ry Wind a Groan.

---It chanc'd a *Peaſant*, wand'ring thro' the Wild,
In after Time, beheld the darkſom Den,
And, with a curious Eye, approach'd t' explore
The lone Receſs; when, by the twilight Glance
That pierc'd the awful Dusk, aghaſt he ſaw
The meagre *Skeleton*'s extended Bones,
An hideous Spectacle! all grim and bare,
Unburied, and unmourn'd! Struck at the Sight,
With Pity, and Amazement; long he ſtood
In Tears, revolving what a Round of Ill
That luckleſs Wretch muſt know (for Tenderneſs,
And ſoft Humanity had ſmooth'd his Soul,
And made him apt to mourn) then to the Light,
Reſtoring the deſerted Coarſe, beneath
Th' impending Rock, with pious Toil, upturn'd
The reſtive Marl, and dug an homely Grave;
When, lo! amid the reeking Soil, appear'd
An Hoard of Treaſures, that, for Ages, lay
Conceal'd below; with grateful Eye, he view'd

The canker'd Maſs ; then, gazing on the Skies,
Exclaim'd, Good Heav'n ! thy Providence is juſt;
Who feels Compaſſion for another's Woe,
Shall have his own reliev'd, --- a nobler Urn,
Lamented Shade ! ſhall now inſhrine thy Bones,
And all thy Virtues live upon thy Tomb.

EPITHALAMIUM.

SOME Time is paſt, ſince ſprightly Paſſion charm'd,
And Life's gay Scenes my panting Boſom warm'd;
But now kind Stars on faithful Lovers ſhine,
And kindred Souls in happy Wedlock join ;
Now early Virtue meets a juſt Reward,
And virtuous Love demands the tuneful Bard.
My Soul's awaken'd by ſo bright a View,
And its admiring Eyes are fix'd on you ;
While Friendſhip's ſocial Joys enlarge my Breaſt,
I feel, with Gladneſs, how my Friend is bleſt ;
The artleſs *Muſe*, ambitious to repeat
So lov'd a Tale, muſt her own Joy relate ;

To humble Lays attunes her lowly Song,
And Pleaſure wings the eaſy Notes along.

Myſterious Love has choſen but a few,
To whom he grants his Joys, as now to you;
For Love, the Soul of this harmonious Frame,
Brings Ills more various, than our Tongues can name;
'Tis healing Balm, which gives our Cares relief,
And mortal Bane, which kills the Joys of Life;
In ſome ill-fated Paſſion Men engage,
And feel the Wound, from Youth to lateſt Age.

TIMON, it ſeems, has loſt his proper Mate,
To feed his Grief, and make his Woes compleat,
In penſive Solitude, he does complain,
That Life's a Cheat, and all its Friendſhips vain;
Fatigu'd with Scenes of Vanity, he choſe
EMILIA's Boſom, for a ſoft Repoſe;
His Thoughts, his Heart, were fix'd on her alone,
The World's Variety was found in one.
But luckleſs Stars, againſt his Love combin'd,
And TIMON is to other Beauties blind;
The Moon beholds him as a wand'ring Ghoſt
That roams diſturb'd, and mourns a Treaſure loſt.

CELIA,

CELIA, by Love, and Vows was DAMON's own,
But treach'rous Hopes, and flatt'ring Joys are flown,
Her cruel Friends, a wealthy Marriage find,
And her forc'd Hands in golden Fetters bind;
They jeer'd the Love-ſick Tale, and Gold prevail'd,
While weeping *Love*, the ſad Divorce bewail'd.

---Wealth, like a proper Light, may worth reveal,
But Want, like Shades, will Excellence conceal:
STREPHON is poor, and muſt his Love ſuppreſs;
Had his Eſtate been more, or her's been leſs,
In melting Vows, he would his Heart explain,
Nor could CLARISSA hear with cold diſdain;
His Paſſion burns, conceal'd from human Eyes,
In ſecret Flames, conſum'd, he daily dies;
His Mind is loſt, his Senſes all decay,
And, ſtung with inward Woe, he pines away.

---So a young *Plant*, ſecur'd from outward Harms,
May flouriſh in the midſt of Blaſts and Storms;
But, when a *Worm* within its Heart is bred,
As if with Age, it droops its wither'd Head,
The Root is dying, and the Leaves are ſhed.

---Beſide, thoſe Crowds of dull, and vulgar Mold,
Unbleſt by Love, who court full Baggs of Gold;
Fond, am'rous Fools, with human Freedom born,
Ignobly, doat on Pride, and meet with Scorn;
Or thoughtleſs Youths, to haſty Marriage run,
And by ſome beauteous Ideot are undone.

---Some love like thee, but not like thee are bleſt,
Thy Heart's at Eaſe, but they can find no Reſt;
How bleſt art thou? Love, crown'd with Plenty ſmiles,
And chaſte Delight, each flowing Hour beguiles;
The choſen Maid thy favour'd Vow approves,
And ſhews ſuperiour Reaſon, while ſhe loves:
No ſordid Views debas'd thy noble Mind,
No Heaps of Gold could make thy Judgment blind;
Careleſs, you ſaw bright Circles of the Fair,
'Till, fix'd by wond'rous Sympathy on her;
Reſiſtleſs Love admits of no controul,
But ſtrikes the Eye, and charms the willing Soul.
Bleſt Union! when two Friends, with Vice unſtain'd,
And form'd for Love, yield to its kind Command.

--- So was the Match, in *Eden*'s Garden made,
When guiltleſs Souls ſoft Sympathy obey'd.
While ADAM liv'd in ſolitary Bliſs,
He ſcarce enjoy'd himſelf in Paradice;
His *Maker* then produc'd a Creature fair
As Morning Light, and mild as *Eden*'s Air;
His conſcious Heart ſprung forth to meet her Charms,
And more than *Eden*, found within her Arms;
The nuptial Hymn, to heav'nly Harps was ſung,
And the glad Earth, with tuneful Echoes rung.

--- A wav'ring Paſſion for a while may blaze;
On CHLOE's Bloom the wond'ring Eye may gaze;
The raviſh'd Ear may liſten to her Voice,
And ſhort-liv'd Tranſports make the Heart rejoice;
But, each fond Youth, by growing Years, ſhall find
There's no immortal Bloom, but in the Mind;
When, on external Form, our Hearts we place,
Time kills the Paſſion, when he ſpoils the Face;
But inward Beauty can defy its Rage,
Grows ſtill more Fair, and flouriſhes in Age:
Friendſhip refin'd, will then more brightly burn,
Ev'n when our Aſhes reſt within their Urn;

For

For bliſsful Seats will perfect Souls receive,
And virtuous Friendſhip triumph o'er the Grave.

May promis'd Bleſſings crown the happy Pair!
And Angels deem you their peculiar Care!
May circling Years long tread their joyful Round,
And hail your Lives, with ev'ry Pleaſure crown'd!
May future Pledges of your mutual Love,
Bleſt by their Parents, full as happy prove!
May Goodneſs, in the Offspring, ne'er decline,
But, in Succeſſion, with new Luſtre ſhine!
To Children's Children, may your Names be dear,
Laſting as Time, and as your Virtue fair!
When *Poets* ſtrive to beautify their Verſe,
And future Times ſhall Tales of Love rehearſe,
May your bright Names be always read and heard,
And all auſpicious Loves to yours compar'd!
May it be ſaid, of the moſt happy Pair,
He loves like thee, and ſhe rewards like her.

An ESSAY, in *Praiſe* of *GOLD*.

Written at SEA.

HAIL mighty *Gold!* hail potent Clay!
To thee, all Mortals Homage pay,
To thee, all other Earth reſigns the Sovereign Sway.
Not many to diſpute thy Reign pretend,
The moſt ambitious he,
Low, reverently low, bows down to thee,
And courts thee for his Friend.
Thoſe, who the Rage of Poverty ſuſtain,
Who by their conſtant Labour ſcarce can live,
Undaunted, 'midſt a Croud of Wants remain,
Still cheriſh Hope in thee, and ſtill ſurvive:
Thou art the Good we chiefly prize,
To thee our Thoughts we bend, our Wiſhes turn;
The Gay, the Grave, the Fooliſh, and the Wiſe,
Thy Preſence covet, and thy Abſence mourn.

As thou by almoſt ev'ry Voice art choſe,
And voted the grand Umpire of Mankind,
Reaſon, in Complaiſance to thee, is blind,
Nor will thy dazz'ling Arguments oppoſe.
At firſt Opinion made thee great,
And Value to thy Beauty did unite,
Since which, that ancient Teſt no more
Retains her once undoubted Right,
But paſſively reſigns her noble Seat,
To thy ſuperiour Pow'r.
Thus, is thy boundleſs Rule conſeſt;
Why has thy Godlike Influence then ſo long
Unheeded been, by all the tuneful Throng?
By thoſe who ſeldom fail to raiſe,
In lofty Lines, their flatter'd Monarch's Praiſe;
Since, as the greateſt Monarchs, and the beſt
Submit themſelves to thee, like other Men,
Thou ſure haſt far more Right to claim the *Poet's* Pen.
Thou haſt, --- and now my daring *Muſe* aſpires,
Prompted by ſoaring Hopes, and high Deſires,
In laſting Verſe, t' aſſert thy bright Renown,
And, ſhould the bold *Eſſay* deſerve Regard,
She wiſhes not a more compleat Reward:
Than that thy mighty Self, the pleaſing Labour crown.

Some

Some few, who long have toil'd for thee,
And ſtill thy Joys would gladly taſte,
After an Age of fruitleſs Pain,
Finding their beſt Endeavours vain,
By Virtue of profound Philoſophy,
Gravely declare, thou'rt but a Plague at beſt:
From thee, they ſay, whole Streams of Miſchief flow,
That all thy boaſted Good's no more than empty Show;
Let them rant on, dull Sots, that never knew
The various Sweets thy fav'rite Friends poſſeſs;
Let them exert their ſenſeleſs Spite,
Be ſtill debarr'd thy ev'ry gay Delight,
And, to perpetual Wretchedneſs,
Remain devoutly true:
While I, tho' only from a diſtant View,
Thy each inviting Charm confeſs,
And, with deſir'd Succeſs,
The glorious Theme perſue.

All bright Enjoyments on thee wait,
Fame flies before, and loudly ſpeaks thee great;
Honour ſupports thy Train of State,

Friendſhip

Friendſhip attends thy awful Nod,
And Love, that mighty Deity,
'Owns thee, the much more potent God,
Is always at thy Beck, and holds his Pow'r from thee:
Pleaſures of ev'ry Sort and Size,
That Nature can produce, or Art deviſe,
Thy ſplendid Equipage compoſe;
And, ſhould we ſearch the Globe around,
Are only to be found
Where thy unrival'd Influence goes;
Meer, ſervile Slaves to thy imperial Sway,
On thee, they ſtill depend, and thy Commands obey.

Who would, in glitt'ring Pomp, be ſeen,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the Herd of common Men,
Firſt makes his humble Suit to thee;
For well he knows, all other Helps beſide
Can never gratify his ſoaring Pride,
Unleſs, O Gold! thy Self aſſiſtant be,
And if he gains but thee to his Embrace,
Swift flies the whiſper'd News from Place to Place,
Diſcoveries in his Favour ſoon are made,
And Merits long conceal'd, appear diſplay'd;

Neighbours,

Neighbours, to diſtant Crouds, his Worth proclaim,
And much his Character improves, and far extends his
Fame:
At length he graces ſome exalted Seat,
And, qualify'd by thee, becomes both Good and Great.

Obſequious Crouds, from gloomy Grief, defend
The happy Man whom thou doſt kindly bleſs;
When Loads of Thought his Soul depreſs,
A num'rous Train of Comforters appear,
With cordial Words his drooping Spirits chear,
Jointly beneath his anxious Burthen bend,
And far away, from him all Melancholy bear.
Nor fail they, at ſerener Hours,
Whilſt eaſy Quiet ſmooths his Brow,
And ſilent Joys around him gently flow,
To raiſe the Pleaſures higher yet,
With ſprightly Mirth, or ſparkling Wit,
Or Muſick's ſofter Pow'rs.

When pointed Beams of Beauty pierce our Eyes,
And warm Deſires the raviſh'd Soul ſurprize,
Thou, the lov'd Object of th' ambitious Maid,
For whoſe dear Sake her Charms are all diſplay'd,

Thou

Thou only art ſufficient found,
To penetrate the moſt obdurate Heart,
To eaſe the penſive Lover's Care, and dart,
Deep in the Virgin's Breaſt, a ſympathetick Wound.
Ah me! had I thy great Aſſiſtance known,
When my complaining reach'd ELIZA's Ear,
What Joys had then been mine? The heav'nly Fair
Had liſten'd to my Love, had ſoon been all my own;
But now, whilſt I, the Mark of her Diſdain!
No longer fruitleſs Wiſhes entertain,
Perhaps ſome he, more fortunately bleſt,
Largely of thy inviting Heap poſſeſt,
Is reaping all his am'rous Toils,
In ſoft Diſcourſe, kind Looks, and yielding Smiles.

But can it ever be,
That fair ELIZA, influenc'd by thee,
Should yield up all her Store of Charms,
A Prey to ſome unpoliſh'd, thoughtleſs Lover's Arms?
Alas! too ſure it may,
Since thou, the Want of Thought, can'ſt well ſupply,
Since thou alone can'ſt give the Female joy,
And render any Wretch compleat, polite, and gay:

Ev'n

Ev'n now, methinks I ſee, prepoſt'rous Sight!
The graceful Nymph, divinely Bright,
Conſenting, with Deſire, to be embrac'd
By an unhandy, ſtupid Wight,
Who ſnatches at the Bliſs with awkard Haſte,
And revels in the Joy, he ſcarce has Senſe to taſte:
Rather, much rather may he be
Some Youth, agreeable, and fit,
Of eaſy Complaiſance, of piercing Wit,
And finiſh'd to her Wiſh, bright *Gold!* by thee.

The purling Stream, the verdant Shade,
And all thoſe Scenes of rural Happineſs,
Which ſeem ſo pleaſing in the *Poet*'s Dreſs,
Thro' thy Aſſiſtance, are ſubſtantial made,
And he, that can thy Pow'r employ,
May the Realities enjoy;
May, at his Leiſure, to thoſe Walks repair,
Where various Flow'rs perfume the wholſom Air,
And beautify the Ground;
Where laden Trees ſubmiſſively invite,
With choiceſt Fruits, the curious Appetite,
And with gay, warbling Notes reſound,

And where a thouſand Things conſpire
Both to increaſe, and gratify Deſire :
Or if his Inclinations more prefer
The Court, the Town, the Theatre,
Thy ſelf can largely there Diſpence,
Pleaſures to entertain his ev'ry Senſe.

When ſuch I ſaw thy Virtues were,
Eager I left my native Home,
And now, expos'd to Danger, void of Fear,
O'er liquid Mountains boldly roam,
To diſtant *India*'s, warmer Air,
If poſſible to find thee there;
And, ſhould I know the Happineſs
Of being favour'd with Succeſs,
And ſafe once more, acroſs the Waves be borne
To that dear Spot of Earth,
The Place which gave me Birth,
Methinks I'd hope ſome gen'rous ſhe,
May there again revive in me,
The Paſſion which ſo late a Victim was to Scorn ;
For ſure no Joys may be preferr'd above
Thoſe, which proceed from mutual Love,
But yet they, by thy Preſence, very much improve.

If to be Rich, be ſtill within my Fate,
And thou ſhould'ſt e'er reverſe my preſent State,
What now I've written then may pleaſe,
For thou can'ſt make it Wit with eaſe;
The moſt obſerving *Critick* ſcarce will ſee
A Fault, or, if he does, will ſilent be,
And quit his dear Delight, in Complaiſance to me;
To me! O Royal *Gold*, excuſe
An Error of my too preſumptuous *Muſe*,
Since only to thy ſelf the Pow'r belongs
To dim their envious Eyes, and ſtill their ſnarling Tongues.

On DEATH.

WHAT art thou, *Death!* a ſilent, empty Shade,
By Ignorance alone, a Tyrant made,
The bleſt, benevolent, and friendly Pow'r
That ſpeaks the healing Word, and all our Cares are o'er:
If ſo, array'd in pleaſing Smiles, appear,
Diſpel our Anguiſh, and correct our Fear,

Remove

Remove our anxious Doubts, while yet we live,
Or give the dreaded Blow thou wer't ordain'd to give.

What various Notions have been form'd of thee?
The Brave exulting, count thee Liberty,
And ſhould not Cowards too, from Fears ſet free?
Lone, in the Night's ſtill Gloom, the hoary *Sage*,
By the faint glimm'ring Lamp, toils o'er the Page;
With Dread, examining what 'tis to dye,
And by his Fears, thoſe Fears he would defy,
And ſwim on Bladders of Philoſophy.
While the rude *Indian*, laviſh of his Breath,
Precipitate in Danger, faces Death,
Knows no ſuch Care to rack his quiet Breaſt,
Lies down in Peace, and dreams of nought but Reſt.

--- Sublimely was it ſung, by *Heathens* wiſe,
That the ethereal Spirit never dies;
They ſaw the Soul, the Breath of Heav'n, was flown,
But where, 'twas all uncertain, and unknown:
O'er the dark Urn, the Manſions of the Dead,
Penſive they mus'd with ſuperſtitious Dread,
Labour'd in Thought, but could not pierce the Shade.

If *Death*'s the Barrier to new Worlds of Light,
Why ſhould it mock our ſearching Reaſon's Flight,
And veil the Proſpect with eternal Night ?

O ! Pow'r ſupream, o'er all created Things !
Eternal Source, from whence all Being ſprings !
Give us to trace the Wonders of thy Ways,
Remove the Gloom that feeble Senſe may gaze :
What is this dread Receſs, we ſhudd'ring View,
This hideous Gulph, that ſwallows all below ?
Loſt in the Cloud, what Path ſhall we explore ?
What Star ſhall guide us, to what happy Shore ?
What Beings greet us ? What new Scenes ſurprize ?
What Joys tranſport us ? Or what Terrors riſe ?
Are there Repriſals made beyond the Grave ?
Shall Juſtice doom us ? Or ſhall Mercy ſave ?
Is Life the Breath of Souls ? or Nature's Womb,
Thro' which we paſs in other Worlds to bloom ?
Shall none abortive prove, whoſe low Deſire
Ne'er felt celeſtial Warmth, nor glow'd with ſacred Fire ?
Huddled in *Death*, all human Nature lies,
Alike the Brave, the Baſe, the Fool, the Wiſe,
But ſhall they all with equal Glories riſe ?

---No, ſure in Heav'n that Soul ſhall never rove,
Whom nothing Good, or Great, on Earth could move,
Who ſcorn'd all Virtue, diſobey'd its GOD,
And choſe, with jocund Heel, the downward Road.

---But, let the anxious *Muſe* enquire no more;
Let *Death* once ſtrike, and all our Doubts are o'er:
The buſy Paſſions, Source of ev'ry Ill!
And all the Pain we fear, and all we feel,
The Wearineſs of Toil, the Sting of Strife,
And all the Woes that wait on human Life,
In *Death*, ſuſpended ſhall for ever ceaſe,
The World is Trouble, but the Grave is Peace.

Verſes, by an Unfortunate LADY.

IF in thoſe Plains, where all is bright and clear,
Terreſtrial Woes invade your pitying Ear,
Bleſt Youths, in never-fading Light array'd,
With your Advice, aſſiſt a wretched Maid.

'Twas

'Twas when the Moon, advancing to her Height,
Thro' thick'ning Clouds gleam'd forth unwilling Light,
That underneath the Covert of a Grove,
I met the charming Object of my Love:
The raviſh'd Youth, with eager Fury flew
To my fond Arms, thoſe Pleaſures to renew,
Thoſe harmleſs Joys, which modeſt Virgins give,
And modeſt Virgins guiltleſs may receive.

'Till now, from looſe Deſire, our Loves were free,
And all his Wiſhes ſeem'd to doat on me:
But now, alas! a different Flame aroſe---
My Joys he ruin'd---and began my Woes.
Awhile, my feeble Virtue, dying, ſtrove
To keep the Field againſt invading Love;
But he, too ſtrong, my yielding Soul oppreſt,
And, in ſoft Murmurs, wand'red thro' my Breaſt:
'Till loſt, and vanquiſh'd by too many Charms,
I ſunk an eaſy Victim in his Arms.

O Innocence! bright Guardian of the Fair,
Lovely as Light, and ſweet as upper Air,

Darling of Angels, who, thy Abſence mourn,
To my deſiring Soul, O, when wilt thou return!

And now the dear, deluding Charmer flies,
Theſe ſlighted Arms, regardleſs of my Sighs:
No longer to retain my Love, aſpires,
His Eyes grow dim, with pale, decaying Fires.
Neglected Vows are vaniſh'd into Air,
And leave my ſoft, my tender Boſom, where
Sweet Rapture revel'd once, a Manſion of Deſpair.
I haunt the Groves, tormented with his Scorn,
The conſcious Groves, that my Diſhonour mourn,
In dewy Tears; yet vainly do I ſtrive
To gain that Peace, which none but he can give.
O! ſhould his Breaſt ſome gen'rous Pity move,
For once he felt the Pangs of ſlighted Love.
Oh! may the lovely Wand'rer yet return,
My Peace will be reſtor'd, and I forget to mourn.

By the Same.

YOU Powers, from whom, in vain, I ſeek Repoſe,
To you the mournful Story of my Woes

I

I did unfold; my DAMON's dying Flame,
My loſs of Honour, Innocence, and Fame;
The Virgin joys, that I no more ſhall ſee,
Yet you remain as pityleſs as he.
Wretch that I am; to aid me, Earth denies,
And the no longer charitable Skies,
Behold my Grief, with unrelenting Eyes.
Whither, alas! for Refuge ſhall I run,
Oh! whither, loſt, forſaken, and undone?
Yet Heav'n, at laſt, compaſſionate may prove,
May pity blooming Youth, and hapleſs Love.
Sighs from a Soul, bath'd in repentant Tears,
Shall climb the Stars, and reach th' Almighty's Ears.
But Man, obdurate Man, while we implore,
Flies from th' intreating Maid he did adore.
Then farewel trifling Life, a long adieu,
To Bliſs, to Joy, to Happineſs, and you.

The lonely Vault of ſome capaceous Tomb
Shall hide me from the Injuries to come.
Securely there, my weary Head reclin'd,
Tranquility and Peace ſhall ever find.

No more, dear perjur'd Youth, whom ſtill I love,
Shall your Idea my cold Boſom move.
Tho' now the Fantom ſhines and glitters there,
'Twill vaniſh then, depart and diſappear.
The bleeding Ghoſt of murther'd Innocence
Shall fright my Soul no more. That Reſidence
Of peaceful Reſt, no wakeful Terror knows:
Eternal Silence dwells with ſweet Repoſe.
Lamenting Loves ſhall weep around my Grave
The Loſs of her, they knew not how to ſave.

Here, gen'rous Youths! my ſtreaming Tears deny
More Words to Grief. My dim and dazzled Eye
Can ſee no more, but with decaying Light,
Shuts out the Day, and ſinks to endleſs Night.
--- Yet ſure my penſive Soul at laſt ſhall know
More Bliſs above, than what it weakly loſt below.

To

To the LADY, Author of the two preceding POEMS.

THE warbling Lark, thus warbles as ſhe flies,
To gild her Pinions in the Morning Skies.
So mourns the dying Swan, in Notes that pleaſe
To think ſhe's ſinking to eternal Eaſe.
But, O EUTHALIA! e'er thou tak'ſt thy Flight,
Prepare thee for thoſe Manſions of Delight.
Let penitential Sighs, and flowing Tears,
Secure thy Paſſage, and diſcharge thy Fears;
Let theſe, thy ſullied Innocence repair,
For nothing criminal muſt enter there.
Then with Contempt, the barb'rous Man you'll view,
Who with deluſive Arts could thus perſue
Your Ruin: hideous will his Aſpect ſeem,
And all your Fondneſs vaniſh like a Dream.

To a LADY, upon our being choſen *King* and *Queen* upon *Twelfth-Day*.

'TIS now a Year, the *Solar* Ray
Has wak'd in th' *Eaſt*, and light up Day,
Thence haſtening to the *Weſtern* Side,
Has reſted with his Sea-green Bride,
Since firſt, my Princeſs! in my Arms
I held the Treaſure of thy Charms.

Oft I recal the bliſsful Day,
Which gave the lovely Maid away;
Not e'en that Lot could bleſs me more,
That veſted me with regal Pow'r,
In Raptures by my Courtiers ſeen,
Not for my Crown, but for my *Queen*.

Now by the Royal Maid I ſtand,
The Bridal Preſent in my Hand,
Glaz'd with Perfume ſo white, ſo ſweet!
Only her Breaſt could rival it.

Now kneeling her Acceptance crave
Of that, and of a Prince her Slave,
What Grace, what Sweetneſs in her Eyes,
Gave the Command? My Prince ariſe.

But now, O hateful Haſte of Time,
Soon as the Sun, the *Eaſt* ſhall climb,
My beauteous *Queen*, and ſcepter'd Pow'r,
I muſt to fickle Chance reſtore.

Where ſhall I wander, whither flee!
Ah! could I run away from me!
Yet, with my Love, had Fate comply'd,
All other Loſs I had defy'd,
Nor mourn'd the abdicated Throne,
Might I ſtill call the *Queen* my own.

On Playing with a LADY at SHUTTLECOCK on *Valentine's-Day.*

'TWAS on that Morn, whoſe genial Ray
Invites the feather'd Race to play,
When each ſweet Warbler of the Air,
Takes out his Partner for the Year;
To Groves, in faithful Pairs, they wing,
And wake, with Melody, the Spring.
Auſpicious Day, ſaid I, inſpire
My fair One with an equal Fire.
Then dreſs'd, and to PULCHERIA flew
As ſwift, as blithe, ye Birds, as you;
We ſat and laugh'd, and ſip'd *Bohea,*
For what's a Morn without its Tea?
Then took the Battledores and play'd,
CUPID and I, againſt the Maid;
I ſnatch'd the feather'd Cork, and threw,
Now CUPID, now if ever, do,

Turn

Turn me this Cork into a Dart,
I cry'd, and aim'd it at her Heart.
The Archer ſmil'd to find that ſhe,
Return'd the Cork as faſt as we;
Five hundred Times enrag'd we try'd
To fix the Arrow in her Side;
Five hundred Times the Dart repel'd,
Declar'd how hard to win the Field.
O, is it ſo! the God replies,
But what if we ſhould blind her Eyes!
'Twill do, he cry'd, and ſtrait he threw
A hazy Miſt before her View:
Upon her Neck the Arrow fell,
I ſaw her lovely Boſom ſwell;
I ſaw the Dart a Paſſage found,
But ſlight the Dart, and ſlight the Wound.

The Morning APPARITION.

ALL Things were huſh'd, as Noiſe it ſelf were dead;
No mid-night Mice ſtirr'd round my ſilent Bed,
Not ev'n a Gnat diſturb'd the Peace profound,
Dumb, o'er my Pillow hung my Watch unwound;
No ticking Death-Worm told a fancy'd Doom,
Nor hidden Cricket chirrupt in the Room;
No Breeze the Caſement ſhook, or fann'd the Leaves,
Nor Drops of Rain fell ſoft from off the Eaves;
No noiſy Splinter made the Candle weep,
But the dim Watch-light ſeem'd it ſelf aſleep:
When tir'd, I clos'd my Eyes---how long I lay
In Slumber wrapp'd, I liſt not now to ſay,
When hark, a ſudden Noiſe! ſee! open flies
The yielding Door---I, ſtarting, rubb'd my Eyes,
Faſt clos'd awhile, and, as their Lids I rear'd,
Full at my Feet, a tall, thin Form appear'd.

Whilſt

While thro' my parted Curtains ruſhing broke
A Light like Day, e'er yet the Figure ſpoke.
Cold Sweats bedew'd my Limbs --- nor did I dream:
(Hear, Mortals, hear! for real Truth's my Theme)
And now more bold, I rais'd my Trembling Bones,
To look --- when lo! 'twas honeſt Maſter JONES,
Who wav'd his Hand, to baniſh Fears and Sorrow,
Well charg'd with Toaſt and Sack, and cry'd Good Morrow.

A POEM, occaſion'd by the Death of Mr. *JOHN HUGHES.*

Written by a LADY.

ROUND HUGHES's humble, tho' diſtinguiſh'd Urn,
The *Muſes*, wreath'd with baleful *Cypreſs*, mourn;
In ev'ry Face a deep Diſtreſs appears,
Each Eye o'erflows with tributary Tears.
Such was the Scene, when, by the Gods requir'd,
Majeſtick HOMER from the World retir'd;

Such

Such Grief, the *Nine*, on MARO's Tomb beſtow'd;
And Tears like theſe, for ADDISON late flow'd.
Snatch'd from the Earth, above its trifling Praiſe,
Thee, HUGHES, to happier Climes thy Fate conveys:
Eas'd of its Load, thy gentle Spirit roves
Thro' Realms refulgent, and celeſtial Groves:
The Toils of Life, the Pangs of Death are o'er,
And Care, and Pain, and Sickneſs are no more.
O! may that Spot which holds thy bleſt Remains,
(The nobleſt Spoil, Earth's ſpacious Breaſt contains)
Its Tribute pay: May richeſt Flowers around
Spring lightly forth, and mark the ſacred Ground;
Here may the Bay its ſhady Honours ſpread,
And o'er thy Urn eternal Odours ſhed;
Immortal, as thy Fame and Verſe, ſtill grow,
'Till thoſe ſhall ceaſe to live, and *Thames* to flow.
Nature ſubdu'd, foretold the great Decline,
And ev'ry Heart was plung'd in Grief but thine;
Thy Soul ſerene, the Conflict did maintain,
And trac'd the phantom Death thro' Years of Pain:
Not Years of Pain thy ſteady Mind alarm'd,
By Judgment ſtrengthen'd, and by Virtue arm'd;
Still like thy ſelf, when ſinking Life ebb'd low,
Nor raſhly dar'd, nor meanly fear'd the Blow:

Looſe to the World, by ev'ry Grace poſſeſt,
Greatly reſign'd, thou ſought'ſt the Stranger Reſt.
Firm as his Fate, ſo thy own PHOCYAS dy'd,
While the barb'd Arrow trembled in his Side.
Drawn by thy Pen, the Theory we ſee,
The Practick Part too ſoon we learn from thee.
Who, now, ſhall ſtrike the Lyre with Skill divine?
Who, to harmonious Sounds, harmonious Numbers join?
Who, the rapacious Tide of Vice controul,
And while they charm the Senſe, reform the Soul?
In whom the lovely Siſter-Arts unite,
With Virtue, ſolid Senſe, and boundleſs Wit?
Such was the Turn of thy exalted Mind,
Sparkling as poliſh'd Gems, as pureſt Gold refin'd.
Great Ruler of our Paſſions! who with Art
Subdu'd the Fierce, and warm'd the frozen Heart,
Bid Glory in our Breaſt with Temper beat,
And Valour ſeparate from fev'riſh Heat;
Love, in its true, its genuin Luſtre, riſe,
And in EUDOCIA, bid it charm our Eyes;
Virtue diſtreſs'd, thy happy Lines diſcloſe,
With more of Triumph, than a Conqueror knows.

Touch'd

Touch'd by thy Hand, our ſtubborn Tempers bend,
And flowing Tears, the well-wrought Scene attend;
That ſilent Eloquence thy Pow'r approv'd,
The Cauſe ſo great, 'twas gen'rous to be mov'd.
What Pleaſure can the burſting Heart poſſeſs
In the laſt Parting, and ſevere Diſtreſs?
" Can Fame, Wealth, Honour, Titles, Joy beſtow,
" And make the lab'ring Breaſt with Tranſport glow. *
Theſe gaudy Trifles gild our Morning bright,
But oh! how weak their Influence on our Night!
Then Fame, Wealth, Honour, Titles, vainly bloom,
Nor dart one Gleam of Comfort on the Gloom.
But if the ſtruggling Soul a Joy receives,
'Tis in th' Applauſe, that conſcious Virtue gives;
This blameleſs Pride the dying HUGHES poſſeſt,
Soften'd his Pain, ſate lightly on his Breaſt,
And ſooth'd his unoffending Soul to reſt.
Free from the Bigot's Fears, or Stoick's Pride,
Calm as our Chriſtian Hero liv'd, he dy'd.
As on th' utmoſt Verge of Life he ſtood,
Ready to plunge and ſeize th' immortal Good,

* *Opera of* TELEMACHUS.

Collecting

Collecting all his Rays diffus'd, in one,
His laſt, great Work, with heighten'd Luſtre ſhone:
There his juſt Sentiments transferr'd we view'd,
But while our Eyes the ſhining Path purſu'd,
And ſteep Aſcent his ſteady Judgment gain'd,
The ſhining Path, alas! alone remain'd.

So when the Sun to Worlds unknown retires,
How ſtrong, how boldly ſhoot his parting Fires!
Larger his ſetting Orb our Eyes confeſs,
Eager we gaze, and the full Glory bleſs;
As o'er the Heav'n ſublime his Courſe extends
With equal State the radiant Globe deſcends,
Sinks in a Cloud of Gold and Azure bright,
And leaves behind, gay Tracts of beamy Light.

To

To a LADY in Tears, for the Decay of her Beauty. *By her Husband.*

LIFE of Lovelineſs! forbear,
Sighs and Plaints I cannot hear.
Tell me not thou'rt paſt thy Prime----
Tax not Nature, Fate, or Time----
Beauties, that did firſt ſubdue,
Hold my Heart for ever true.
In thee, ſtill I find the Charms,
That allur'd me to thy Arms.
Raptur'd, ſtill I view thy Face,
Stock'd with ev'ry Virgin Grace.
Lively Sweetneſs! temper'd Fire!
Laſting Spring of chaſt Deſire!
In thine Eyes the very Flame!
Roſes on thy Cheek the ſame!
Gentle Majeſty thy Brow!
On thy Chin th' unſullied Snow!
Freſh the Teeth! and fine the Hair!
Lips the lovely Twins they were!

Voice with heav'nly Muſick fraught!
Shape and Air, without a Fault!
Ev'ry Limb, and ev'ry Feature!
Perfect as thy Senſe and Nature!
Charming Perſon! noble Mind!
Modeſt, innocent, and kind!
Sprightly, generous and free!
Juſt to all! and true to me!
All my Wealth and Paradiſe!
Cheer thy Heart, and dry thy Eyes.

To SLEEP.

COME gentle *Sleep*! and as I lye,
Oh! bid the Hours tread ſoftly by;
While in thy ſtill Pavilion laid,
I think upon the charming Maid;
Some mimick Dream on Fancy's Wing,
Light-pois'd, command ſuch Joys to bring,
(Obedient to thy milder Sway)
As Tyrant Love denies by Day.

Come ſweet Seducers, who reſtore
Sad Exiles to their native Shore;
To his proud Hopes the Courtier raiſe,
And crown the youthful Bard with Bays.
O come, and laviſh all your Art,
To paint the Miſtreſs of my Heart:
But make the lovely Phantom kind,
And bleſs while you deceive my Mind.

Like *Egypt*'s Queen, her Charms diſplay,
And let me give the World away;
Or JUNO like, let her be ſeen,
(If JUNO's be ſo bright a Mein)
When ſmiling Soft with languid Eyes,
Within the Chambers of the Skies,
She fondly tempts to nuptial Love,
The mighty Majeſty of JOVE.

In the warm Bluſh of Virgin Bloom,
Conduct her to the bridal Room!
Ye Graces, there, undreſs the Fair,
Ye Graces, looſe her gather'd Hair!

O come! and while my raviſh'd View,
This pleaſing Shadow ſhall purſue;
Let my Reſemblance be convey'd,
Indulgent to the ſleeping Maid,
That both our Viſions may agree,
And the dear Charmer think on me.

The LUNATICK. A Tale.

WHERE proud AUGUSTA rears her hundred Spires
Among ſurrounding Clouds, ZELINDA liv'd,
O'er-ſhaded with the Wing of Heav'n, the Pride,
The Glory of her Sex! with Innocence,
And Eaſe, and Virtue crown'd: Love had in vain
Aſſail'd her Heart, tho', daily at her Feet,
Her fond Admirers kneel'd, and breath'd their Vows
With all the Warmth of Paſſion, all the Zeal
That Conſtancy could boaſt; with tim'rous Eye
She view'd the gilded Snare, and underneath,
Beheld the latent Woe; yet, gently ſhunn'd
Th' enamour'd Crowd, ev'n with a pitying Glance

Diſmiſs'd

Diſmiſs'd the ſanguin Lover from his Hopes,
And griev'd for all the Pain ſhe gave.--- Her Soul
Was form'd all ſweet, and tender, free from Pride,
Superiour to her Sex's little Arts,
A Ray of Heav'n, untainted, all refin'd
From Vanity, or Vice: An Angel knew
No purer Thoughts, and all Humanity
Breath'd in her Voice, and languiſh'd in her Eye:
At ev'ry ſtranger Woe ſhe mourn'd, when, ſad,
Dejected, loſt in melancholy Thoughts,
Pale *Sorrow* imag'd its diſtracting Pangs,
And told its tragick Tale; to ev'ry Tear,
She weeping ſympathiz'd, to ev'ry Groan,
She groan'd anew; lovely in Grief, ſhe lean'd
Attentive to its miſerable Moan,
And, like the Voice of Heav'n, aſſwag'd its Pain:
Where e'er ſhe went, a Murmur of Applauſe
Was heard around her, and a thouſand Tongues
Were raptur'd in her Praiſe; for Lenity,
And Virgin Softneſs, dimpled all her Smiles,
Youth glow'd upon her Cheek, with roſy Red
Embloom'd, the Graces waited on her Step,
And ev'ry Beauty heighten'd ev'ry Charm.

Rear'd on ſuperb AUGUSTA's ruin'd Wall,
A ſpacious Structure ſtands, the dread Retreat
Of *Phrenzy*, where the *Demon*'s midnight Howl
Is heard tremendous, and unhappy Souls
Beneath her Influence groan: The pompous Gate
Proclaims her dire Abode, on either Side
Appears a dumb Reſemblance of her Pow'r,
In all its Energy of Woe: On this
Terrifick *Madneſs*, with diſtorted Face,
And rolling Eye, raves furious, ſhakes his Chain,
Swells ev'ry Muſcle, churns his Foam, and roars
Beneath his Pangs: On this, with ſilent Thought,
And inward Anguiſh, leans the penſive Wretch
With Melancholy gloom'd, and ſecret Pain;
Languid his Limbs lye careleſs, fix'd his Eye,
Immoveable his Form. --- Within, are ſeen
The living, ſad Originals, to Cells,
All dark, forlorn, and horrible, confin'd;
Wedded to Pain, incapable of Joy,
Debarr'd from ſweet Society, condemn'd
To Want, and Miſery; to pine with Fear,
Converſe with Groans, yell in the Rack
Of vehement Deſpair, or dye away

With the Exceſs of Grief; Calamities
That render Life a Burthen to the Soul,
And loudly invocate the Grave for Eaſe.

---Here once ZELINDA, wand'ring to indulge
A melancholy Start of Temper, found
A beauteous Youth, reclining on his Hand
His drooping Head, involv'd in deepeſt Thought,
And agonizing Muſe; Sorrow had pal'd
His Cheek, eclips'd his Eye, and grav'd the Marks
Of Anguiſh on his Brow; yet ſomething ſweet
Still ſmil'd upon his Lip, and ſpoke his Soul,
As noble as his Form: ZELINDA, ſigh'd
With Pity, and Concern, and gradual felt
A Stream of Tears o'erflowing as ſhe gaz'd;
When ſtarting from his Trance, th' unhappy Wretch
Beheld the trickling Woe, the Angel Face,
And with a curious Gaze ſurvey'd her Form:
Encourag'd by his gentle Mood, the Fair
Inquir'd the Series of his Pain, and ſooth'd
His Agony. Wak'd, by ſo ſweet a Voice,
He deign'd to ſpeak, but wept as he began.

'Twa

'Twas ſuch a flatt'ring Face, ſuch faithleſs Tears
Were my Undoing. Oh! what heav'nly Charms
Adorn'd her! ſmiling Miſchief! dear Deceiver!
With ſoft Endearments, honey'd Eloquence,
She held my Heart a Captive to her Will,
And ſtamp'd her flatt'ring Image on my Soul:---
But are not you the lovely Ruin? Sure
You are, the ſweet Undoer of my Joys!
O turn away thoſe bright deluding Eyes,
Thoſe perjur'd Lips, ſo frequently forſworn;
Oh, do not, do not tempt me to thy Arms
Anew, for there I found my Bane: Alas!
She weeps, the beauteous Falſhood weeps, to hear
The Miſery ſhe made? --- But 'tis not her,
CLEORA cannot weep. --- O Heav'ns, how gay
I hail'd the dawning Light, the riſing Morn,
Long doom'd to lead on all my future Joys;
When ſhe, Ingrate, forgot her ſacred Vow;
And to my Rival gave my Hopes away.

--- Perdition blaſt that luckleſs Morn, thro' each
Returning Year; may not one chearful Ray
E'er gild its melancholy Hours; 'twas Death,
'Twas Death to me --- 'twas Happineſs to him.

--- But

---But haply now her ever-changing Heart,
Has roam'd from him---'tis ſo---and now, like me,
He mourns in vain. Hark! how he groans? Poor Wretch!
His Pains are ſtrong upon him, now, too late,
He curſes his believing Soul, and begs
Of wrathful Heav'n, the Ruin of her Charms.

---Still, ſtill ſhe weeps, how well the flatt'ring Drops
Become ſo fair a Face? Dear *Syren!* lov'd
Enchantreſs! are thoſe Tears thy own? Or haſt
Thou ſtol'n the glitt'ring Sorrow from an Eye
Like mine? ---Faſt as my Tears diſtil, my Heart
Weeps Blood: Can thine do ſo? Hark! how the Stream
Runs down? Amain it runs, and when 'tis o'er,
I ſhall be happy.---Prithee, gentle Maid!
When Death approaches, Death's my deareſt Friend,
Like a fond Bride, conduct him to my Bed,
His chilling Touch ſhall freeze this vital Warmth,
And never, never let me think of Woman more.---

---Touch'd, to the Soul, with ſuch extream Diſtreſs,
Such helpleſs Evil, ſuch a Youth undone,
ZELINDA liſten'd to his broken Tale;

Oft

Oft interrupted with Heart-piercing Moan,
And in the midſt of falling Tears renew'd;
Her tender Heart was rack'd with ſecret Pain,
And more than ſhar'd in all his plaintive Woe:
With wat'ry Eye ſhe view'd him o'er and o'er,
Obſerv'd his graceful Form, his lovely Face;
Again diſcours'd him of his cruel Fate,
Admir'd his Tenderneſs of Soul, the Starts,
The Sallies of excelling Wit, his Love
Unſhaken, and his Faith unchang'd. --- Retir'd,
And all encompaſs'd with the Shades of Night,
She courted Sleep in vain, the ſtubborn God
Deny'd his uſual Aid, and left her Eyes
Unclos'd, her Brain confus'd, and ev'ry Senſe
In ſtrange Diſorder, unexperienc'd Pain:
Back to the lovely, raving Youth her Thoughts
Continual roam'd, for him ſhe ſigh'd, for him
She mourn'd, but call'd it Pity for his Fate:
If a kind Slumber weigh'd her Lye-lids down,
And ev'ry Care was for a Moment loſt,
His mournful Image wander'd thro' the Gloom;
O'ercome with Anguiſh, pining with Deſpair,
Cloſe at her Side he ſeem'd to make his Moan,
And pour his Wailings in her tender Ear;

Starting in Tears, from her diſtemper'd Dream,
She ſought the Phantom with a curious Eye,
But ſought in vain --- Such was the Hour of Reſt:
And, when the Morn return'd, radiant in Gold,
And blooming with Delight, a Cloud of Care
Hung penſive on her Brow, a frequent Sigh
Roſe ſullen from her Heart, and ev'ry Hour,
With Melancholy ſhaded, roll'd away.

--- Led by a ſecret Pow'r, as yet unknown,
She often viſited the gloomy Cell,
Where the rack'd Lover languiſh'd out his Days,
And weeping o'er him, heard his tragick Tale
Anew; 'twas here alone ſhe wiſh'd to dwell,
And, to attend his Groans, forſook the World:
With him was all her Pleaſure, Abſence all
Her Woe; with tend'reſt Smiles, and ſweeteſt Voice,
She reaſon'd on his Pain, and toil'd for Hours,
To ſooth him into Peace; with Show'rs of Tears,
And ſofteſt Blandiſhments, forſook the dark,
Uncomfortable Haunt, when Night came on,
And wiſh'd him Reſt, and Happineſs, 'till Morn.

--- Thus

--- Thus long ſhe liv'd, and fed a hopeleſs Flame,
A darling Woe, unknowing of the Cauſe:
At laſt, obſervant of her kind Concern,
Her Pity of his Woes, the frantick Youth,
With gentleſt Glance, would gaze upon her Charms,
And, in diſtracted Phraze, at her Approach,
Expreſt a Dawn of Joy; with gladd'ning Heart
She hail'd the melting Softneſs of his Eyes,
And ev'ry Glimpſe of Reaſon to his Soul
Reſtor'd; bleſs'd the kind Moments as they flew,
With downy Wings, away, and only griev'd
When *Phrenzy* repoſſeſs'd his Brain, and rack'd,
With all its Train of Horrors, ev'ry Senſe.

--- Once, as with pitying Soul ſhe heard his Groans,
And with her Sighs kept Time to his Complaint,
Unwonted Calmneſs ſudden ſmooths his Brow,
His Eye its rolling Wildneſs loſt, his Tongue
Its raving Tone; a Smile of Pleaſure dawn'd
Upon his Lip, and Sorrows ſeem'd to leave
His Heart; ZELINDA, raptur'd with the Change,
With Tears of Joy acclaim'd the happy Hour,
And bleſs'd the Earneſt of ſucceeding Joy.

O Heav'ns! exclaim'd the Youth, how long my
Soul
Has wildly wander'd, frantick, and forlorn
Round the perplexing Maze that *Phrenzy* leads?
How long my Heart experienc'd all the Pangs
Of racking Grief, and diſappointed Love?
Again my reaſonable Thoughts return
To bleſs the charming Guide, whoſe friendly Hand
Reſtor'd my erring Senſes to their Road.

---Kind beauteous Healer of my wounded Mind!
Thou ſofteſt Innocence! thou deareſt Friend!
O! tell a grateful Soul what Thanks are due,
What long Returns of everlaſting Love?
Would'ſt thou accept a Heart ſo frail as mine,
So long, ſo much a faithleſs Woman's Slave,
So ſtung with Paſſion, and ſo rack'd with Pain?
Would'ſt thou not dread that Madneſs ſhould again
Uſurp her Rule, and cloud my ſick'ning Soul?
O! could'ſt thou bear my Groans, or deign,
With me, to lengthen out a Life of Woe?

---St

--Still bluſhing, thoughtful, ſilent --- Oh! my dear,
Lov'd, charming Conſtancy! my fondeſt Hope!
My tend'reſt Wiſh! can'ſt thou deſcend to bear
All this for me? May I indulge my Heart
In ſuch a tempting Proſpect of Delight,
Such a long View of never-ending Joy?
Of never-ending Joy, for, bleſs'd with thee,
With ſuch a Heav'n of Charms, I ne'er ſhall know
One Thought of Anguiſh more. --- Farewel ye dark,
Ye terrible Retreats! the Madman's Curſe!
The Wretch's Horror! black Ideas! all
Farewel. ZELINDA's mine, Virtue, and Love
Combine to make me Happy, in her Arms
Eternal Pleaſures bloom, for me they bloom,
Love, Beauty, Virtue, all are ever mine.

To Lady CARTERET;
A *Riddle.*

OF all Inhabitants on Earth,
To Man alone I owe my Birth,
And yet the Cow, the Sheep, the Bee,
Are all my Parents more than he:
I, a Virtue, ſtrange and rare,
Make the faireſt look more fair;
And my ſelf, which yet is rarer,
Growing old, grow ſtill the fairer.
Like Sots, alone I'm dull enough,
When dos'd with Smoak, and ſmear'd with Snuff:
But in the midſt of Mirth, and Wine,
I with double Luſtre ſhine.
Emblem of the Fair am I,
Poliſh'd Neck, and radiant Eye;
In my Eye my greateſt Grace,
Emblem of the *Cyclops* Race;

Metals,

Metals, I like them ſubdue,
Slave like them, to VULCAN too.
Emblem of a Monarch old,
Wiſe, and Glorious to behold;
Waſted he appears, and pale,
Watching for the publick Weal;
Emblem of the baſhful Dame,
That in ſecret feeds her Flame,
Often aiding to impart,
All the Secrets of her Heart:
Various is my Bulk and Hue,
Big like BESS, and ſmall like SUE;
Now brown and burniſh'd like a Nut,
At other Times a very Slut;
Often fair, and ſoft, and tender,
Taper, tall, and ſmooth, and ſlender;
Like FLORA deck'd with faireſt Flowers,
Like PHEBUS, Guardian of the Hours:
But, whatever be my Dreſs,
Greater be my Size or leſs,
Swelling be my Shape or ſmall,
Like thy ſelf I ſhine in all:
Clouded, if my Face is ſeen,
My Complexion wan and green,

Languid like a love-ſick Maid,
Steel affords me preſent Aid.
Soon or late, my Date is done,
As my Thread of Life is ſpun;
Yet to cut the fatal Thread,
Oft, revives my drooping Head:
Yet I periſh in my Prime,
Seldom by the Death of Time;
Die like Lovers as they gaze,
Die for thoſe I live to pleaſe;
Pine unpitied to my Urn,
Nor warm the Fair for whom I burn:
Unpitied, unlamented too,
Die like all that look on you.

Another.

Another.

BY ſomething form'd, I nothing am,
Yet ev'ry Thing that you can name;
In no Place have I ever been,
Yet ev'ry where I may be ſeen;
In all Things falſe, yet always true,
I'm ſtill the ſame---but ever new.
Lifeleſs, Life's perfect Form I wear,
Can ſhew a Noſe, Eye, Tongue, or Ear,
Yet neither Smell, See, Taſte, or Hear.
All Shapes and Features I can boaſt,
No Fleſh, no Bones, no Blood---no Ghoſt:
All Colours, without Paint, put on,
And change like the *Cameleon*.
Swiftly I come, and enter there,
Where not a Chink let's in the Air;
Like Thought I'm in a Moment gone,
Nor can I ever be alone;
All Things on Earth I imitate,
Faſter than Nature can create;

Sometimes imperial Robes I wear,
Anon in Beggar's Rags appear;
A Giant now, and ſtrait an Elf,
I'm ev'ry one, but ne'er my ſelf;
Ne'er ſad I mourn, ne'er glad rejoice,
I move my Lips, but want a Voice;
I ne'er was born, nor e'er can die,
Then prythee tell me what am I.

A SONG, ſung at the *Opera-Houſe*, by Mrs. ——, on her leaving the *Engliſh-Stage*, and Return to *Italy*.

GENEROUS, gay, and gallant Nation,
Bold in Arms, and bright in Arts,
Land ſecure from all Invaſion,
All but CUPID's gentle Darts:
From your Charms, oh who would run?
Who would leave you for the Sun?

Happy

Happy Soil, adieu, adieu:
Let old Charmers yield to new.
In Arms, in Arts be ſtill more ſhining,
All your Joys be ſtill increaſing,
All your Taſtes be ſtill refining,
All your Jars for ever ceaſing:
But let old Charmers yield to new,
Happy Soil, adieu, adieu.

Imitated by the D—— of W——.

PUPPIES! whom I now am leaving,
Sometimes Merry, always Mad,
Who laviſh moſt, when Debts are craving,
On Fool, and Farce, and Maſquerade.
O! who would from ſuch Bubbles run?
Or leave ſuch Bleſſings for the Sun?

Happy Soil! and ſimple Crew!
Let old Sharpers yield to new.
All your Taſtes be ſtill refining,
All your Nonſenſe ſtill more ſhining;

Bleſt in a BERENSTADT or BOSKI,
One more awkard, one more husky;
And never want, (when theſe are loſt us)
Another HEIDEGGER and FAUSTUS.
Happy Soil! and ſimple Crew!
Let old Sharpers yield to new;
Cullies all! adieu! adieu!

On the DEATH of a YOUTH.

WITH Joy, bleſt Youth! we ſaw thee reach thy Goal,
Fair was thy Frame, and delicate thy Soul,
Where, join'd at once, the ſofteſt Manners met,
Truth, Judgment, Sweetneſs, Innocence, and Wit;
The *Graces*, and the *Muſes*, came combin'd,
Thoſe to adorn thy Body, theſe thy Mind:
So form'd, he flew his Race, 'twas quickly won,
'Twas but a Step, and finiſh'd when begun:
Nature, her ſelf, ſurpriz'd, wou'd add no more,
His Life compleat in all its Parts before;

But

But his few Years, with pleaſing Wonder, told
By Virtues, not by Days, and thought him old.
So far beyond his Age, thoſe Virtues ran,
That in a Boy, ſhe found him more than Man:
For Years, let Wretches importune the Skies,
'Till, at the long Expence of Anguiſh wiſe,
They live to count their Days by Miſeries:
Thoſe win the Prize, who ſooneſt run the Race,
And Life burns brighteſt in the ſhorteſt Space.
So in the Convex-Glaſs, embody'd run,
Drawn to a Point, the Glories of the Sun;
At once the gathering Beams intenſely glow,
And fiercely thro' the ſtraiten'd Circle flow,
In one ſtrong Flame, conſpire the blended Rays,
Run to a Fire, and croud into a Blaze.

On

On Half a CROWN.

IF you have Senſe, at leaſt of Feeling,
A Theme like mine will ſurely win ye,
This Parent of a Splendid Shilling,
And younger Brother of a Guinea.

In Fobs, and Pockets, handled much,
I firſt wou'd raiſe it to ſublime;
But yet you're for the ſolid Touch,
Rather than hear it chink in Rhime.

There's no forbidden Fruit to Boys,
Whoſe Mothers have this Bleſſing ſent;
Pyes, Sweetmeats, Gingerbread, and Toys,
Are in this magick Circle pent.

'Tis the ſure Ticket that conveys
The well-grown 'Squire to Drolls and Farces,
Aſſemblies, Puppet-ſhows, and Plays;
This will inſpire, or purchaſe Verſes.

When

When it appears, the Drawer flies,
  The Fiddles ſpeak, and CELIA's kind,
Had HELEN been content with this,
  HOMER had been both Dumb, and Blind.

Hence Parties change, and cool, or fire,
  And Libels ſwarm, on Man and Woman,
Hence Hackneys of both Kinds are tir'd;
  But I'll not meddle with what's Common.

For want of a few Friends like theſe,
  What Boys are laſh'd? What Beauties ſlighted?
What States, and Empires in Diſtreſs?
  What Fops unmarried, Fools unknighted?

The Slave, that doth in Caverns ſweat,
  Pick'd the Earth's Pocket of this Ore,
And then found other Slaves as great,
  This little Idol to adore.

Full many Evils, many a Time,
  It keeps on Churchmen, and on Laymen,
Tho' *Dei Gratia*'s round the rim,
  'Tis edg'd with *Decus* and *Tutamen*.

It ſends great Wretches to the *Tower*,
From whence its own firſt Luſtre ſhone,
A Handful raiſes up the Poor,
A Million brings Directors down.

Did *South-Sea* Schemes, and Bubbles hold,
All Ills without their Root ſupported,
This for an antique Coin had ſold,
When all the Species was tranſported.

Fanaticks, tho' they hate the Thing,
And curſe the Name they're bound to dread,
Yet love the Picture of the King,
And ſtill delight to have his Head.

No modern Saint, this Sign refuſes,
Theſe ſilver Croſſes e'er rejected;
Tho' they are Tools, the Tempter uſes,
And *Popes* themſelves are thus elected.

For once let *Sterling* Paper paſs,
As *Poets* wiſh, tho' *Stateſmen* dread it,
What need of Caſh, when he who pays,
Ruins the publick Bleſſing, Credit?

Take you the Lines, the Theme's my own,
Let Cares the Rich and Great incumber,
I'll be content with Half a Crown,
Since whole ones are ſuch wretched Lumber.

ABELARD to PHILINTUS.

YOUR Grief, PHILINTUS, all your pungent Care,
Touch'd as a Man, and as a Friend I ſhare.
In vain the Pow'rs of Reaſon I oppoſe,
To ſooth your Breaſt, or mitigate your Woes:
Too deep the Wound, too fierce the Pangs you feel,
For Eloquence and all its Charms to heal:
Yet one ſhort Moment to my Lays attend,
And pitying view your lov'd, unhappy Friend!
My Tale a Scene, all gloomy, ſhall diſcloſe,
A Scene of Pains intenſe, ſuperiour Woes!
Unfelt, your Woes ſhall ſleep, while mine are ſhown,
Then read, and in my Grief forget your own.

Born of a Sire, of no ignoble Name,
Renown'd for War, nor leſs in Arts his Fame!
My youthful Soul bright Science all inſpir'd;
Arms, Pomp, and Wealth, unſought and unadmir'd!
From School to School I rang'd, Applauſe to gain,
Warm in Diſpute, and of my Conqueſt vain.
Vanquiſh'd, enrag'd Divines their Laurels ſee
Torn from their aged Brows, and plac'd on me.
Preſs'd by their Malice, envied, yet admir'd,
To *Paris*' friendly Walls I ſoon retir'd:
Where 'mongſt her Sons, the brighteſt Wit confeſt,
Smooth flow'd my Days, and ev'ry Night was bleſt:
With Joy I travers'd Learning's Mazes o'er,
And much I knew, ambitious ſtill of more.
My learn'd Perſuits, Fame, Riches, Friendſhip crown'd,
And me the Youth, their great Director own'd.
No Pangs my Soul, no anxious Paſſion knows;
'Till Love, fond Love! deſtroys its calm Repoſe.
In vain Fame, Friendſhip, Wealth, and Arts conſpire
To guard from Love, or damp his genial Fire;
The Brave, the Wiſe, once know the melting Hour,
Slaves to his Will, and Vaſſals to his Pow'r.

This Breaſt, preſuming on its Strength, with Pride
Once ſcorn'd his Charms, and all his Darts defy'd:
Vain Breaſt! ſoon doom'd to own his mighty Reign,
Taſt all its Sweets, and glow with ev'ry Pain.
'Tis true, I thought the Sex vain, thoughtleſs, gay,
Inconſtant Things, the Charmers of a Day!
Unable theſe to raiſe a nobler Flame,
Bright, mutual, pure, each rolling Year the ſame.
Alas! my Soul did ſoon its Weakneſs prove,
And own'd its Error, all diſſolv'd in Love:
Love to my Eyes, preſents a Virgin Dame,
Faireſt of Nymphs, and HELOISE her Name:
Youth, Beauty, Fortune, every Charm combin'd
To grace her Form; but far more fair her Mind:
In Books well skill'd, and vers'd in ev'ry Art,
Her Wit, her Converſe fir'd the coldeſt Heart.
I ſaw, I lov'd, and ruſh'd to be undone,
Loſt ev'ry Aim, each Paſſion ſunk in one:
The Thirſt of Fame no more inſpir'd my Soul,
But HELOISA's Charms poſſeſs'd it whole:
Her Image roſe all-lovely to my Sight,
My conſtant Thoughts by Day, my Dreams by Night.
Each circling Hour my ardent Paſſion grew,
And ev'ry Sight encreas'd the Flame anew:

Damp'd

Damp'd were my Proſpects with corroding Care,
Now vain of Hopes, now ſunk in black Deſpair.
--- Fam'd as I was --- could ſhe diſdain to hear
Vows from the Man, whom all Mankind revere?
Young, gallant, witty --- theſe at once conſpire
To urge my Cauſe, and raiſe a mutual Fire. ---
By miſſive Letters firſt I touch'd the Maid,
Smooth flow'd the Words, while Love my Hand obey'd:
But ſoon a near Acceſs my Wiſhes gain'd,
One Table join'd us, and one Houſe contain'd:
Conſult your Breaſt; a Breaſt all ſoft like thine,
Has felt the Pow'r of Love; then judge of mine.
What Joys my Soul, what bliſsful Raptures prov'd,
To ſee, to hear the charming Nymph I lov'd!
Sooth'd with her Talk, the live-long Day I paſt,
Whilſt each new Sun roſe brighter than the laſt:
Deep in my Breaſt, thus ſunk the fatal Dart,
Each Look, each Action, ſpoke the enamour'd Heart.
Mild ſeem'd her Soul, and of the tend'reſt Frame;
Yet long I fear'd to own my ſecret Flame:
At length, reſolv'd to eaſe my troubled Breaſt,
All bluſhing, trembling, I my Pangs expreſt.

Diſdain

Diſdain not thus, fair HELOISE! to hear
A Lover's Plaints, to all his Hopes ſevere.
Is Love my Fault? Your ſelf the Cauſe, accuſe:
'Tis you that wound; do you the Balm infuſe.
Wealth, Honour, Pomp, and State, --I ſcorn'd them all,
A Victim doom'd by Beauty's Charms to fall;
Yet bleſt, thrice bleſt, would that dear lovely Fair,
Who rais'd this Paſſion, kindly eaſe my Care!
Read once theſe Eyes, and view my Heart ſincere,
A Love like mine, removes all Cauſe of Fear:
Then truſt my Faith; tho' Men inconſtant prove,
Leſs fair their Objects, and leſs warm's their Love.

She hears, ſhe ſighs, while conſcious Bluſhes riſe,
Quick heaves her Breaſt, and languid roll her Eyes:
Her Eyes the Movements of her Soul betray'd;
With Pray'rs, with Vows, I preſs'd the yielding Maid.
Oft as we met, each Moment we improve,
Books our Pretence, but all our Buſineſs Love;
Fearleſs, abandon'd, all our Nights employ,
New Thefts of Bliſs, new Scenes of boundleſs Joy.
No more my Soul the Charms of Science knew,
Revers'd my Studies, Learning taſtleſs grew:

Scorn'd

Scorn'd was the STAGYRITE with all his Train,
His Maxims left for OVID's am'rous Strain.
Looſe Songs I writ, all fill'd with warm Deſires;
(He wants no Muſe, whom Love's ſoft Influence fires;)
My Verſe gay, glowing, ev'ry Lover ſung,
While each kind Nymph dwelt raviſh'd on his Tongue.

No longer now our ſoft Amour's conceal'd:
Fame ſaw our Loves, and ev'ry Theft reveal'd:
Yet ſcarce on FULBERT could her Pow'r prevail,
To doubt our Virtue, or believe the Tale:
'Till one curs'd Hour, his too too fatal Care,
Seiz'd in my Arms, the panting, trembling Fair.
What Youth ſo cold, but would with Scorn deſpiſe,
For ſuch a Joy as mine, a like Surprize!
He ſaw,---with Wrath ſuppreſt, his Eye-balls roll,
And dire Revenge ſunk deep within his Soul:
Silent we part; but Force and Abſence join'd,
In vain would drive the Paſſion from the Mind.
In vain ev'n Spies, and adverſe Walls oppoſe,
Love dares the Toil, and conquers as he goes.

Lodg'd near her Houſe, I long explor'd in vain,
Each various Art, to eaſe our mutual Pain:

One

One Way ſtill left, tho' ſpecious, yet untry'd,
By Bribes to fix her Servant on my Side:
Young, ſprightly, skill'd in each intriguing Art,
With Charms enough to fire a vacant Heart;
Pleas'd, and obſequious to my Will ſhe ſtands,
But for Reward, the Wretch my Love demands.
With Scorn I turn'd; to FULBERT quick ſhe flies,
Told each Deſign, and mix'd her Tale with Lies.
Ye Lovers! dread, by my Example warn'd,
A Woman's Hate, whence once her Beauty's ſcorn'd!
But, oh! how ſlow the envious Moments roll'd,
'Till one kind Hand, induc'd by ſhining Gold,
To HELOISA did my Lines convey,
And for her wiſh'd Eſcape ſecur'd a Way.
Dark o'er the Wall my beauteous Prize I bore,
And urg'd her Flight, to *Bretagne*'s diſtant Shore:
There ſprung to Light, the Pledge of future Joy,
The Fruits of am'rous Theft, a lovely Boy!
The Mother view'd, while Raptures ſwell'd her Breaſt,
Bright in his infant Charms the Sire confeſt.

Mean time old FULBERT ev'ry Paſſion toſt,
Fled was his Niece, and all his Joys were loſt:

Frantick,

Frantick, enrag'd he curs'd my hated Name,
And vow'd ſtern Vengeance for the raviſh'd Dame;
I begg'd, I ſwore by each bleſt Saint above,
To wed the Fair, and ſanctify our Love.
His Anger ſeem'd abated by my Vows;
He ſeiz'd my Hand, and bleſt my future Spouſe;
Firm Friendſhip ſworn, appeas'd were all my Cares,
Henceforth believe not when a Bigot ſwears.
He ſwore! --- His Vows, ye conſcious Heav'ns atteſt!
While curs'd Revenge ſtill brooded in his Breaſt;
Fluſh'd with Succeſs, o'er *Bretagne*'s Fields I roam,
To bring my Bride, my lovely Charmer home:
Entranc'd we met; our Souls, our Bodies join,
With Joy I told my preſent bleſt Deſign:
The bleſt Deſign, relentleſs heard the Fair,
My Wiſh oppos'd, and ſlighted all my Pray'r.

---Ill ſuits that Thought, a philoſophick Life,
A Scholar you, and HELOISE a Wife!
Reflect what various Cares on Marriage wait,
How far from calm Repoſe the nuptial State:
Far other Scenes your ſtudious Mind requires,
Since ev'ry *Muſe* to Seats of Eaſe retires.

Refle

Reflect that Marriage ſoon may damp our Fire,
Pall ev'ry Sweet, and ſink each ſoft Deſire.
Sprightly and free, thro' Worlds of Joy we rove,
Slaves to no Laws, but thoſe impos'd by Love.
Vain are all human Ties, Reſtraints are vain;
'Tis Love unites the Soul, Love forms the laſting Chain.
Then ceaſe, O! ceaſe to urge your fond Requeſt,
Love be our Guide, what Love preſcribes is beſt.---

Thus, all in vain, the beauteous SOPHIST pleads:
I preſs, entreat; at laſt my Wiſh ſucceeds.
At *Paris*, ſoon the nuptial Knot was ty'd,
A Convent's Walls conceal'd the blooming Bride:
Bleſt thus, I liv'd, all free from ev'ry Care,
Indulg'd the Bliſs, nor thought of Ruin near;
When one curſt Night, a Slave by FULBERT ſent,
With cruel Hands, perform'd his fell Intent;
Of ev'ry Pow'r of Love, I lay bereft;
Tho', loſt the Pow'r, yet ſtill the Will was left.
Confuſion, Rage my tortur'd Breaſt aſſail;
Dire was the Loſs, but Shame forbids the Tale:
Reſolv'd from Man to hide my conſcious Face,
And in a Convent ſhroud the black Diſgrace;

Yet jealous, leaſt ſome happier Youth ſhould prove,
The ſecond Object of my Charmer's Love,
With each ſoft Word, I preſs'd the gen'rous Fair,
To take the ſacred Veil, and eaſe my Care:
Youth, Beauty, Friends, to check her Purpoſe fail;
Loſt to the World, ſhe takes the ſacred Veil.
O HELOISE! a Soul ſo ſoft as thine,
Sure felt uncommon Grace, ſome Ray divine,
T' exalt its Pow'rs from ev'ry Wiſh below,
Unheeding Pleaſure, and diſdaining Woe:
Sure round thee, then a Cloud of *Seraphs* flew,
And open'd all Heav'n's Glories to thy View;
To ſacred Glooms the willing Victim led,
Dead, ev'n to ABELARD, to each fond Paſſion dead!
--- This bright Example fills my Soul with Shame;
I bluſh, and vow to quench the fruitleſs Flame:
I pray, I faſt, each painful Penance prove,
For Eaſe enervate, fans the Fire of Love:
--- From mortal View, I made a cool retreat,
And in the lonely Deſart choſe my Seat;
Yet there, ev'n there, a num'rous Audience came,
My Learning great, but greater far my Fame:
Built from their Gifts, here *Paraclete* was rear'd,
And bleſt Religion in the Wild appear'd.

My ELOISA, my continual Care,
My deareſt, mourning, melancholy Fair;
With Sorrow gloom'd, with Paſſion bluſhing red,
All Grief, and Love, was made the Convent's Head;
I ſaw the lov'd, the ſad, neglected Dame,
Felt all the Fury of my former Flame;
Felt all the Fury, but the Joy no more;
All Joy was vaniſh'd, and all Tranſport o'er:
With mutual Tears we mourn'd our mutual Pain,
Our Tears all fruitleſs, and our Mournings vain.
--- To other Deſarts, yet more wild, I roam,
And make a rougher, ruder Clime my home;
My Convent's founded on the ſea-beat Shore,
Beneath, enrag'd, the ſurging Billows roar;
Loud raves the Tempeſt on the rugged Coaſt,
And, in the Tempeſt, many a Ship is loſt;
Above a Ridge of broken Rocks appears,
And Nature its whole Dreſs of Terror wears:
The awful Proſpect ſeems *Devotion*'s Seat,
Its darling Haunt, its fav'rite, fond Retreat,
Where ev'ry Cell excludes all worldly Care,
And ev'ry Echoe doubles ev'ry Pray'r.
Yet, ah! Devotion flies the dreadful Place,
With Horror flies the impious, ſavage Race!

Thoughtleſs of Heav'n my Monks diſdain to pray,
And waſte in hunting all the live-long Day.
I weep, intreat, reprove ; --- but all in vain ;
Reproofs, nor Pray'rs, their flagrant Crimes reſtrain :
Slaves to their Luſts, my ghoſtly Pow'r they ſcorn :
New Fears bring on my Nights, new Woes the Morn

--- Sunk in theſe Griefs, the tedious Minutes roll,
While *Paraclete* ſtill riſes to my Soul ;
Fair *Paraclete !* whoſe friendly Cells contain
The dear, bleſt Pledge, I ne'er ſhall view again.
Still in my Heart, the latent Paſſion burns,
Still with her Charms my HELOISE returns ;
Cloſe in my Soul ſtill dwells the lovely Gueſt,
Nor Time, nor Woe can tear her from my Breaſt.
Torn from the World, I nouriſh ſtill the Flame,
I pine, I ſigh, and call the charming Name :
And yet my Soul, that Heav'n's ſevere, complains ;
Heav'n's ſtill ſevere, for ſtill my Guilt remains.
Love ſtill from GOD my Soul rebellious draws,
The Sin too pleaſing, and too dear the Cauſe :
No pious Sigh, no penitential Tear,
From conſcious Guilt, declares my Heart ſincere.

uſt is Heav'n's Wrath, and juſt th' avenging Rod,
To check my Crimes, and force my Soul to GOD:
Then, ceaſe with me, to charge the Pow'rs above,
And learn, my Friend, each Sorrow to improve;
Warm from our Breaſt, let ſad Repentance flow,
Wipe out our Stains, and ſoften ev'ry Woe.
While to his Will reſign'd the Sinners ſtand,
Heav'n views with Joy, and ſtops its vengful Hand.
--Thus lull'd in Calms, thy ev'ry Pain ſhall ceaſe,
And ev'ry anxious Thought ſubſide in Peace:
A Peace! that flies my unrepenting Heart,
Doom'd ſtill to fruitleſs Love, and ſtung with endleſs Smart.

An ODE.

STRONGLY, dear Friend, paint in thy Mind
A Wretch, the Remnant of a Wreck,
In ſight of Land, yet, Fate unkind!
By cruel Waves ſtill driven back.

So, in his Schemes, the *Poet* croſs'd,
When Chance, or Envy, blaſts the Bays,
He, to his niggard Patron loſt,
Deſpairs of Profit, or of Praiſe.

What mighty Plans thy Friend has lay'd,
What golden *Indias* had in view,
Thou know'ſt, and how his Toils are pay'd;
Yet ſtill he dares his Flight renew.

While thus the *Muſe* is held in Scorn,
No Suns of Joy to me are known;
But few obſerve the Bard forlorn:
My Grief I only make my own.

Amid the various Pangs of Life,
The Torments Diſappointments give;
The plaintive *Muſe*, the weeping Wife;
Fain would I ſeem at leaſt to live.

Hard Fate of Souls! who greatly dare,
By adverſe Fortune when oppreſs'd,
To force a Smile, and ſtifle Care:
Foes to themſelves the more diſtreſs'd.

Does

Does Heav'n no joyous Minutes ſend?
No Balm to all thy Sorrows give?
Yes, there are Hours of Bliſs, my Friend,
In which I more than ſeem to live.

When WELSTED, envy'd Bard divine,
And HAMMOND, glad'ning as the Day,
Pride of our Souls, thy Friends and mine,
Combine to chaſe the Clouds away.

The Hours to Friendſhip ſet apart,
In which the Wretch his Comfort finds,
Relieve the Burthen of the Heart;
True Source of Joy to noble Minds.

But, like the golden Dreams of Love,
Too ſwift thoſe happy Moments flow:
Then, in my Round, again I rove
Thro' a long Interval of Woe.

While thus I grapple with my Fate,
Theſe tender Thoughts of Friendſhip pleaſe:
Methinks I view thee in a State,
Where nothing interrupts thine Eaſe.

Or wand'ring in the Woodland Glade,
  Or by the painted Meadow's Stream,
Or lay'd beneath the cooling Shade,
  You make the tender Nymph your Theme.

Indulge, my Friend, thy modeſt Vein,
  While all the Joys of *May* inſpire;
Proſpects, gay ſmiling, aid the Strain,
  Scenes all propitious to the Lyre.

Enjoy, my Friend, thy happy Lot,
  The Monarch of a peaceful Mind;
And I am bleſs'd, my Cares forgot,
  While thou art true, and NANNY kind.

Two SATIRES on OLD AGE.

SATIRE I.

NO more, MELISSA, 'tis too much to ſee,
What, not a Bluſh, and this Reproof from me?
Oh! where is all our ancient Virtue fled?
What, at it ſtill? Not mind a Word I've ſaid?
Theſe wanton Airs ſhall not uncenſur'd paſs;
Bear hence the Idol, or I'll break the Glaſs.

Thus rav'd CANIDIA, as the lovely Fair
Made the Poſition of a Patch her Care.
No ſooner had the Nymph juſt ſtepp'd aſide,
But from the Box, her Magazine of Pride,
A thouſand Implements the Table ſpread;
Teeth, Eyes, the Perfume, and the liquid Red.
With paralytick Hands ſhe pulls the Caul—
From Head, as naked as the Billiard Ball.
But ſee the Metamorphoſe of an Hour;
Her Forehead riſes in a Nut-brown Tow'r:

Her Cheeks are fluſh'd with a Vermillion Die;
And her Teeth ſhine of poliſh'd Ivory.
To whom, or what, is this Devotion paid?
All to the Luſt of Youth, and Maſquerade.
There ſee CANIDIA with MELISSA ſtrive
To trip it, in the Bloom of Eighty-five.
Some unexperienc'd Fool her Eyes explore,
Juſt come to practiſe what he heard before;
Raw to the Town, and weary of his Wife,
He ſeeks the Pleaſures of a rakiſh Life:
Him, by a forc'd Coquetry, ſhe decoys,
To be the Partner of her private Joys;
And the next Day, the virtuous Maid reproves,
For reading ACON's and LAVINIA's Loves.

Pleas'd GALLUS ſmil'd to hear the Story told,
GALLUS himſelf, both impotent and old,
In ev'ry Sphere he ſhin'd in former Days,
Knew well to live, and knew to merit Praiſe:
The Depths of Senate, and Intrigues could ſcan;
And him the Women call'd, *a Woman's Man*:
But why will GALLUS againſt Nature ſtrive,
To keep the Flame, without the Pow'r, alive?

Have

Have you not ſeen, upon a burning Plain,
Some glowing Embers of a Fire remain,
Which, without Matter, muſt inactive be?
Believe me, GALLUS, 'tis the ſame with thee.
No longer, therefore, jeer the wanton Dame;
As feeble is thy Pow'r, alike thy Flame.

SATIRE II.

WHEN youthful Paſſion firſt aſſumes its Reign,
And grows predominant in ev'ry Vein,
Our daily Fancies, and our nightly Dreams,
Are full of ſhady Groves, and purling Streams;
Various Ideas all our Thoughts employ,
And firſt we revel in romantick Joy.
Nature grows fiercer as the Blood boils high,
Then on to more ſubſtantial Bliſs we fly:
From Fair to Fair, in ſearch of Prey, we range,
Conſtant to nothing but the Luſt of Change.
Thus on we rove, while our Deſires are ſtrong,
'Till ſad Experience tells us we are wrong:

How

How weak the Efforts of our Reaſon prove,
When all the Soul is but a Flame of Love?

But what Allurements can the Soul betray,
When the Blood only ſerves to warm the Clay?
Why will, in vain, the hoary Matron ſtrive,
To vie in Dreſs with *Belles* of Twenty-five?
When eighty Years have furrow'd o'er her Face,
With all the Symptoms of a finiſh'd Race.
In vain, with White, ſhe would confound the Grey;
Death will not be deceiv'd, nor give a Day.
Why all theſe Pains the wrinkled Brow to hide;
We, thro' the Mask, can ſee the needleſs Pride.
No more frequent the *Mall*, the *Box*, the *Ball*,
Thou art *Memento mori* to them all.

The

The DANGLER.

THE *Dangler* is of neither Sex,
A Creature born to teize and vex,
A Thing made only to admire,
Without a Wiſh or warm Deſire.
His Love is fed by Intuition,
And ſatisfy'd without Fruition.
The fawning Slave gives no Offence,
Contented with ſmall Recompence.
A Whiſper in a publick Place,
A Secret from a ſmiling Face;
A Pinch of Snuff, a Glance o'er-pays
Th' officious Service of his Days.
Dangling, content with ſuch Regard,
Like Virtue, is its own Reward.
He glories in a civil Chain,
In fruitleſs Sighs, unpity'd Pain,
His bliſs depends on Mens Good-Will,
Moſt Happy when Maids uſe him ill.

Should

Should once the yielding Nymph grow kind,
(More merciful than he deſign'd,)
He diſappointed runs away,
No Mew perſues, but leaves the Prey
That does before him proſtrate lay.
Would you, fair Nymph, the Danger ſhun,
Stay not, perſue him, and he'll run:
Complying brings him in a Scrape;
Yield you, and he'il cry out---a Rape.

To a Learned LADY.

IN Beauty or Wit,
No Mortal as yet,
To Queſtion the Empire has dar'd;
But Men of diſcerning,
Have thought that in Learning,
To yield to a Lady was hard.

Impertinent Schools,
With muſty dull Rules,

Have

Have Reading to Ladies deny'd;
So *Papiſts* refuſe
The *Bible* to uſe,
Leaſt Flocks ſhould be wiſe as their Guide.

'Twas a Woman at firſt,
(Indeed ſhe was curs'd,)
In Knowledge that taſted Delight;
And Sages agree,
The Law ſhould decree,
To the firſt of Poſſeſſors the Right.

Then bravely, fair Dame,
Renew the old Claim,
That to the whole Sex does belong,
And let Men receive
From a ſecond bright EVE,
The Knowledge of Right and of Wrong.

But as the firſt EVE,
Hard Doom did receive,
When only one Apple had ſhe,
What a Puniſhment now,
Muſt be found out for you,
Who have taſted, and robb'd the whole Tree.

To a MAN of QUALITY; on his Marriage.

THE Men who deal in Clink and Metre,
On theſe Occaſions ſearch above;
And think 'twill make the Verſe run ſweeter,
To ſummon MERCURY or JOVE.

Down conjur'd by poetick Spell,
Drop VENUS, JUNO, PALLAS, PHEBE;
And ten to one if Thought runs well,
But in comes HERCULES and HEBE.

Our Criticks ſure are ſtingleſs grown,
That for thoſe Boys provide no Rods;
Who, where themſelves are hardly known,
Invite ſo freely Heathen Gods.

My

My ſimple Verſe, devoid of State,
Would not your Moments miſemploy:
But begs it may at Diſtance wait,
In humble Guiſe to wiſh you Joy.

Much Happineſs and Length of Years,
Kind Heav'n, beſtow this noble Pair,
In Pleaſures unallay'd by Fears,
And Tranſports undiſturb'd by Care.

Deign then t' accept his homely Strains,
Whoſe awkward Phraſe and Verſe uncouth
Ev'ry Embelliſhment diſdains,
But eager Joy and ardent Truth.

Sincerity adorns my Scheme;
She draws the Lines, ſhe frames the Piece;
She better decks the *Poet*'s Theme
Than all the Gods of *Rome* and *Greece.*

However *Claſſick* Tale allures,
Compar'd to Truth it low ſubſides;
As *Roman* Wit ſubmits to yours,
Or *Grecian* Virtue to your Bride's.

On Miſs E——E's landing at *Briſtol.*

BRITANNIA! Goddeſs, heavenly Fair,
The *Muſes* and the *Graces* Care!
Thy FANES and MORDAUNTS boaſt no more,
Propitious Gales have wafted o'er,
A Nymph, from bleak *Ierne*'s Coaſt,
Who ſhall, unrival'd, be the Toaſt.
The God of Wit, and Queen of Love,
Have jointly thus decreed above.

As PHEBUS to the Ocean preſt,
Panting on THETIS Lap to Reſt;
No more, ſaid he, my Car ſhall riſe,
With-uſeleſs Light, to deck the Skies;
No more ſhall cheriſh *Albion*'s Iſle;
Nor on her Fruits and Paſtures ſmile:
No more my genial Warmth ſhall move,
Her Nymphs and Swains to Mirth and Love.

Adieu!

Adieu! my Zodiac's darken'd Way;
Adieu! my once, diſtinguiſh'd Day:
Eclips'd is ev'ry Beam of mine,
Where bright EUSTACIA deigns to ſhine.

The VIIth Chap. of *Job* Paraphraſed.

HAS not kind Heav'n, regarding human Woe,
Set a fix'd Period to our Race below?
Known by th' Omniſcient ſurely is our ſtay;
And we, like Hirelings, toil but by the Day.
Then when the buſy tedious Dream is o'er,
We ſink in Death's ſoft Arms, and are no more.
And is then Death our Slumber, our Repoſe?
Oh! when ſhall Death JOB's weary'd Eye-lids cloſe!
As with deſiring Eyes, the harraſs'd Swain,
Expects the Ev'ning Shade, to quit the Plain:
So, with impatience, to the Grave I bend,
And beg to ſee my num'rous Sorrows end.
Not more ſolicitous, the lab'ring Hind
Is, that his Cares their Recompence may find;

Nor

Nor waits more anxious the prolifick Rain,
Or promis'd Harveſts in the ſwelling Grain;
Than I to ſee my grim Deliverer riſe,
And Death's cold Hand in Mercy cloſe my Eyes!
For cruſh'd, O Lord, beneath thy mighty Arm,
What Balm can cure my Griefs, what Muſick charm?
Thy Terrors in a thouſand Shapes I know,
And feel the whole Variety of Woe!

When will my long-protracted Suff'ring ceaſe,
And the poor harraſs'd Suff'rer be at Peace?
Each ling'ring Night in Agonies I lie,
And oft I wiſh, but wiſh in vain, to die.
In ſilent Grief I lengthen out the Night,
Then curſe the Shade, and watch the dawning Light.
The dawning Light returns --- but not to me;
And all, but I, its kindly Aſpect ſee.
To JOB no friendly Seaſons e'er return;
Nor gives the Ev'ning Eaſe, or Joy the Morn:
Grief fills his Soul, and Pain, and gloomy Care,
Amazement wild Affright, and black Deſpair!
Oh! hold at Length thy Hand, and leave me free!
For what is JOB, O GOD, to ſtrive with thee?

Vile

Vile Matter is my Subſtance, Duſt, and Clay;
All cover'd too with Sores more vile than they.
Swifter than Thought, my fleeting Moments paſs;
Conſum'd, I wither, as the fading Graſs.
My tranſient Being, like the paſſing Wind,
Blows off unſeen, nor leaves a Trace behind.
Short as it is, why is it then oppreſt,
Curs'd by the Hand, that once had made it bleſt?
Oh! cloſe the Scene---and let my Sorrows ceaſe;
Diſſolve the Chain, and frown me into Peace.

Each Ev'ning yields the Sun to ſable Night;
But e'ery Morn returns again as bright.
Within Earth's Lap the yearly Seed is thrown,
And Nature's bounteous Hand repays the Loan:
But Man within the Grave for Ages lies;
'Till Nature's Death permitted not to riſe;
'Till then forbid the fainteſt Glimpſe of Day,
Or re-aſcend the long-forgotten Way;
No more indulg'd to ſee the chearful Light,
Or ſweet Viciſſitudes of Day and Night.
His Mem'ry too ſhall die, and in the Grave,
In length of Time its thin Exiſtence leave.

Here

Here look, vain Man, and human Greatneſs ſee ;
Duſt once ye were, and Duſt again muſt be.

Oh ! why ſhould tortur'd Job his Sighs reſtrain ?
Or thus oppreſt, how ſhall he not complain ?
Allow him proſtrate then to ask his GOD,
Why thus thou break'ſt this animated Clod ?
Why watcheſt thou my Steps, ſeverely juſt,
And, while I bend me groaning to the Duſt,
Forbid'ſt me one ſhort Interval of Reſt,
And emptieſt all thy Quiver in my Breaſt ?
In vain for Reſt I to the Couch repair,
And hope in Sleep to diſſipate my Care.
For there in awful Viſions I behold
My Terrors heighten'd, and my Hopes controul'd.
How can I then this wretched Life ſuſtain,
When Sleep, Death's Image, but augments my Pain ?

Oft, when alone, and in the Evening Shade,
I call on Death, but call in vain for Aid.
For thou, unmov'd, ſtill lengthen'ſt out my Pains,
And while thy Wrath torments, thy Pow'r ſuſtains.
Oh ! finiſh, Lord, the vaſt unequal Strife,
And I to buy my Peace will quit my Life.

What

What did I ſay of Life?--- That galling Chain!
By thee afflicted, what is Life but Pain?
I would not live---nor bear the dreadful Load:
I ſink, I faint beneath thy chaſt'ning Rod.
Oh! ceaſe to urge what Nature cannot bear;
Nor fill me thus with Anguiſh and Deſpair.
Withdraw thy cruel all-ſupporting Pow'r;
And, lo! I periſh in that gracious Hour.

Then humbly in thy Sight I lay me down,
At once thy Juſtice, and my Crimes I own.
To thee for Mercy and Relief I come;
Oh! take this Rebel, ſince repenting, home;
Oh! let thy Pity kill, and ſet me free,
And give me in Deſtruction Reſt to ſee:
So ſhall the Voice of my Complaining ceaſe;
And my laſt Breath ſhall bleſs thee for my Peace.

STELLA

STELLA and FLAVIA.

STELLA and FLAVIA ev'ry Hour,
Do various Hearts ſurprize,
In STELLA's Soul lies all her Pow'r,
And FLAVIA's in her Eyes.

More boundleſs FLAVIA's Conqueſts are,
And STELLA's more confin'd,
All can diſcern a Face that's fair;
But few a lovely Mind.

STELLA, like *Britain*'s Monarch reigns
O'er cultivated Lands,
FLAVIA, like *Eaſtern* Tyrants, deigns
To rule o'er barren Sands.

Then boaſt, fair FLAVIA, boaſt thy Face,
Thy Beauty's only Store;
Thine will ev'ry Day decreaſe,
Each Day gives STELLA more.

To

To a LADY at her GLASS.

WHAT faithful Hand, with wond'rous Art,
Can thus pourtray the lovely Dame?
Her Eyes! the pointed Light'nings ſee!
Another ſure, and yet the ſame.

What, was that Face too guiltleſs then,
Unleſs you arm'd your Shadow too?
The Beams that warm'd us ſo before,
What will they, when reflected do?

In vain your native Charms to ſhun,
The heedleſs Lover backward flies,
For ſhould thoſe ſpare him, ſtill the Wretch,
Caught by the fair Deluſion, dies.

Thoſe Eyes, ſo dang'rous of themſelves,
So multiply'd, who may endure?
Give, barb'rous fair One, fewer Wounds,
Or find, for ev'ry one, a Cure.

But think not that your Charms can Life,
Or Death, in equal Meaſures give:
Your Shadow may, alas! deſtroy,
Your ſelf can only make us live.

ANACREONTIQUE.

AS it happen'd on a Night,
Full of Rain, and void of Light,
Diſmal Night, when not a Star
Shone in all the Hemiſphere;
And on Earth, by Sleep oppreſs'd,
Ev'ry Soul was gone to Reſt;
Love, unknown to me before,
Love ſtood knocking at my Door.
Whence, and who, ſo late at Night,
(Said I, waking in a Fright)
Dare ſo rude a Knocking keep,
To diſturb my downy Sleep,
Sleep from ev'ry Sorrow free,
Sleep ſo rare a Gueſt to me?

Little

Little Cauſe have you to fear,
Whence we come, or who we are,
Love, the ſubtile Rogue, replies,
Gentle Stranger, pray thee, riſe;
And ſome tender Care imploy
On a little harmleſs Boy,
Who long wand'ring up and down,
Unacquainted with the Town,
Trembling, cold, and wet all o'er,
Here have lit upon a Door.
Mov'd at what the Urchin ſaid,
Simple Fool, I roſe from Bed;
Struck a Light, and op'd the Door,
Where a little Boy I ſpy'd,
Wings that on his Shoulders wore,
Bow and Arrows by his Side.
Ent'ring, I his Name enquire,
Lead me, Maſter, to the Fire,
For my Name, he made reply,
You ſhall know it by-and-by.
I lead him to't, all ſeeming mild,
And as he ſaid, a harmleſs Child.
His little Hands, ſo chill with cold,
In mine to warm I fondly hold;

His little Locks, ſo wet with Rain,
I gently wring, and dry again.
When ſtrait reviving by my Care,
When warm'd his Hands, and dry'd his Hair;
Landlord, ſaid he, I fain wou'd know,
How fares my Dart, how fares my Bow?
If Proof againſt the Wet or no,
Landlord! how fares my Dart and Bow?
He bent his Bow, he fixt his Dart,
And ſhot me full into the Heart.
Stung with unſufferable Pain,
I drew the Dart with Might and Main;
With Might and Main, I drew the Dart,
But left th' Impreſſion on my Heart,
Of her, whoſe Image it did bear,
CLOE, the Gods peculiar Care.
All this he ſaw, and ſeeing ſmil'd,
No more a little harmleſs Child,
But little Imp, devoid of Shame;
Then, ſaid he, Would you know my Name?
CUPID, I'm call'd, by Gods above,
By Men below, the Pow'r of Love.
The Pow'r in Men and Gods inſpires,
All tender Thoughts, and am'rous Fires.

Above, when minded to be great,
In VENUS Court I keep my State,
VENUS, my Mother, Queen of Love,
Whom, yet, I no more fear than JOVE;
JOVE often turn'd, to ſhew my Pow'r,
To Bull, or Swan, to Flame, or Show'r.
Below, when weary of the Skies,
I keep incog in CLOE's Eyes,
Whence all my private Pranks I play,
And wound a thouſand Hearts a Day.
A thouſand---- ay! as many Hearts,
As ſhe has Looks, or I have Darts.
But fare you well, for now I know,
Safe is my Dart, ſafe is my Bow;
Happy for you, could you but ſay,
Your Heart was half as ſafe as they.

To HENRY POWNEY, *Eſq;*

THO' plagu'd with Algebraick Lectures,
And Aſtronomical Conjectures;
Wean'd from the Sweets of Poetry,
To Scraps of dry Philoſophy:
You ſee, dear HAL, I've found a Time,
T' expreſs my Thoughts to you in Rhyme;
For why, you'll ſay, ſhould diſtant Parts,
Or Time disjoin, united Hearts;
Since, tho', by intervening Space,
Depriv'd of ſpeaking Face to Face,
By faithful emiſſary Letter,
We may converſe, as well, or better:
And not to ſtretch my narrow Fancy,
To ſhew what pretty Things I can ſay:
As ſome will ſtrain at Simily,
Firſt work it fine, and then apply,
Add BUTLER's Rhymes, to PRIOR's Thoughts,
And chuſe to mimick others Faults:

By

By Head and Shoulders, bring in a Stick,
To ſhew their Knack at HUDIBRASTICK.
I'll tell you, as a Friend and Crony,
How here I ſpent my Time and Money.
No more, majeſtick VIRGIL's Heights,
Nor MILTON's tow'ring lofty Flights;
Nor courtly HORACE's Rebukes,
Who banters Vice, with friendly Jokes;
Nor CONGREVE's Life, nor COWLEY's Fire;
Nor all the Beauties that conſpire,
To fix the greeneſt Bays upon
Th' immortal Brows of ADDISON:
PRIOR's inimitable Lays,
Nor POPE's harmonious Numbers pleaſe,
How can poetick Flow'rs abound?
How ſpring, in philoſophick Ground?
HOMER, indeed, if I would ſhew it,
Was both *Philoſopher*, and *Poet*:
But tedious philoſophick Chapters,
Quite ſtifle my poetick Raptures;
And I to PHEBUS bid adieu,
When firſt I took my leave of you.
Now Algebra, and Geometry,
Arithmetick, Aſtronomy,

Opticks, Chronology, and Staticks,
All tireſom Parts of Mathematicks,
With twenty harder Names than theſe,
Diſturb my Reſt, and break my Peace;
All ſeeming Inconſiſtancies,
Are nicely ſolv'd by A's and B's.
Our Senſes are diſprov'd, by Priſms,
Our Arguments by Syllogiſms:
If I ſhould confidently write,
This Ink is black, this Paper's white;
They'd contradict it, and perplex one,
With Motion, Light, and its Reflection;
And ſolve th' apparent Falſhood by,
The curious Structure of the Eye.
Sould you the Poker want, and take it
When it looks red, as Fire can make it,
And burn your Fingers, and your Coat,
They'd flatly tell you, 'twas not hot.
The Fire, they ſay, has in't, 'tis true,
A Pow'r of cauſing Heat in you;
But no more Heat, in Fire that heats you,
Than there is Pain, in Stick that beats you:
And thus *Philoſophers* expound
The Names of Odour, Taſte, and Sound.

That

That Wine, and Verjuice, Grape, and Dung
Affect the Fibres of the Tongue.
Carnations, Violets, and Roſes,
Raiſe a Senſation in our Noſes:
But that there's none of us can tell,
That theſe have Taſte, or thoſe have Smell.
That when melodious MASON ſings,
Or GAT'RING tunes the trembling Strings;
Or when the Trumpets briſk Alarms,
Call forth the cheerful Youth to Arms;
Convey'd thro' undulating Air,
The Muſick's only in the Ear.
W'are told how Planets roll on high,
How large their Orbits, and how nigh:
I hope in little Time to know,
Whether the Moon's a Cheeſe or no,
Whether the Man in't, as ſome tell you,
With Beef and Pudding ſtuffs his Belly,
Why like a Lunatick confin'd,
He lives at Diſtance from Mankind:
When, at one reſolute Attack,
Might whirl his Priſon off his Back;
Or like a Maggot in a Nut,
Full bravely, eat his Paſſage out.

But Feuds and Tumults in the Nation,
Diſtract ſuch curious Speculation.

Cambridge, from furious Broils of late,
Foreſees her near approaching Fate.
Her firmeſt Patriots are remov'd,
And her triumphant Foes approv'd.
No more: This Due from Friendſhip take,
Nor barely writ for writing Sake.

No longer doubt my true Reſpect,
Nor call this ſhort Delay, Neglect:
For he that rhymes to make you eaſy,
And his Invention racks to pleaſe you;
To ſhew his Friendſhip, cracks his Brains,
And is a Madman if he feigns.

To FLAVIA.

WHY ſhould your Eyes for Conqueſt rove?
Why others tender Looks return?
In DAMON's Heart you'll find more Love,
Than can in thouſand others burn.

So tender is his Heart, ſo true,
Ev'n Love it ſelf you triumph o'er;
Unleſs he dies your Pow'r to ſhew,
What would my FLAVIA ſeek for more?

Tyrants, who would new Kingdoms get,
Think ev'ry Joy in Pow'r alone;
The Monarch who is truly great,
Contented is to reign in one.

By the Same.

WHEN CUPID from his Mother ſtray'd,
Forgetful of his Care:
With Tears ſhe thus her Grief betray'd,
With Sighs thus ſpake the Fair.

Why thus are all your Hours miſpent,
In Idleneſs and Play?
Why does your Bow thus lie unbent?
Your Arrows thrown away?

The God of Wealth too juſtly ſaid,
That I've my Conqueſt loſt,
Juſtly (ſince you deny your Aid)
Superior Pow'r may boaſt.

The Gay, the Young, to him alone,
Their blind Devotions pay:
No more my Charms with Tranſport own,
No more my Laws obey.

Peace,

Peace, dear Mamma, the Boy reply'd,
This needleſs Anger ceaſe:
Do not your Son too raſhly chide,
Nor thus neglect your Eaſe.

My Bow, indeed, unheeded lies,
Nor do I want it more:
Since to EUNESIA's conqu'ring Eyes,
I truſted have my Pow'r.

I ſhoot at random, being blind,
Doubtful my Arrow flies:
But ſure, too ſure! ſhall Mortals find,
The Danger of her Eyes.

PLUTUS, again, ſhall yield to Love,
Again your Pow'r ſhall know;
For as you reign the Queen above,
EUNESIA rules below.

By

By the Same.

TELL me, EUNESIA, prythee tell,
(For thou, I fancy, know'ſt me well)
Tell me, why I, who was ſo gay,
(I laugh'd, I revel'd, all the Day)
Who Life enjoy'd, who fear'd not Fate;
Why am I alter'd thus of late?
Taſteleſs are grown my former Joys,
Wit is but Folly, Muſick Noiſe,
So unattentive is my Mind,
In Crowds a Solitude I find:
While all my Friends are joyous ſeen,
Muſing I ſit ---- Ha! what ails BEN?
One cries 'tis Pride, another Spleen.
Reproach'd thus, I'll go read ---- but what?
SHAKESPEAR is lifeleſs, MILTON flat.
Succeſſive Pleaſures thus I try,
From Thought to Thought, for Comfort fly;
But none I find, nothing can pleaſe,
Books and Acquaintance only teaze.

So

So reſtleſs is my Soul, I own,
Life is it ſelf a Burthen grown.
What means all this? Where can it end?
Tell me, my Charmer, and my Friend:
What? ſaid EUNESIA, what means this?
Are you ſo dull, you cannot gueſs?
Fly, my AMINTOR, to my Arms,
(Where you've confeſs'd a thouſand Charms)
Fly to my Arms, you'll quickly find,
'Tis Abſence only ſtings your Mind:
Fly to my Arms, a Kiſs I'll give,
That ſhall your Gaiety revive,
And make you own, *you wiſh to live.*

By the Same.

YES, yes, I'll tell her that I love,
Tho' I ne'er could before:
Why ſhould I thus in Silence prove
Such Pangs as muſt her Pity move?
I'll ſpeak, or love no more.

No more! O vain! for were I blind
To her bewitching Air,
That eaſy Sweetneſs of her Mind,
That Wit, that ſprightly Humour joyn'd,
Would ſtill my Heart inſnare.

But yet I fear, fond Fool! to tell,
Like Penitents, my Sin:
Like them I would, I ſtrive, but ſtill
Like them, alas! I can't reveal
The Pains I feel within.

When on her Eyes I've panting hung,
What have I thought to ſay?
But Love has ev'ry Nerve unſtrung,
My Words have faulter'd from my Tongue,
And breath'd in Sighs away.

But Words are needleſs to proclaim
A Paſſion that's ſincere:
And vain are Sighs; for when we aim
To ſtifle and conceal the Flame,
Then, then 'twill moſt appear.

By the Same.

JUNO and VENUS t'other Day,
Went to high Words; JOVE heard the Fray,
But did not care to interpoſe,
Unwilling---- ſo much Time to loſe.
Sad Names they call'd; indeed, ſuch Names
As were not fit for modeſt Dames.
Poor VENUS could no longer hold,
(JUNO was much the better Scold)
Away ſhe flew to ſeek Relief,
Or elſe in Secret vent her Grief;
She cry'd, as ſometimes Women will,
When Monkey, or---- when Husband's ill.
CUPID, who ſaw Mamma diſtreſt,
Ask'd her the Cauſe, he begg'd, he preſt,
Did all a tender Son could do;
Around her Neck his Arms he threw,
And as ſhe wept, he blubber'd too.
Tell me, Mamma, and give me eaſe,
What can deſerve ſuch Tears as theſe?

Your Doves are ſafe; what can it be?
Are you at all diſpleas'd with me?
No, cry'd the Goddeſs, no my Boy,
Thou art my beſt, my only Joy;
But unreveng'd, I can't be bleſt;
She chuck'd his Chin, and told the Reſt.
Said CUPID then, No longer grieve,
Compleat Revenge I ſoon will give,
And ſuch Revenge, that ſhe ſhall rue
The Time ſhe e'er affronted you.
She kiſs'd her Son, again ſhe kiſs'd,
Then, ſtarting cry'd, my Dear, what is't?
The Goddeſs ſoon ſhall feel, ſaid he,
The anxious Pains of Jealouſy;
JOVE ſoon again ſhall quit her Arms,
To ſeek his Heav'n in mortal Charms;
Not for a Day, an Hour, or two,
As when to meaner Loves he'd ſue;
But for an Age he'll woe this Prize,
Nor think of JUNO and his Skies.
Where? Said the Goddeſs, with a Smile,
Where is this Prize?---- In *Britain*'s Iſle.
In *Britain*'s Iſle the faireſt are,
And ſhe's amid'ſt ten thouſand Fair.

Needleſs

Needleſs are there my Arrows found,
Each careleſs Glance of her's can wound.
A Shape ſo eaſy! Smile ſo ſweet!
What! dear Mamma! not gueſs her yet!
Her Name? Said ſhe---- but on he run----
Her Face! who ſees it is undone;
Ten thouſand Graces there are ſeen,
That draw th' unwary Gazer in,
Who, much tranſported, ſmiles to meet,
Ruin ſo pleaſing, Death ſo ſweet;
Her Neck!---- but let me meaſure you----
Juſt ſuch another, 'tis I vow,
So ſoft! ſo round! ſo white! ſo ſmall!
But then ſhe'as much the gentler Fall
Down to her Breaſt,---- that lovely Breaſt!
Where ev'ry God would wiſh to reſt.
Here, VENUS ſtopp'd him with a Frown,
Of Charms ſuperiour jealous grown.
Who is't? ſaid ſhe---- I'll hear no more----
Bleſs me! Mamma!---- why 'tis Miſs *****.

The

The 139th *PSALM* Paraphras'd.

O Dread JEHOVAH! thy all-piercing Eyes
Explore the Motions of this mortal Frame,
This Tenement of Duſt: Thy ſtretching Sight
Surveys th' harmonious Principles, that move
In beauteous Rank and Order, to inform
This Cask, and animated Maſs of Clay.
Nor are the Proſpects of thy wond'rous Sight,
To this terreſtrial Part of Man confin'd;
But ſhoot into his Soul, and there diſcern
The firſt Materials of unfaſhion'd Thought,
Yet dim and undigeſted, 'till the Mind,
Big with the tender Images, expands,
And ſwelling, labours with th' ideal Birth.

Where'er I move, thy Cares perſue my Feet
Attendant. When I drink the Dews of Sleep,
Stretch'd on my downy Bed, and there enjoy
A ſweet Forgetfulneſs of all my Toils;
Unſeen, thy Sovereign Preſence guards my Sleep,

Wafts

Wafts all the Terrors of my Dreams away,
Sooths all my Soul, and ſoftens my Repoſe.

Before Conception can employ the Tongue,
And mould the ductile Images to Sound,
Before Imagination ſtands diſplay'd,
Thine Eye the future Eloquence can read,
Yet unarray'd with Speech. Thou, mighty Lord!
Haſt moulded Man from his congenial Duſt,
And ſpoke him into Being; while the Clay,
Beneath thy forming Hand, leap'd forth, inſpir'd,
And ſtarted into Life: Thro' every Part,
At thy Command, the Wheels of Motion play'd.

But ſuch exalted Knowledge leaves below,
And drops poor Man from its ſuperiour Sphere.
In vain, with Reaſon's Balaſt, would he try
To ſtem th' unfathomable Depth; his Bark
O'er-ſets, and founders in the vaſt Abyſs.

Then whither ſhall the rapid Fancy run,
Tho' in its full Career, to ſpeed my Flight
From thy unbounded Preſence? Which, alone,
Fills all the Regions and extended Space

Beyond

Beyond the Bounds of Nature! whither, Lord!
Shall my unrein'd Imagination rove,
To leave behind thy Spirit, and out-fly
Its Influence, which, with brooding *Wings*, *out-ſpread*,
Hatch'd unfledg'd Nature from the dark Profound?

If, mounted on my tow'ring Thoughts, I climb
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns; I there behold
The Blaze of thy unclouded Majeſty!
In the *pure Empyrean* thee I view,
High thron'd, *above all Height*; thy radiant Shrine,
Throng'd with the proſtrate *Seraphs*, who receive
Beatitude paſt Utt'rance! If I plunge
Down *to the Gloom of* Tartarus *profound*,
There, too, I find thee, in the loweſt Bounds
Of *Erebus*, and read thee in the Scenes
Of complicated Wrath: I ſee thee clad
In all the *Majeſty of Darkneſs* there.

If, on the ruddy Morning's purple Wings
Up-born, *with indefatigable* Courſe,
I ſeek the glowing Borders of the *Eaſt*,
Where the bright Sun, emergent from the Deeps,
With his firſt Glories gilds the ſparkling Seas,

And

And trembles o'er the Waves; ev'n there, thy Hand
Shall, thro' the wat'ry Deſart, guide my Courſe,
And o'er the broken Surges pave my Way,
While on the *dreadful Whirls I hang ſecure,*
And mock the warring Oceans. If, with Hopes,
As fond as falſe, the Darkneſs I expect
To hide, and wrap me in its mantling Shade;
Vain were the Thought, for thy unbounded Ken
Darts thro' the thick'ning Gloom, and pries thro' all
The *palpable Obſcure.* Before thy Eyes,
The vanquiſh'd Night throws off her dusky Shrowd,
And kindles into Day: The Shade, and Light,
To Man ſtill various, but the ſame to thee.

On thee, is all the Structure of my Frame
Dependant. Lock'd within the ſilent Womb,
Sleeping I lay, and rip'ning to my Birth;
Yet, Lord! thy out-ſtretch'd Arm preſerv'd me there,
Before I mov'd to Entity, and trod
The Verge of Being. To thy hallow'd Name
I'll pay due Honours: For thy mighty Hand
Built this corporeal Fabrick, when it laid
The Ground-work of Exiſtence. Hence I read
The Wonders of thy Art. This Frame I view,

With

With Terror and Delight; and wrapt in both,
I ſtartle at my ſelf. My Bones, unform'd
As yet, nor hard'ning from the viſcous Parts,
But blended with th' unanimated Maſs,
Thy Eye diſtinctly view'd; and, while I lay
Within the Earth, imperfect, nor perceiv'd
The firſt faint Dawn of Life, with Eaſe, ſurvey'd
The vital Glimm'rings of the active Seeds,
Juſt kindling to Exiſtence; and beheld
My Subſtance ſcarce Material. In thy Book,
Was the fair Model of this Structure drawn,
Where every Part, in juſt Connexion join'd,
Compos'd and perfected th' harmonious Piece,
E'er the dim Speck of Being learn'd to ſtretch
Its ductile Form, or Entity had known
To range and wanton in an ample Space.

How dear, how rooted in my inmoſt Soul,
Are all thy Counſels, and the various Ways
Of thy eternal Providence! The Sum,
So boundleſs and immenſe, it leaves behind
The low Account of Numbers; and out-flies
All that Imagination e'er conceiv'd.
Leſs num'rous are the Sands that croud the Shores,

The Barriers of the Ocean. When I riſe
From my ſoft Bed, and ſofter Joys of Sleep,
I riſe to thee. Yet, lo! the Impious ſlight
Thy mighty Wonders. Shall the Sons of Vice
Elude the Vengeance of thy wrathful Hand,
And mock thy ling'ring Thunder, which with-holds
Its forky Terrors from their guilty Heads?
Thou great tremendous GOD!---Avant, and fly
All ye who thirſt for Blood.---For, ſwoln with Pride,
Each haughty Wretch blaſphemes thy ſacred Name,
And bellows his Reproaches to affront
Thy glorious Majeſty. Thy Foes I hate
Worſe than my own, O Lord: Explore my Soul,
See if a Flaw or Stain of Sin infects
My guilty Thoughts. Then lead me in the Way
That guides my Feet to thy own Heaven and thee.

MELANCHOLY: An ODE.

ADieu vain Mirth, and noiſy Joys,
Ye gay Deſires, deluding Toys;
Thou thoughtful Melancholy deign,
To hide me in thy penſive Train.

If by the Fall of murm'ring Floods,
Where artful Shades embrown the Woods;
Or if where Winds in Caverns groan,
Thou wand'reſt ſilent and alone.

Come bliſsful Mourner, wiſely ſad,
In Sorrow's garb, in Sable clad:
Henceforth, thou Care, my Hours employ;
Sorrow, be thou henceforth my Joy.

By Tombs, where ſullen Spirits ſtalk,
Familiar with the Dead I walk;
While to my Sighs and Groans, by turns,
From Graves the midnight Echoe mourns.

Open thy marble Jaws, O Tomb!
Thou Earth conceal me in thy Womb;
And you the Worms, this Frame confound,
Ye Brother Reptiles of the Ground.

O Life! frail Offspring of a Day,
'Tis puff'd in one ſhort Gaſp away:
Swift as the ſhort-liv'd Flower it flies,
It ſprings, it blooms, it fades, it dies.

With Cries we uſher in our Birth,
With Groans reſign our tranſient Breath;
While round, ſtern Miniſters of Fate,
Pain, and Diſeaſe, and Sorrow wait.

While Childhood reigns, the ſportive Boy
Learns only prettily to toy;
And while he roves from Play to Play,
The Wanton trifles Life away.

When to the Noon of Life we riſe,
The Man grows elegant in Vice:
To glory then in Courts he climbs,
Wiſely judicious in his Crimes.

When Youth and Strength in Age are loſt,
He ſeems already half a Ghoſt:
Wither'd and wan to Earth he bows,
A walking Hoſpital of Woes!

O Happineſs, thou empty Name!
Say, art thou bought by Gold or Fame?
What art thou, Gold, but ſhining Earth?
Thou common Fame, but common Breath?

If Virtue contradicts the Voice
Of publick Fame, Applauſe is Noiſe:
Ev'n Victors are by Conqueſt curſt,
The braveſt Warriors are the worſt.

Come then, O Friend, of virtuous Woe!
With ſolemn Pace, demure and ſlow;
Lo, ſad and ſerious I perſue
Thy Steps.---- Adieu, vain World, Adieu.

The

The HERON: A Tale for the Old MAIDS.

A Her'n, erect, with ſtately Stride,
Was coaſting by a River's Side;
Where gilded Carps in limpid Stream,
Sported before him, in the Gleam;
And lordly Pikes courted his Taſte,
He needed only ſtoop to feaſt:
But hoping ſomething Nice might offer,
Dainty, he ſlights, the preſent Proffer:
Not long but Appetite reſtor'd,
Draws him again down to a Ford;
Here the firm ſlimy Tench he found;
(But nothing better all around)
Such low Repaſt with Scorn refus'd,
Thus proudly with himſelf he mus'd----
What, Tench for me! ſuch wretched ſtuff
Might ſerve an Otter well enough;

But Her'ns thus low to condeſcend,
Like City-Mouſe, with Country Friend!
Unmov'd, he views the homely Fare,
Nor thinks it worth a ſingle Care:
The Tench ſwim off---the Gudgeons next,
Approach our Hero---now perplext;
But he who ſcorn'd their Betters ſo,
Scorns them---and lets the Gudgeons go;
And now all gone, both good and bad;
(A Finn on no Terms to be had)
Poor Long-ſhanks ſeeing no great Choice,
Knew 'twas a Folly to be nice;
And ſo to make his Supper ſure,
Eat Snails like any Epicure.

To

To Sir JAMES THORNHILL, on his Picture of JOHN SHEPPARD.

SHEPPARD is now ſecur'd at laſt:
THORNHILL has fix'd the Felon faſt.
Oft tho' he loos'd himſelf before,
The ſlippery Rogue eſcapes no more.

THORNHILL, 'tis thine to gild with Fame
Th' obſcure, and raiſe the humble Name;
To make the Form elude the Grave,
And SHEPPARD from Oblivion ſave.

Tho' Life, in vain, the Wretch implores,
An Exile on the fartheſt Shores!
Thy Pencil brings a kind Reprieve,
And bids the dying Robber live.

This Piece to lateſt Times ſhall ſtand,
And ſhew the Wonders of thy Hand:
Thus former Maſters grac'd their Name,
And gave egregious Robbers Fame.

APELLES, ALEXANDER drew,
CESAR is to ARELLIUS due,
CROMWELL in LELY's Work doth ſhine,
And SHEPPARD, THORNHILL, lives in thine.

Thou, that to Churches doſt impart,
And Hoſpitals, thy matchleſs Art;
Let Priſons too thy Bounty ſhare,
And *Newgate* boaſt thy SHEPPARD there.

Still, to behold him, Crouds ſhall ſue;
But hide from Homicides the View,
Leſt fired by his daring Soul,
They looſe their Chains, and break their Gaol.

A SONG.

GOD of Sleep, for whom I languiſh,
God of golden Dreams and Peace,
Help to eaſe a Lover's Anguiſh,
Help to make his Sorrows leſs:

Spread thy ſacred Pinions o'er me,
Lull the buſy Soul to Reſt;
Then bring her I love before me,
She that's imag'd in my Breaſt.

If kind as fair, my Prize I'll keep,
And great as JOVE the World forſake;
Thus bleſs'd for ever let me ſleep,
And lie and Dream and never wake.

But ſhould the Fair, divinely bright,
Reject my Vows, and ſcorn my Flame;
Then fly kind Sleep, reſtore the Light,
Let STREPHON know, 'tis all a Dream.

Another.

IN vain my CHLOE you ſuggeſt,
That I inconſtant have poſſeſt,
Or lov'd a fairer ſhe:
Wou'd you with Eaſe at once be cur'd,
Of all the Ills you've long endur'd,
Conſult your Glaſs and me.

If then you think that I can find,
A Nymph more fair, or one more kind,
You've Reaſon for your Fears:
But if impartial you will prove,
To your own Beauty, and my Love,
How needleſs are your Tears?

If in my Way, I ſhould by chance
Receive, or give a wanton Glance;

I like, but while I view :
How ſlight the Glance, how faint the Kiſs,
To that much more ſubſtantial Bliſs,
Which I receive from you.

With wanton Flight the envious Bee,
Wanders from Flower to Flower free,
And where each Bloſſom blows ;
Extracts the Juice of all he meets,
But for his Quinteſence of Sweets,
He raviſhes the Roſe.

So I my Paſſion to employ,
On each Variety of Joy,
From Nymph to Nymph do roam ;
Perhaps ſee fifty in a Day,
Thoſe are but Viſits which I pay,
My CHLOE *is my home.*

Another.

Another.

WHEN, *Dully* wiſe, the Grave diſdain
The pleaſing Paſſion Love,
All Senſe out-grown of Joys and Pain,
By thoughtleſs Spleen they move:
Ill Nature ſits in Judgment's Place,
When Love like mine they blame,
Who can the glowing Heart but praiſe,
When Merit makes the Flame.

Like them, but ſway'd by Reaſon's Rule,
Amaz'd, I view the Weak,
Who Learning love in Folly's School,
Miſtake the Bliſs they ſeek:
Too oft, alas! the Face that's fair,
With feign'd Good-humour gay,
Conceals the Soul that's inſincere,
And clouds the promis'd Day.

To her my Heart its Homage owes,
  On true Deſert intent,
Whoſe Senſe of Nature's Bleſſing goes
  No farther than Content:
Such Beauty, Time it ſelf ſhall ſpare,
  Or what that Loſs ſupplies;
Virtue ſhall make her Reaſon's Care,
  And charm the Lover's Eyes.

Her Face imperfect Conqueſt made,
  And could but greatly charm
Her Mind, the ſubtile Fire convey'd,
  With which my Soul is warm:
Then guiltleſs, let me hope the Flame
  May reach at laſt ſo far,
To catch the Cauſe from whence it came,
  And bleſs a faithful Pair.

On Sir W—— M——N, Knight of the *Bath*, looſing his BADGE of the ORDER.

[To the Tune---*Of Noble Race was Shinken.*]

HEAR all you Friends to Knighthood,
A Tale will raiſe your Wonder,
How Caitif vile,
By baſeſt wile,
An hardy Knight did plunder.

How from this *Britiſh* Worthy,
This Knave,---a Pox light on hur!
Did once purloin
The only Sign,
And Badge he had of Honour.

Oh! had you ſeen our Hero!
No Knight could e'er look bigger;
Unleſs his Size,
My Song belies,
Than M----N of *Tredegar*.

A Ribbon grac'd his Shoulder,
A Star ſhone on his Breaſt, Sir,
With ſmart *Toupee*,
Fort bien poudré,
And Cockade on his Creſt, Sir.

This Ribbon held a Bauble,
Which his kind Stars decreed him;
With which he'd play,
Both Night and Day,
'Twould do you good to ſee him.

Tho' I a Bauble call it,
It muſt not thus be ſlighted;
'Twas one of the Toys,
Bob gave his Boys,
When firſt the Chits were knighted.

Hur was the Flower of Knighthood,
You ne'er ſaw ſuch a gay Thing;
But *Engliſh* Rogue,
Confound the Dog,
Who's rob hur of hur play Thing.

Rouze up, ye brave Knights Errant,
Ne'er give this Caitif Quarter;
  Ye Knights of the Toaſt,
  Or Knights of the Poſt,
Or Thiſtle, Bath, or Garter.

Learn hence, ye courtly Lordlings,
Who hear this fatal Story;
  On how ſlight Strings,
  Depend thoſe Things,
Whereon ye hang your Glory.

Part of the Third Chapter of *JOB* Paraphras'd.

BLOT out the Day, blot out th' accurſed Day;
Raze it from out the Calendar of Fate:
For ever, oh! for ever let it be
Involv'd in Darkneſs, and the horrid Shade

Of

Of Death, and let a frowning pitchy Cloud
Blacken that Day and Night, --- that luckleſs Day,
That curſed Night, and let the rolling Year
Glide chearful on; and ev'ry changing Month
Be fill'd with happy Days, when that ill Day
Is quite extinct, and baniſh'd from the Roll
Of Time. --- Let no bright Moon, nor twinkling Star,
Nor Light-ſupplying Torch, nor Candle ſhine
On that deteſted Night: --- But only let
The dull dim Glow-worm, ſhed its deathly Gleam
Tremendous. --- Let no chearful Voice nor Sounds
Be heard on that ſad Night; but doleful all,
The boding Raven, and the lonely Bittern,
The howling Dog, or Wolf, and ſcreeching Owl, ---
The Groans and Sighs of wand'ring, reſtleſs Ghoſts,
Be all the Muſick of that hated Night.

Why had I not, --- why had I not remain'd
Buried in my firſt Tomb? Then had the Place
Of Life, been unto me the happy Place
Of Death and endleſs Darkneſs, --- nor had I
Seen this deteſted Light, which ſhows to me
Such Scenes of Woe -----
Such dreadful Scenes, --- or if I muſt have ſeen

This

This World's falſe Light, methinks one Moment's Time
Had been enough, too much, --- then had I ſunk
To my primeval Darkneſs, as I wiſh,
Without a Name. --- Why did th' officious Knees
Cruelly fondle ſuch a Wretch as I,
Deſtin'd to Woe, to Pain, and waſting Grief:
The Rack of Life, --- to ſee my Parents dye,
My deareſt Kindred too; to ſee my Friends
Sink under Ground, or turn my Foes above? ---
Bright Days are gone and fled, --- the darker they
That yet remain, while wretched I am left
Forlorn, defenceleſs, midſt ten thouſand Foes,
Who mock the Ills they cauſe; O cruel Scorn
Of faithleſs Men, more cruel and more falſe
Than rav'nous Crocodiles, who weep (they ſay)
Over the Carcaſs they are juſt devouring, ---
Inſulting Wailings! --- ſuch the Pity is,
I find, among th' inhuman Race of Man
Deteſted, and deteſting: --- Various Ways
They ſhow their Hatred, various as my Woes.
Why was I born to Light, when that ſame Light
To me is Darkneſs? Why brought forth to Life,
When Life is worſe than Death? Oh! had I dy'd
Within the Womb, or juſt as I came from it, ---

In Death! and dear Oblivion!---I had been
As happy as the Slave releas'd from Bondage.---
There ſleeps the Slave, as eaſy as the Great,
And hears no more the ſtern Oppreſſor's Voice,
Nor dreads the wounding Laſh, nor meets the Frown,
Nor haughty Tyrant Look,---the Wicked there
From troubling ceaſe, and th' Weary are at Reſt.

O long expected Hour! O wiſh'd-for Day!
When I ſhall end this weary Pilgrimage!
I, weary of the World, the World of me.---
We long to part.---O! wretched, wretched Life,
The Curſe of Being! Lord! ſend th' happy Hour,
Give it new Wings, and ſhorten the ſad Scene.

Oh! ſhall eternal Glory recompence,
And make me quite forget the Ills of Life?

To SERENA; on preſenting her The *Conſcious Lovers*, Written by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

IF e'er thou ſhould'ſt the dang'rous Paſſion prove,
And thy ſoft Soul be melted into Love;
May'ſt thou, my Friend, ſome worthy Partner find,
Well-form'd by Heav'n to ſuit thy gen'rous Mind;
Your Taſte, your Genius, and your Thoughts the ſame,
To raiſe, and to endear th' immortal Flame:
Still new your Love, and ardent your Deſire,
While one bright Soul two Bodies ſhould inſpire,
Nor Death it ſelf put out the heavenly Fire.

Oh! may the lovely bright, and blooming Maid,
To no dull *Cimberton* be e'er betray'd:
May'ſt thou to no rich Fop or Clown be ſold,
Nor barter thy dear Liberty for Gold;
In no gilt Chariot may'ſt thou ever ſhine,
All gay without, and tortur'd all within.

May'ſt

May'ſt thou ſome *Bevil*'s riſing Paſſion move,
And teach, at once, his gen'rous Soul to Love;
Like INDIANA, fix the unerring Dart,
And make the firſt Impreſſion on his Heart;
Still may'ſt thou taſte a Bliſs without Alloy,
None of her Grief, but all her tender Joy.

Verſes made at CRAMBO.

BE kind, my dear CLOE, let's Kiſs and let's *Love*,
Let our favourite Guide be the Sparrow and *Dove*;
Tho' ADAM was dull, 'till G---- gave him a *Pair*,
Yet he quickly found out what to do with his *Fair*:
He ne'er ſtood complaining and whining in *Rhyme*,
But was wiſer, and knew what to do with his *Time*;
He quickly took ev'ry Thing by the right *Handle*,
The Graſs was his Bed, and the Sun was his *Candle*;
Then I leave you to gueſs what he did with his *Dear*,
When EVE had no Shame, and he had no *Fear*.

The

The COMPARISON.

E'ER ſmoaky Towns ſhall vie with rural Plains,
Or City Cockneys rival Country Swains,
Let Nature all her Ornaments reſign,
And in her gaudy Robes no longer ſhine.
Firſt, let the feather'd Nation ceaſe to ſing,
Nor from the ſprouting Trees tune in the Spring;
Nor round the Meadows chant alternate Odes,
And into Being chime the opening Buds;
Forget their Mattins at the Break of Day,
Forget to fly, and mope, and pine away.
Let penſive PHILOMEL ſleep all the Night,
Nor in her ſolitary Strains delight:
No more the *Zephyrs* thro' the Concave rove,
Curl ev'ry Stream, and ſport with ev'ry Grove.
Fountains ſhall ceaſe to riſe, Streams ceaſe to flow,
Or elſe forget to murmur as they go,
E'er ſmoaky Towns ſhall vie with rural Plains,
Or City Cockneys rival Country Swains.

No more let bright AURORA gild the Skies,
Nor *Sol* in Splendor from his Chambers riſe,
O'er brilliant Blades of Graſs extend his Beams,
Nor mark deep Shadows on the cryſtal Streams,
Make all the Plains appear ſerenely bright,
And glad the darkſom Vales with Gleams of Light;
Nor on the Brow of lucid Mountains ſhine,
And on the *Weſtern* Skies in red decline:
No more repleniſh with his monthly Boon,
In our dark Nights the ſolitary Moon:
While friſking Fairies wander from the Way,
Can't tread their Circles right, nor guide the Play,
And wonder at the Abſence of their Day.
Let moſſy Caves, and ſilent Grots depart,
And Nature yield to the Diſguiſe of Art;
The Earth no more in a green Garb appear,
Nor rich *Pomona* crown the falling Year;
Let Viſtas, Lawns, Shades, Glades, and purling Streams,
Be all Chimeras, and poetick Dreams.
Let Trees compoſe no Shades, no cooling Bow'rs,
No Sweets ariſe from odoriferous Flow'rs.
Let the gay Meads put on a rugged Dreſs,
Retirement loſe her Charms, and Solitude her Peace,

E'er

E'er ſmoaky Towns ſhall vie with rural Plains,
And City Cockneys rival Country Swains.

Let dirty Streets be pav'd with flow'ry Green,
And thro' the murky Fog that hangs between,
Let an unclouded Sun, and azure Skies be ſeen.
Where buſy Crouds preſs'd on, and throng'd the Way,
Let Groves and Foreſts riſe as thick as they;
Let Caſcades play, and Streams come murm'ring down,
Where noiſy Coaches rattled o'er the Town;
Let ſtinking Kennels be transform'd to Brooks,
Coxcombs (an eaſy Change) to Jays and Rooks:
Prating Coquets be turn'd to cackling Geeſe,
And Mobs huzzaing, into buzzing Bees.
Let Birds, in Concert, ſerenade each Street,
Cows low at the *Exchange*, and Sheep at *Guild-Hall* bleat;
Let Thruſhes echo round from Square to Square,
And Blackbirds whiſtle thro' each Thoroughfare:
Let Cuckows *cuckoo* cry, and Oxen bellow,
Where Mackrel new were cry'd, and Medlars mellow.
Where Small-coal murmur'd in a hollow Note,
Let Ravens croak, and mutter thro' their Throat.

Where

Where Chimney-ſweep in ſhriller Accents rung,
Let piping Shepherds tune their rural Song:
Where Lamps, and Torches, ill ſupply'd the Night,
Let CYNTHIA, and the heavenly Lamps give light;
Let Owls, and Bitterns, ſound their midnight Ditty,
Where Watchmens Thumps reſounded o'er the City,
E'er ſmoaky Towns ſhall vie with rural Plains,
Or City Cockneys rival Country Swains.

Let Cars, Sedans, and Chairs, and rolling Sledges,
Tranſfix'd, ſprout up in Shrubs, and Quick-ſet Hedges;
Let Towers be metamorphos'd into Trees,
And Smoak ſalute them in a fragrant Breeze:
In Groupes of lofty Rocks, let *Paul*'s be rear'd,
Such as to *Indian* Kings it once appear'd;
And the wide Subterranean Vault below,
Be chang'd to one, which Nature has made ſo;
Or in a Mountain, let the Fabrick end,
In Trees its ſtately Pinacles aſcend,
The ſpacious Dome ſpread out in lofty green,
And ſportive Squirrels on the Fanes be ſeen,
Let Riv'lets gently by the Sides ſtream down,
And be a general Conduit for the Town;

Thro' every Street, deſcending Fountains glide,
And form a murmuring Current in *Cheapſide*.
Let Noiſe, no more, diſturb fair *Thames*'s Shore,
Nor Voices louder, than her Waters roar;
Her crouded Banks, be dreſs'd with ſportive Willows,
Shading the Shore, and beck'ning to the Billows:
Nor Oars, and Skullers, on her Banks reſound,
But Boats, to Plough-ſhares turn'd, divide the Ground;
While all the noiſy Croud that haunt the *Strand*,
No longer plough the Waves, but plough the Land.
Where Jobbers, with their airy Bubbles bawl,
Let empty Echoes to each other call.
In fine, let Stalls and Shops no longer ſtink,
And *Beaux* (a painful Task!) begin to think:
Let thy eternal Din, O *London!* ceaſe,
And all thy Streets and Palaces be Peace,
E'er ſmoaky Towns ſhall vie with rural Plains,
And City Cockneys rival Country Swains.

An

An ODE; occaſion'd by Lord BOLINGBROKE's preſenting a Butt of Wine to Mr. BARNES, on his Dedicating a New Edition of ANACREON to His Lordſhip.

COME ANACREON, drunken *Prieſt!*
Drunken *Poet!* hither come,
Mirth prepares a ſocial Feaſt;
Roſy Garlands deck the Room.

Muſick ſtrikes the trembling Strings,
Pleaſure waits the ſprightly Sound,
Pleaſure ſmiles while CUPID ſings,
Pleaſure wafts the Notes around.

See the glad Companions meet,
Bright'ning Joy in ev'ry Eye,
Full of Humour, full of Wit;
Come ANACREON, come they cry!

CLEON weaves, with curious Care,
Wreaths of Roſes for thy Brows;
GALLUS, to the *Muſes* dear,
GALLUS, Floods of Wine beſtows.

CLEON, gath'ring all thy Lays,
Threw the Heap at *Gallus*' Feet;
GALLUS gives a ſmiling Praiſe,
And rewards his Toil with Wit.

Take, he cries, this Tun of Wine,
Fit Reward of drunken Songs!
Wine and Mirth are juſtly thine,
Wine to ſuch a Theme belongs.

Gen'rous Peer! the *Bard* replies,
Much I honour ſuch a Boon,
Gen'rous Peer! thy Words are wiſe,
Glad I make the Wine my own.

Gay ANACREON ſung of Wine,
Wine inſpir'd the mirthful *Bard*;
BACCHUS' Joys henceforth be mine;
BACCHUS' Joys are my Reward.

BACCHUS-like he ſtrides the Tun,
Sparkling Pleaſure in his Eyes,
Drinking down the ſetting Sun,
Drinking 'till his Glories riſe.

Come ANACREON, *drunken* Prieſt!
Drunken Poet! *hither come,*
Mirth prepares a ſocial Feaſt,
Roſy Garlands deck the Room.

Muſick ſtrikes the trembling Strings,
Pleaſure waits the ſprightly Sound,
Pleaſure ſmiles while CUPID *ſings,*
Pleaſure wafts the Notes around.

Written Extempore, on a LADY, who (by ſome Miſhap) fell in a Vault.

UPON a Time there was a Cat,
By chance fell in a Brewer's Vate
Of Wort, half full,----in this ſad trim ;
Poor Puſs was fore'd for Life to ſwim,
In hope to gain the diſtant Brim,
From whence ſhe fell,----but all in vain,
Still round ſhe ſwims, and round again :
But now, quite tir'd, her Spirits fail,----
(Altho' ſupported by ſtrong Ale)
At length ſhe made this mournful cry,----
What no Friend near ? No Succour nigh ?
Oh ! woe is me ! I'm almoſt drown'd ;
(The Vate reverberates the Sound)
The Rats were marching to the Malt,
Hearing a Cry, they made a Halt ;
Still Puſs cry'd out, I'm drown'd, I'm drown'd,
Again they hear the plaintive Sound.

All

All ſeem'd affrighted at the Noiſe,
Scarce one could gueſs, whence came the Voice:
At length, thus ſpake a cunning Rat,
I know the Voice, ---- it is the Cat
That's fall'n in the Vate of Wort;
Let's go and ſee her, 'twill be Sport.
Away they poſted to the Place,
And there beheld poor Puſſe's Caſe;
The Cat deſir'd them in all Love,
To help her out, and ſwore by JOVE,
That, if they'd eaſe her preſent Pain,
She'd never worry Rats again.
The Rats conſent, ſo puff'd with Hopes,
They hoiſt her up with little Ropes:
When, ill for them, with glaring Eyes,
Upon the wretched Throng ſhe flies;
The Speaker Rat, was firſt her Prey,
And, as he in her Talons lay,
Moſt humbly ſued, for promis'd Grace,
And prov'd the Treaty to her Face;
Which ſo inrag'd and anger'd Puſs,
She grip'd him cloſe, and anſwer'd thus ---
How now ye Vagrants, do you think,
I'll keep a Promiſe made in drink:

Then, fiercely growling, laid him dead,
And on the Reſt with Fury fled;
In Heaps they ſtrew the bloody Ground,
And Screams, and Groanings echo round.

PRUDERY.

WHAT is Prudery? A Beldam,
Found with Wit, and Beauty ſeldom;
'Tis a Fear that ſtarts at Shadows,
'Tis---no, 'tis not like Miſs MEADOWS;
'Tis an Enemy to Truth,
Friendſhip, Chearfulneſs, and Youth;
'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,
Old and void of all good Nature;
'Tis a curſed envious Shrew,
That rails at dear LE PELL and HOW.

Mater

Mater Sæva Cupidinum. Hor.

THE cruel Mother of Deſire,
With ſprightly Wine and wanton Eaſe,
Bids the extinguiſh'd Flames reſpire,
And all my Soul with wonted Fury ſeize.

CELIA, I burn, my Heart obeys
The Summons of ſo bright a Face,
Thro' whoſe tranſparent Skin, the Veins
Show finer than the poliſh'd Marble Stains.
So ſweetly coy Lov's eager Fire
Repell'd, does with more Rage aſpire,
Enkindled at a Face ſo bright,
It dazles the enamour'd Sight.

She comes! ſhe comes! ſhe leaves her *Cyprian* Plains,
And all the Goddeſs ruſhes in my Veins;
No more of vanquiſh'd *Gauls* I ſing,
And hardy *Britons* fierce in fight;
My Pen is pluck'd from CUPID'S Wing,
And Love and only Love will write.

Some Vervain bring, and Myrtle here,
To VENUS I'll an Altar rear,
Incenſe and Wine, my Boys, prepare,
I'll ſacrifice and get the Fair.

The MILK-MAID.

IN the ſprightly Month of *May*,
When all ſmells ſweet, and looks ſo gay,
There tripp'd along a buxom Laſs,
With a Milk-Pail o'er the Graſs;
On ſhe went with nimble tread,
The Pail ſtood ſteady on her Head;
Hoping ſtill to reach the Town,
E'er that Evening Sun went down;
And, for that Reaſon, to be freed
From whatſoe'er delay'd her Speed,
One ſingle Petticoat ſhe wore,
Half way tuck'd up her Leg before;
With low-heel'd Shoes, to go the quicker,
To trip the leſs, and ſave her Liquor.

As

As thus ſhe paſs'd, within her Thought,
She fancied all her Milk was bought;
The Money her's, ſhe ſeem'd intent,
How to improve it *Cent per Cent.*
She bought ſome Eggs, and ſet a Hen,
The Chicks ſhe hatch'd, and ſet again,
Already in Imagination,
Sh' had Chicks enow to ſtock the Nation:
I can, ſaid ſhe, or ſure 'tis hard,
Bring up the Chicks about our Yard;
And harder ſtill if Fox and Dog,
Don't leave enow to buy a Hog:
The Hog will ſure be fat with eaſe,
With half a dozen Peck of Peaſe;
And then I'm very much miſtaken,
If I'm a looſer by my Bacon;
But when that's ſold, it ſhan't be ſaid,
I let my Money lie by dead;
I'd better than do ſo by half,
E'en buy me with't a Cow and Calf;
And with ſmall Coſt I ſhall be able
To feed them both in our own Stable:
Beſides, 'twill paſs a rainy Day,
To ſee the little Wanton play;

To ſee it run about and skip,
With that, by Sympathy, ſhe gave a Leap,
Down comes the Milk, and with it fall,
Cow, Calf, and Hog, and Eggs and all;
She on the Ground, with mournful Eye,
Sees all her Hopes of Riches lie;
Her Fortune ſpilt, and all her Schemes
Turn'd but into waking Dreams.
---- In nothing ſo much Joy we take,
As to ſit and Dream awake.
The flatt'ring Error ſooths our Soul,
And ſtill it roves without controul:
Thus he, whoſe harpy Finger itches,
Still to be ſcraping up of Riches;
Can ne'er expreſs th' Exceſs of Pleaſure,
In brooding o'er a fancied Treaſure:
Another more inclin'd to Love,
Forms in his Mind a ſhady Grove;
And in that Grove, ſome Grotto where
He may enjoy his charming Fair;
Already in his Fancy traces,
All her nameleſs Charms and Graces,
The Fair indulges firſt a Kiſs,
And then at laſt a nobler Bliſs.

Fancy, if thou, ſuch Joys can give,
Ever fancying, let me live;
But 'tis not ſo well with me,
For when I'm alone and free,
Ambition, tyrant of my Days,
In gaudy Shapes before me plays:
Not many Days are vaniſh'd ſince
I thought my ſelf ſome mighty Prince:
Methinks, ſaid I, they chuſe me King,
The Streets with Acclamations ring;
Whilſt the Bells from ev'ry Steeple,
Proclaim my Honours to the People.
And to compleat this golden Dream,
I thought me firſt in your Eſteem;
But whilſt with juſteſt Moderation,
I was ruling thus my Nation;
Some curſed Noiſe, by accident,
The preſent Turn of Thought unbent;
And I remain'd when this was o'er,
The ſelf ſame Thing I was before.

VERSES

VERSES writ by a GENTLEMAN in his Siſter's Table-Book.

IN this Repoſe the Secrets of your Mind,
This, the ſame conſtant, faithful Friend you'll find,
When Fortune ſmiles, or if ſhe proves unkind:
And if ſome fav'rite Youth, your Heart ſhall move,
And your young Boſom pant with glowing Love:
Then when he runs his Tale of Fondneſs o'er,
Swears that he loves, and vows he does adore;
Take this and read, that when we moſt proteſt,
Our Vows are perjur'd, and our Sighs a Jeſt.

To a LADY who ask'd, what is Love?

LOVE's no irregular Deſire,
No ſudden Start of raging Pain,
Which in a Moment grows a Fire,
And in a Moment cools again.

Not found in the ſad Sonnetteer,
Who ſings of Darts, Deſpair, and Chains,
And by whoſe ſenſeleſs Verſe 'tis clear,
He wants not only Heart, but Brains.

Nor is it centred in the Beau,
Who ſighs by Rule, in Order dies,
Whoſe All conſiſts in outward Show,
And want of Wit by Dreſs ſupplies.

No, Love is ſomething ſo Divine,
Deſcription would but make it leſs,
'Tis what I know, but can't define,
'Tis what I feel, but can't expreſs.

To Lady HARVEY; on a Converſation concerning Names, by MIRANDA.

SOUL-moving HARVEY, in whoſe ſmiling Eyes
The azure Stamp of Heaven diſtinguiſh'd ſhines,
Strong as your Beauty, may my Fancy riſe,
And your Flute's ſweetneſs modulate my Lines.

While I, no *Poet*, yet preſume to ſhow,
In *Poet*'s Numbers with unlicens'd Flames,
How our firſt Paſſions from Examples flow,
And borrow that Example from our Names.

The bleeding Boſom, and the pictur'd Fame,
Inſtruct each young LUCRETIA to be chaſt,
While little CLEOPATRA's laugh at Shame,
And ſee no Fault in thoſe whom Beauty grac'd.

MARG'RYS

MARG'RYS and JOANS may ſtray from Honour's Laws,
Nor are to diſtant TOM's and WILL's Addreſs;
But PORTIA or CORNELIA Rev'rence draws,
And with the decent Pride of Caution bleſs.

DAPHNIS and CORYDON, attractive Swains,
Strike in Idea, and ſurprize in Sound,
While HODGE and TRISTRAM looſe their am'rous Pains,
And fright the SYLVIA's they propoſe to wound.

Ask your lov'd Lord, ſo letter'd and polite,
Whether *Heers*, *Hop*, and *Rumph* in Time to come,
Can, in the Blaze of Story, ſhine ſo bright,
As the ſmooth Legates of old *Greece* and *Rome*.

Had BUB been DODINGTON e'er known to *Spain*,
What barb'rous Cenſures had our Nation 'ſcap'd?
The ſoft-mouth'd Siegniors mim'd and fil'd in vain,
Thoſe ſtubborn Conſonants ſo Goth-like ſhap'd.

Who, that was chriſten'd JULIUS, dares be baſe,
When he reflects on his great Patron's Fame?
Or if ſome huge VAN TROMPE wants Air and Grace,
Who blames the Monſter when he hears the Name?

Were

Were I to chooſe what Title I would wear,
  Would I KNOCK-FERGUS, or KILL-PATRICK chooſe,
When DORSET or ARGYLE had tun'd my Ear,
  Or HARVEY's ſofteſt Vowels charm'd my *Muſe?*

Oh! what a tuneful Thunder ſhook the Tongue,
  When MALBOROUGH's conquering Sword alarm'd
    the Foe;
Had GABLIONOWSKI led our Armies on,
  The General Scarecrow's Name had foil'd each blow.

Epaminondas, does that ſound like WILLS?
  Can e'er your Voice make rough CADOGAN fall
With that ſoft Grandeur, which ſo ſmoothly trills,
  When we ſay CESAR, HECTOR, HANNIBAL.

Had HELENA been MOLL, or PARIS HOB,
  Troy had but heard, and 'ſcap'd the fatal Flame;
Nay, had our W------'s ſelf, been ſimple BOB,
  Not e'en his Politicks, had rais'd his Name.

Shunning thoſe common Tracts of homely Sound,
  Go on, fair HARVEY, to diſtinguiſh well,
Let Names that ſuit your lovely Babes be found,
  Add a BELLARIA to the ſweet LEPELL.

Round

Round your lov'd Knees, let ALTAMIRA's ſtand,
And ſoft CLEORA's and OLYMPIA's Smile,
Give us AUGUSTUS's to grace our Land,
And pour the Mother's Sweetneſs round the Iſle.

On Miſs S—— R——s Birth Day.

ALL hail, bright Beams, that uſher in the Morn,
In which the Charmer of my Soul was born:
A Day for ever bleſt, by far moſt dear
Of all that ſhine in the revolving Year.
Ye little warbling Songſters of the Grove,
Prepare your ſweeteſt Notes to wake my Love;
And thou propitious Sun, whoſe gladſom Ray
Diſpels the Gloom, and brings anew the Day,
Which to my raviſh'd Soul ſuch Pleaſure yields,
Gild with a brighter Luſtre all the Fields;
This Day, with a peculiar Influence, greet,
And give to ev'ry Flow'r a double Sweet:

But when thy ſetting Rays to Reſt invite,
And draw the modeſt Curtains of the Night;
Let each kind Star dart all its choiceſt Beams,
And Angels lull my Fair with golden Dreams.
Oh! may ſhe every Sweet of Fortune taſte,
And each New Year, prove happier than the paſt;
But ſure ſhe muſt be Heav'n's peculiar Care,
Chaſte as its Angels, as its Angels fair.
Happy the Youth, whoſe Fortune has decreed,
His ardent Vows, and Wiſhes, ſhall ſucceed;
To whom the fair One ſhall reſign her Charms,
And give that Heav'n of Beauty to his Arms:
Then, when their kinder Planets ſhall combine,
The conſtant Swain, and faithful Nymph to join;
Oh! may they live, from ev'ry Care remov'd,
For ever loving, and for ever lov'd.

To CLOE, covering her Neck, with an *Indian* Handkerchief.

O! Let not, at your Lover's Coſt,
O! CLOE, let not *India* boaſt,
That, with new Luſtre, ſhe can deck
The native Beauties of your Neck:
Whate'er is pretty, may be ſeen
Underneath that gaudy Skreen;
Where the World, in Type appears,
Lovely, lucid Hemiſpheres,
The World! of all my Hopes and Fears;
Where azure Lines, a-croſs do ſtray,
And wanton, in their Milky-way;
And where, my Eyes could ever rove,
And look, and long, and feed on Love.

Fooliſh *India!* ſend no more,
Faint and languid Colours o'er;
Paintings! brighter, livelier, far,
Nature's Pencil, has drawn, here:

All

All the Glories of the *Eaſt*,
Crowded are, in CLOE's Breaſt.
AURORA, when we ſee her riſe,
And ſtreak, with red, the dawning Skies;
Does a Bluſh, leſs beauteous wear,
Than that maiden Colour, here;
Which oft, thro' Modeſty, is ſeen,
Never from a Guilt within;
Whoſe roſy Colours ne'er return,
But I, with equal Ardour, burn.

In Pity, O! ye Stars, incline
To warm my CLOE's Breaſt, like mine;
But fly, thou dull and envious Cover,
And relieve the wiſhing Lover.
When my Eyes no more can trace
The dazling Luſtre of her Face,
Her ſnowy Neck they may explore,
And ſafely range its Beauties o'er.

The ROVER fix'd.

CLOE! your ſovereign Charms I own,
I feel the fatal Smart;
The Glory, you can boaſt, alone,
To fix my wand'ring Heart.

Your beauteous Sex, with various Grace,
My Paſſions, oft, have mov'd;
And now a Shape, and then a Face,
As Fancy led, I lov'd.

So, does the vagrant Bee explore
Each Sweet, that Nature yields;
Lightly, ſhe skims from Flow'r, to Flow'r,
And ranges all the Fields.

But! you have found the cruel Art
To cure my roving Mind;
Each Female Beauty you impart,
Your Sex, in one, combin'd.

My Eyes diſcloſe my ſecret Pain;
  My conſtant Sighs diſcover,
Tho' in deep Silence I remain,
  That I am CLOE's Lover.

Irkſom, I paſs the Hours away,
  When baniſh'd from your Sight;
I languiſh all the livelong Day,
  And all the wakeful Night.

Tell me, ye learn'd, who ſtudy much
  The Nature of Mankind,
Why, if I think, or look, or touch,
  If ſhe be coy, or kind.

I feel my Boſom, ſtrangely move,
  Quick Throbbings ſeize my Breaſt?
All, that I know, is, That I love:
  Do you explain the reſt.

T

To JACYNTA, Lamenting at CLOE's Small-Pox.

NO more, no more, JACYNTA, ſay,
That CLOE's former Face,
Each heav'nly Beauty did diſplay,
And ev'ry pleaſing Grace.

The Half of what remains to her,
Or all, you ſay, is loſt,
Thee, O JACYNTA, would prefer
To be a Firſt-rate Toaſt.

Then, thy ill-natur'd Pity ſpare,
Nor CLOE's Fate regret;
For CLOE is divinely fair,
And muſt be envied yet.

Were ſhe an Angel heretofore,
As you'd be underſtood;
Yet, I'm contented, I'll be ſwore,
With this ſame Fleſh and Blood.

A Familiar EPISTLE to the Righ
Reverend Dr. HOADLEY, Lor
Biſhop of *BANGOR.*

SINCE epick Strains no more are heard ;
Nor Virtue, lately, has appear'd
In long-ſpun Fable : Since no God
Works Wonders now in Epiſode.
But *Poets* write (as Doctors cure
By chymick Skill) in Miniature.
Since Pages few of flowing Wit,
On merry Subjects, archly writ,
Out-rival all the Tales of old,
By ſtrong-lung'd *Greek* or *Latin* told.
In ſhort, my Lord, ſince Folio-praiſe
Is thought unbred, in theſe our Days;
And ſince a little *Ode*, or *Letter*,
Is ſooner penn'd, and reliſh'd better :
Accept the humble Verſe I chuſe,
A Wakening to ſome ſprightlier *Muſe* :

Accept

Accept it from your faithful Friend,
The Love, which you create, I ſend.
I ſend you Health, I ſend you Praiſe,
And length, and fauſtity of Days.
May every Year, may every Hour,
Honours, and Bleſſings, on you pour:
And when good DURHAM ſleeps in Peace,
O! may you bleſs the Dioceſe.

Knowledge extenſive, uſeful, new,
A Head ſo clear, a Heart ſo true:
Virtue embody'd! a whole Life,
For Liberty, one glorious Strife:
Talents like theſe, let all Men know it,
Deſerve a better *See*, and *Poet*.

Whilſt I, my Lord, deceive my Time
With MILTON's Blank, or WELSTED's Rhyme;
Whilſt I my Hours, at Will, employ,
And feel no Care, without a Joy:
Whilſt deep in Lore, and learned Text,
I'm oft inlighten'd, oft perplex'd:
Whilſt CLEMENS, and his Friends, awhile,
In Facts I trace, or ſift in Stile;

Plodding to ſleep, my penſive Mind,
One Truth, in Hours, explain'd to find;
Or whilſt I rouze to Life again,
With HORACE, LUCAN, or MONTAGNE;
Or ſtill give gayer Pleaſures Birth,
Court-Muſick, Wit, and living Mirth:
And upon all of theſe refine
With ATTICUS and gen'rous Wine.

I ſay, with Negligence and Eaſe,
Whilſt much I ſtrive my ſelf to pleaſe:
More uniform, and rigid, you,
Your unremitted Toils perſue;
Make Mankind's Good your ſole Delight,
Your Morning Thought, your Care at Night.

But, ſince, my Lord, our Holy War
Is ending, juſt as others are:
Or, ſince this War, (much like the *Fleniſh*)
One Campaign more, will ſurely finiſh;
For which, in due Time, we ſhall look,
You'll not be caſhier'd, like the Duke.

Since

Since all your Foes, the ſmall, the great One,
This of the *Temple*, that of *Eaton*,
Quitting the Field, away have flown,
And, humbly laid their Weapons down.
Since thoſe, who Scandal were employ'd on,
From *Carliſle* Town, to that of *Croydon*;
That is to ſay, from *South* to *North*,
Their Rage, in vain, have bluſter'd forth:
Since *Worc'ſter*'s Dean, who would be dabbling,
Has paid, full well, for *Putney*-babbling;
As JOSEPH SMITH, and half a Score,
Like ATTERBURY heretofore,
CALAMY, BLACKHALL, many more.

Since FIGULUS, if I can gueſs well,
Will ne'er repair his broken Veſſel:
And is thought, neither wiſe, nor nice,
To print ſuch Country, ſtale Advice.
Since GEORGE's Schemes, with Power, o'erthrow
Each lukewarm Friend, each red-hot Foe;
And all is ſnug, and ſafe, and quiet,
From *Weſtminſter* to *Warſaw-Diet*;
Nay, ſince the Church is far from Change, Sir,
And the Stage only was in Danger.

In fine, my Lord, ſince the Craft fails,
And Truth and Liberty prevails;
Relieve your Mind, your Spirits ſpare,
Forget your Glory, and your Care:
Bethink: Your Foes are fled and gone;
Enjoy the Triumphs you have won.
Divide your ſelf amongſt your Friends,
With which Advice my Letter ends:
Hoping we, ſpeedily, ſhall meet,
Not without CLARK, in *Gerrard-Street*.

CLOE to Mr. TICKELL, occaſion'd by his *Avignon* LETTER.

WHEN, curious, you peruſe this female Strain,
And read my Letter, o'er and o'er again;
Your various Judgment e'er you, haſty, make,
And point out this, and dwell on that Miſtake;
In ev'ry Page, a Noun or Verb miſplac'd,
And all the Rules, *Grammarians* teach, effac'd;

Remember,

Remember, Sir, my Verſes are your Crime,
'Twas he, who made me Loyal, made me Rhime.

E'er, yet, my female Studies I declin'd,
And to the *Prieſt* and *Poſt-boy* turn'd my Mind;
When *Tea*, at Noon; the *Ace* of *Hearts*, at Night,
And Flatt'ry often pleas'd, and often Spight;
My eaſy Minutes, undiſturb'd with Care,
In Indolence I paſs'd, 'twixt Play and Pray'r;
Content, with Skill, to patch, or flirt a Fan;
Heedleſs of News, and thoughtleſs, ev'n, of Man:
But the broad *Doctor*, bellowing, from afar,
The ſpir'tual Horrors of a *Pulpit-War*,
I liſted Voluntier, and ſought Succeſs
By ev'ry Woman's Wile, by Look, by Dreſs;
I wrote, I read, I ſung, I danc'd, I play'd,
And curs'd the Viſit, which no Convert made;
In which a *Whig* I cou'd not, ſmiling, ſave,
Or frown a ſtiff Schiſmatick to his Grave.

Oh! had not *Truth*, by thy inchanting Tongue,
Harmonious Poet! been, ſo ſweetly ſung;
Still I had liv'd deceiv'd, inur'd to Lies,
And liſten'd ſtill to Prieſt and Prodigies.

Bleſs'd! be thy Verſe; thy Verſe! whoſe ſacred Pow'r,
Alone, a Woman-Bigot cou'd reſtore;
May all my Sex proclaim the juſt Applauſe!
And praiſe thy Wit, and aid thy glorious Cauſe!

How long ſhall *Dulneſs*, dreaming God! ſuſtain,
In this fair Iſland, his inglorious Reign?
Behold! what Pranks he plays; behold him range,
The darling Deity, around the '*Change*;
Where Pun-full Miſers jeſt, and cheat, and cant,
And wallow in the Riches, which they want.
See! how his awful Godhead does diſpence
At CHILD's, and WILL's, his ſolid Influence!
How! willy-whiſps P------E's Senſes quite aſtray,
And ſheds his whole collected Force on G-----Y!
How puzzles pert AR-----T's learned Head;
Who, tho' to *Recipe's* and Pulſes bred,
His former Studies, dozing, now reverſes,
Writes Madrigals, Crack Puns, and Clubs for Farces.

With Grief! his far extended Pow'r I view;
With Grief behold a fribbling, witling Crew,
With borrow'd Ribaldry diſtreſs the Town,
And teize us, ev'n with Dulneſs, not their own;

With

With far-fetch'd Pun, and with Conundrum vile,
They blend the lofty Language of our Iſle;
Invert, and ſtrain, and torture harmleſs Words,
To form the Gibb'riſh, worſe, than NEEVE's Records:
Pumping for *Grubſtreet* Jokes, in Council ſit,
And blaſt their Mother-Tongue, for want of Mother-Wit.

Riſe, AD-----N, exert thy Muſe's Charms,
Quit the ſoft Scenes of Love, and WAR----K's Arms;
Convince the wond'ring World, that GEORGE's Reign
Is not condemn'd to Folly, and to Gain.
Thus each Alloy diſclos'd, by thy pure Ore,
Bombaſt ſhall paſs for *Sterling* Wit no more.
Nor DAVID's Poetry, inſpir'd, ſublime,
Obſcenely ſhock in barb'rous, doggrel Rhime.

Let gen'rous GARTH relax his god-like Care,
Himſelf, while ſaving others, let him ſpare;
That, when good-natur'd Spleen diſturbs his Mind,
He a Relief, from Poetry may find.

Let PHILIPS too reſume his Rural Strain,
And CONGREVE (ſilent long) freſh Lawrels gain;

Once more let VANBRUGH write, and WELSTED chooſe
New Subjects, to inſpire his lyrick *Muſe*.
And thou, O! favour'd Youth, whoſe tuneful Art,
With love of Verſe, could warm a female Heart;
Urge the great Dictates, which thy Breaſt inflame,
Conſult thy Country, and conſult thy Fame.

On MARTILLA Weeping.

IN others, Sorrow Beauty's Force diſarms,
But gives new Luſtre to MARTILLA's Charms.
When I behold her Eyes, her Grief diſplay,
And, thro' Affliction, Beauty works its Way;
My anxious Soul, alternate Paſſions move,
And my Heart melts with Pity, and with Love;
The pleaſing Ill, at once, I curſe and bleſs,
At once, enjoy and feel the ſad Diſtreſs.
Weep, lovely Virgin! weep awhile, and ſhow
How many Graces to your Cares you owe.

Each

Each common Nymph, may boaſt the Pow'r to kill,
When proſp'rous Fortune aids her cruel Will;
But you, alone, tho' drown'd in Tears, deſtroy,
And prove your Grief victorious as your Joy.

On a Maſqu'd MISTRESS. From *BUCHANAN.*

WELL, then! my gentle, Night-piece Maid,
Muſt we ſtill love, in Maſquerade?
Is it ordain'd, by Fate, and thee,
I ne'er that magick Face ſhall ſee?
Unfit ſhall Noon, as Midnight, prove
To bring to Light the Nymph I love?
Still, of Relief, ſhall I deſpair,
And ſigh before an abſent Fair?

What! ſhall I kiſs, embrace, and toy,
Yet never know who gives the Joy?
A fairy Maid! ſhall I careſs,
Whom, I do not, and do, poſſeſs?

I'll not take OLDFIELD to my Arms,
Unleſs I view bright OLDFIELD's Charms:
No! better, fancied Beauties trace
In MARGARETTA's open Face.

Forlorn and wretched may ſhe prove,
Who, in the Dark, diſguiſes Love!

Now! by thy ſelf, by ev'ry Grace,
Which ſhines in thy authentick Face,
And by thoſe Eyes, I thee conjure,
Thoſe Eyes! which mine to Love allure;
O! give my longing Sight to ſee,
Your real ſelf, whate'er you be.
Your very ſelf to ſee, I ask;
Your ſelf, my Love, and not your Mask.

Let me but know what 'tis I love,
A patient Lover I will prove,
Of any Nymph; for I'm not nice;
But Virtue, hid, is conſtrued Vice.

If Miſs but licks, in Colours faint,
Men ſwear ſhe's daub'd, all o'er, with paint;
And when ſhe treats her Face, with Art,
They nauſeate ev'ry other Part.
For Minds, with jealous Fears accurſt,
Brought to ſuſpect, ſuſpect the worſt.

Your Features ſhare not in the Foil,
Which ſhades the Nymphs on *Africk*'s Soil:
You hung upon no tawny Breaſt,
No thick-lipp'd Black your Mother preſs'd:
Thy freſh Complexion, white and red,
In *Bucks*, declare thee born and bred.

But, what if (black as poliſh'd Jet)
Thy Sire, thee (blacker) did beget;
Yet, black, you might ſome Paſſions move,
All Colours have their Friends in love.
At leaſt, a frank and honeſt Mind,
When Colour fails, will make Men kind.

With me, Simplicities alone,
For want of fifty Charms, atone.

The native Ruby let me kiſs,
To Prieſts I leave the painted Bliſs.
Let Prieſts deſire ungenuine Charms,
And court Deluſion to their Arms;
They love Deceits, tho' ne'er ſo many,
And boaſt Religion, without any.

CLAUDIAN's Old Man of *VERONA*.

BLEST! Husbandman, whoſe frugal Hands have till'd
(His Life's Imployment) his paternal Field!
The Cottage, and the Roof that did behold
His infant Years, now ſee him very old:
Propp'd on his Staff, he numbers o'er, intent,
The many Years within that Cottage ſpent.

With Fortune did he never wiſh to roam,
Nor ever wander'd from his peaceful Home;
Nor fear'd Sea Storms, nor heard th' Alarms of War,
Nor the hoarſe Wrangling of the noiſy Bar.

Rude

Rude to the World, and Stranger to its Care,
He breathes, in open Skies, untainted Air.

By Seaſons, only, he computes the Year,
Flow'rs ſhew the *Spring*, and Fruits the *Autumn* near.
In the ſame Field, at Work he do's ſurvey
The riſing Sun, and marks his ſetting Ray;
And his own Labour meaſures out the Day.

Tall ſturdy Oaks, but ſlender Twigs, he knew;
He, and the Foreſt old, together grew.

Near to his bleſt Abode, *Verona* ſtands,
Yet diſtant, ſeems, to him, as *India*'s Lands.
Benacus Lake, which glads his Neighbourhood,
He counts remoter than the *Perſian* Flood.

Mean Time the hale, old Sire, delights to ſee
Of Grandſons, a long vig'rous Progeny.

Who Rambles, only knows Fatigue and Noiſe;
At Home, who reſts contented, Life enjoys.

On the Death of a LAP-DOG.

ERIGONE, celeſtial Maid!
Kindly impart thy Virgin Aid:
And *Mæra*, Star! ſo burning bright!
(Her Favourite once, he Lap-delight)
To *Dony* due, accept the Verſe,
And help to grace my *Dony*'s Hearſe.
Let *Dona*, like your *Mæra*, ſhine
An Orb above, ye Pow'rs divine!
She kept ERIGONE from Harms;
He grac'd and guarded CHLOE's Charms.
If *Mæra*, *Gone*'s Love did boaſt,
Dony, was CHLOE's favourite Toaſt:
To him her ſofteſt Things ſhe'd ſay;
Oft on her downy Breaſt he lay;
And oft he took a gentle Nap,
Upon her ſleep-inticing Lap.
Moſt beauteous own'd the Dogs among;
His Eyes ſo large; his Ears ſo long!
His Manner Beau, and Belle his Air;
Mottled and curl'd his lovely Hair.

Ne'er

Ne'er bark'd awake, nor ſnor'd, reclin'd :
Ne'er prov'd indecent from behind :
Bred tip-top ; free from odious Flea ;
Could take a Pinch ; or reliſh *Tea* :
Lov'd Chick, but then ſo nice was grown,
The Liver only cou'd go down.
Courteous, yet chaſte, h'addreſs'd the Dames ;
Strutting the Ladies into Flames ;
But, CUPID-like (I mean not blind)
He kill'd, ne'er cur'd the Female Kind.
Your Cenſures, ye profane, forbear ;
Dony deſerves my ſalteſt Tear :
My Conſtancy, my Truth's approv'd,
While I lament the Dog I lov'd.
Ah ! *Dony*, *Dony*, did you know
The Grief, the Pain, I undergo ;
Dony you'd ſoon again return,
Nor let your faithful Miſtreſs mourn :
You'd ſoon obey this pious Call,
Dear *Melitæan* Animal.

To Mrs. A. B.

WHAT! Genius can deſcribe fair ANNA's Mind?
What! Pencil paint, to ANNA's Beauty join'd?
Her Eyes are lovely, as the Rays of Light;
We look enamour'd, and we court the Sight.
Nature, her Lips adorn'd, with choiceſt Care,
And painted ev'ry balmy Sweetneſs there.
How clean her Shape! how delicate her Waſte!
They court our Arms, and ſue to be embrac'd.

Behold her move! behold the graceful Mien,
Like that of VENUS, by ÆNEAS ſeen:
Dancing! ſhe courts your Eye, and makes you ſwear,
It is the Goddeſs, by that heavenly Air.

Yet! all theſe Charms, an unexhauſted Store!
Theſe rare, unrival'd Charms, which all adore,

Compare

Compare not with her Soul; that nobler Part!
Her Cherub Soul, her large extended Heart.

How fair her Mind! her Mind excels her Eyes,
And to her Senſe, her Beauty yields the Prize!
The ſhining Casket our Applauſe may win,
But the rich Treaſure is preſerv'd within.

Severeſt Judgment her chaſte Manners guides,
And o'er her Actions, Prudence, ſtill, preſides.
Her Looks, her Geſtures, and her Thoughts are gay,
But govern'd all by Reaſon's temp'rate Sway;
No wanton Follies, which light Minds employ,
Taint her pure Mirth, or mingle with her Joy.
Her Conduct uniform and juſt, we ſee,
Alike from Levity, or Stiffneſs free:
Nor with cenſorious Malice is alloy'd
Her Virtue, nor her Beauty ſtain'd with Pride.

CUPID

CUPID in LOVE.

AS CUPID, from his cruel Sport,
Return'd, to grace his Mother's Court,
In triumph leading bleeding Hearts,
Throbbing with Love, transfix'd with Darts;
Himſelf untouch'd! the Hunter ſtray'd
Into a cooling, Myrtle Shade,
And ſaw a lonely, lovely Maid.

No ſooner did young Maſter ſpy
The Virgin's ſoft refulgent Eye,
Then did his opening Breaſt receive
A Wound, like thoſe, he us'd to give;
And, down his Arms, and Hearts, he threw,
And languiſhing, full, in her View;
'Tis done! he ſaid, ſee! MARS, ſee! JOVE,
See! all ye Gods; ſee CUPID's Love!

TO VENUS when, at laſt, he came,
Without his Tackle, or his Game;

Without

Without his Bow, without a Dart,
Without his own, or any Heart;
The Goddeſs cry'd, alas! my Son,
Where haſt thou been? What haſt thou done?
He ſigh'd, and anſwer'd, with a Groan,
She ſtole my Hearts, ſhe ſtole my own.

The matchleſs Beauties of her Face,
The Wonders that her Perſon grace;
The Charm, in all ſhe does, or ſays,
Her killing Smiles, her winning Ways;
Her Wit, her Coyneſs, all agree,
In Spight of Fate, to vanquiſh me.

Leſs angry VENUS at her Son,
Than to find her ſelf out done,
Cry'd, who's the Nymph that, thus, prevails?
Ah, dear Mamma, 'tis FANNY HALES.

HOR. LIB. IV. ODE XII.

REFRESHING, *Weſtern* Winds (that bring
An Earneſt of the gladſom *Spring*,
And calm the Seas) with gentle Gales,
Now ſoftly, ſwell the ſpreading Sails.

Nor white, with Froſt, the Meadows ſhow,
Nor Rivers ſwell with wint'ry Snow:
The mournful Swallow builds her Neſt,
With never-ceaſing Grief oppreſt;
Baſely, in dire Revenge, ſhe dy'd
Her cruel Hands with Parricide.

Reclining, in the graſſy Meads,
The Shepherds tune their waxen Reeds;
Great PAN, with Pleaſure, hears the Strains;
PAN! loves *Arcadian* Flocks and Swains!

Mean time, the *Seaſon* Thirſt excites:
Then, VIRGIL! if thy Soul delights;

(VIRGIL!

(VIRGIL! for Wit, and Mirth, and Truth,
Favourite of each Royal Youth!)
If thou deſir'ſt a choice Repaſt,
And neat *Calenian* Wine to taſte,
Perfume of *Spikenard* be thy Care,
And Wine, in Plenty, I'll prepare.

On this Condition, ſhall be thine
A choice, old Cask of Racy Wine:
Wine! that new Spirits can impart,
And baniſh Sorrow from the Heart.

If this frank Offer be imbrac'd,
To meet my friendly Joys, make haſte;
Your Unguent bring: I cannot boaſt,
Dear VIRGIL! at my ſingle Coſt,
With chearing Cups, thy Cares to lull,
Like the rich Man, whoſe Vaults are full.

Come then, without Delay, and be
From love of Verſe, and Lucre, free.
In Folly looſe thy Cares a-while;
Think of thy haſt'ning Fun'ral Pile!
Sweet are the Pleaſures, which ariſe
From being, *a Propos*, unwiſe.

Blew-

Blew-Ey'd NANCY; Or, Th*e*
Diſappointed Lovers.

An excellent New BALLAD. [To th*e*
Tune of *Fair Roſamond.*]

ALL, in *Soho,* there liv'd a Toaſt,
Her Name was *Blew-ey'd* NAN,
More Charms, did Virgin never boaſt,
To win the Heart of Man.

Of lib'ral Parents ſhe was born,
Well natur'd too was ſhe;
Her Manners did her Birth adorn,
And eke her Modeſty.

Two Eyes ſhe had, both lovely bright,
Where CUPID, oft, was found
To lurk, and thence to take his Flight,
Poor mortal Hearts to wound.

One Day the roguiſh Imp, unſeen,
  Behind a Speck withdrew;
A Preſent! from the *Cyprian* Queen,
  T' embelliſh NANCY's Blue.

Long it remain'd in her fair Eye,
  A beauteous Speck! indeed;
Who ſaw it, ſtraight, of Love did die,
  To think on't makes me bleed.

Now, here, as he lay in the Lurch,
  He drew a deadly Dart,
When ſhe gaz'd up to Heav'n at Church,
  And ſhot TAR thro' the Heart.

And then he wrench'd it out, again,
  As there it reeking lay;
And plung'd it into her Heart's Vein,
  While ſhe her Pray'rs did ſay.

To Woods and Lawns, away ſhe hies,
  And wanders all-around;
The Air ſhe perfumes by her Sighs;
  Her Tears refreſh the Ground.

To Shores relentleſs, and to Rocks
  Inflam'd, does he complain ;
Then THETIS and her Nymphs invokes,
  To eaſe him of his Pain.

Upon the Sand he writes her Name,
  And ſhe carves his on Trees ;
She *Dryads* prays to cool her Flame,
  He, *Naiads*, to quench his.

Far, dearer NANCY is to TAR,
  More Brilliant in his Eyes,
Than poliſh'd Gold or Diamonds are,
  Or *Sol* that gilds the Skies.

In TAR, again, to NANCY's Mind,
  More Beauties do abound,
Than midſt the ſpicy Shrubs we find,
  Or on the flow'ry Ground.

Ah! HYMEN haſten, why doſt thou
  Thy ſilken Knot forbear?
Thy Bleſſings thou canſt ne'er beſtow,
  On a more goodly Pair.

But Fate had ty'd up HYMEN's Hands,
For, fair the Winds do prove,
Honour, to *India*, TAR commands,
Honour! that Foe to Love.

Three Times his Steeds had PHEBUS drove
Through the bent ZODIACK's Bow,
And by his rapid Courſe, above,
Made three long Years below.

No Pleaſure, Wealth, or Conqueſt yields
To TAR's diſtracted Mind!
No Joy, in Courts or verdant Fields,
Can abſent NANCY find.

When, lo! the Gods, who Lovers aid,
And gently fan their Flames,
To NANCY's Ears the News convey'd,
That TAR had reach'd the *Thames*.

To *Whiteball-Stairs*, all in great haſte,
The Nymph her Courſe does bend;
Greenwich and *Woolwich*, ſoon, are paſt,
She meets him at *Graveſend*.

But ſtop, my *Muſe!* forbear to tell
The Meeting of them Twain;
My Eyes o'erflow, my Breaſt does ſwell;
They meet to part again.

HYMEN appear'd, when firſt, he ſaw
Bright NANCY at the Door;
But PLUTO riſing, cry'd, withdraw,
Your TAR ſhall be no more.

With that the Fury FEBRIS came,
(Her Eye-balls darting Fire)
And puts TAR's Blood all into Flame,
Of which he did expire.

Then, juſt as ſhe her Lover loſt,
Enrag'd, ſhe ſnatch'd a Knife,
And, ſtabbing, ſaid, I'll not be croſt;
My Ghoſt ſhall be his Wife.

To AMORET at Church.

WHILE to high Heav'n my Knees are bent,
And my Devotions thither meant,
Forgive me, Heav'n, that towards thee,
I'm guilty of Idolatry:
Fair AMORET ſtands in my way,
And interpoſes while I pray.
If, beyond her, my Thoughts, or Eyes,
I ſtrive to raiſe, and reach the Skies;
She checks my Thought, ſhe ſtrikes my Sight
With ſuch a beauteous dazzling Light,
As warns me, tho' no farther I
Should look than her, I look too high.
Am I to ask! methinks I want
Only what AMORET can grant;
My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Fear,
And all my Wiſhes end in her.
The heav'nly Beings, we are taught,
Sometimes with ſecret Bleſſings fraught,

Deſcend their Preſence to beſtow,
In Places ſacred, here below;
How ſmall an Error may it ſeem,
To take my Fair, for one of them?
For were ev'n Angels to appear,
In human Shape, embodied here,
Could they another Form put on,
So bright, ſo pure, ſo like their own?

To THYRSIS.

WHILE THYRSIS to his Maker bows,
To offer ſolemn Pray'r,
To AMORET he pays his Vows,
His Praiſes center there.

Conſider, THYRSIS, tho' her Face
Does like an Angel's ſhine;
'Tis to her Features no diſgrace,
That ſhe is not divine.

'Tis

'Tis not expected at your Hand,
To idolize the Fair;
Your Admiration ſhe'll command,
Your Adoration ſpare.

Her Soul is beauteous as her Frame,
There ſhe's an Angel too;
The charming Creature will not claim
What's the Creator's due.

Ah! lovely AMORET, beware
How you ſuch Swains approve;
He that's a Hypocrite in Pray'r,
Will be the ſame in Love.

To the Same.

WELL THYRSIS, your AMORET ſhall be
a Goddeſs,
Tho', the Fancy, to me as it ſeemeth, but odd is,
That you'll be ſo fond of poetical Praiſe,
As to part with the Nymph, while you catch at the Bays.
I own ſhe much better in Verſe does appear,
In a Temple reſiding, or cutting the Air,
Drawn by Peacocks, or Doves, on ethereal Car.
But then you muſt quit all the Hopes of a Lover,
For a Mortal's Embraces the Goddeſs wont ſuffer.
No Man but IXION was ever ſo bold
T' attempt on a *Deity*'s --- Charms to lay hold:
Take warning by him, and be not too proud,
Should you follow his Steps, you'll be loſt in a Cloud.

ANSWER.

ANSWER.

THO' we grant you a Man cannot always rely on
A Goddeſs, and JUNO once jilted IXION,
Yet the Mortal, ANCHISES, was call'd up to Duty,
By VENUS, and ſhe was the Goddeſs of Beauty:
'Tis VENUS, my Goddeſs, reſembles in Charms,
I'll venture the Cloud, bring her once to my Arms.

Written by a LADY at *Bath*, in her laſt Sickneſs, to her Husband.

THOU, who doſt all my worldly Thoughts employ,
Thou pleaſing Source of all my earthly Joy;
Thou kindeſt Husband, and thou trueſt Friend,
To thee, this fond, this laſt Adieu, I ſend.
At length, the Conqu'ror, Death, aſſerts his Right,
And will for ever veil me from thy Sight;

He woos me to him, with a chearful Grace,
And not one Terror clouds his awful Face.
He promiſes a laſting Reſt from Pain,
And ſhows that all Life's fleeting Bliſs is vain;
The endleſs Joys of Heav'n he ſets in view,
And tells me, that no other Joys are true.
But Love, fond Love, would yet reſiſt his Pow'r,
Wou'd yet awhile defer the parting Hour:
He brings thy mourning Image to my Eyes,
And wou'd obſtruct my Paſſage to the Skies.
But ſay, thou trueſt, thou unwearied Friend,
Say, wou'dſt thou grieve to ſee my Sorrows end?
Thou know'ſt a painful Pilgrimage I've paſt,
And wou'dſt thou mourn, that Reſt is come at laſt?
Rather rejoice to ſee me ſhake off Life,
And die, as I have liv'd, thy faithful Wife.

To

To a LADY on her Singing.

YE Swains, whom radiant Beauty move,
Or Muſick's Art, with Sounds divine,
Think how the rapt'rous Charms improve,
Where two ſuch Gifts together join.

Where CUPID's Bow, and PHEBUS' Lyre,
In the ſame powerful Hand are found,
Where lovely Eyes inflame Deſire,
And trembling Notes are taught to wound.

Inquire not, who's the matchleſs Fair,
That can this double Death beſtow;
If her harmonious Sounds you hear,
Or view her Eyes, too ſoon you'll know.

By

HERMILIA.

FAME of HERMILIA's Conqueſt brought
The God of Love, her Charms to view;
To wound the unwary Maid, he thought,
But ſoon became her Captive too.

He drops, half drawn, his feeble Bow,
He look'd, he rav'd, he ſigh'd, he pin'd,
And wiſh'd, in vain, he had been now,
As Painters falſely draw him, blind.

Diſarm'd, he to his Mother flies;
Help, VENUS, help thy wretched Son,
Who, now will pay us Sacrifice,
Since *Love*'s himſelf, alas! undone?

To CUPID, now, no Lover's Pray'rs
Shall be addreſt, with ſuppliant Sighs,
Thy Darts are gone; but, oh! beware,
Fond Mortals, of HERMILIA's Eyes.

The

The Diſappointed LADY.

AS CLORIS, on her downy Pillow lay,
'Twixt ſleep and wake, the Morning ſlid away,
Soft at her Chamber Door, a Tap ſhe heard,
She liſten'd --- and again --- no one appear'd:
" Who's there? the ſprightly Nymph with Courage cries,
" Mem, 'tis the Man, who for your La'ſhip *dies*.
" Sure, 'tis Deluſion, what a dying Lover?
" Yet ſpeak once more, ---- what is't you want, however?"
A ſecond Time, theſe Accents pierc'd her Ear,
Sweet was the Sound, tranſported was the Fair:
" At length, mankind are juſt," her La'ſhip ſaid,
Threw on her Nightgown, then ſtept out of Bed;
Look'd in the Glaſs, confeſs'd him in the Right,
Who thinks me not a Beauty, 'tis meer ſpite;
" Aſſemble, ye Coquets, with Envy own
" The mighty Wonders, which theſe Eyes have done.

" In

" In vain, your pert, and forward Airs you try ;
" Mankind, the more you court, the farther fly,
" And 'tis for me, and only me, they dye.
" But how ſhall I receive him ? coy the Dame,
" Prudence allows not Pity,---- I muſt blame.
" Perhaps, poor Soul, he ſigh'd in Secret long,
" E'er the preſumptuous Thought fell from his Tongu
" I am the Cauſe ; yet Innocent, by Heav'n !
" Why were theſe Eyes for ſuch Deſtruction giv'n ?
" 'Tis not my Fault, I did not make one Feature :"
Then turn'd the Key to view the *dying* Creature.
But, ah! -- who ſhou'd the enamour'd Swain now prove
A Wretch who *dy'd* by Trade --- and not for Love !
No mortal Pen can figure her Surprize,
Willing to truſt her Ears, but not her Eyes :
The approaching Storm, her ſwelling Boſom ſhew'd,
Awhile now pale, then red with Anger glow'd ;
She wept, ſhe rav'd, invok'd the Pow'rs above,
Who give no Ear, when old Maids talk of Love ;
Fruitleſs her Pray'rs, and Impotent her Rage ;
Yet fierce, as when two female Tongues engage.
At length, the Fire was ſpent, all was Serene,
A Calm ſucceeded this tempeſtuous Scene.
And thus ſhe ſpoke :

Ye blooming Maids, let my Example prove,
How oft our Sex miſtaken is in Love:
When young, we're cruel, and with Beauty play,
Which, while we vainly parly, fades away;
When old, (t' increaſe the rigour of our Fate)
We wiſh, and think of Lovers, when too late;
As idle Trav'llers, who have loſt the Day,
And hope, thro' Night's dark Shades, to find their Way;
Forlornly tread the thorny Path in vain,
Blame not themſelves, but of their Fate complain.
So peeviſh Maids, when paſt their youthful Bloom,
On ſad Remains, and fancied Charms preſume;
Lonely, they wander, no Compaſſion find,
Then rail, and quarrel, with all humankind;
But, let us, to our ſelves, for once be juſt,
And ſee our own Decay, and Wrinkles firſt;
When e'er, to melting Sighs we lend an Ear,
Think, Youth and Beauty, make the Men ſincere:
No other Pow'r, their ſtubborn Hearts can move;
Did ever Virtue light the Torch of Love?---
From ſad Experience, I this Truth declare,
I'm now abandon'd, tho' I once was fair.

On BLENHEIM-HOUSE.

HERE, glorious MARLBOROUGH, for th
Wars receive,
Not as they merit, but as Love can give;
Thy Country's Love, by ſolemn Acts declar'd,
Proud to acknowledge, hopeleſs to reward.
Hail, *Blenheim*'s lofty Towers, and calm Retreat!
Hail, like thy Owner's Soul, retir'd and great:
Nor ſhall his Hand, diſarm'd by Peace, refuſe,
In thy ſoft Shades, his ſofter Hours to looſe;
To prune the Vine, or prop the drooping Flow'r,
The Hand that rais'd, and humbled Kings before.
The Daughters here ſhall glad the Father's Heart,
And grace the Hero's Toils with pious Art;
While in each Room, magnificently wrought,
With curious Needles, and with happy Thought,
Their tender Hands, his Victories diſplay,
A Race as numerous, and as fair as they.

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH.

STILL, like his Saviour, known by breaking Bread,
The Rich he entertain'd, the Needy fed:
Of Humour eaſy, and of Life unblam'd,
The Friend delighted, while the Prieſt reclaim'd;
The Friend, the Father, and the Husband gone,
The Prieſt ſtill lives in this recording Stone;
Where pious Eyes may read his Praiſes o'er,
And learn each Grace, his Pulpit taught before.

A SONG.

LOUD was the Wind, and rough the Main,
But Life was paſt my Care;
I thought of Abſence, and Diſdain,
And felt no Storm but there.

The

The Seas, their Wonders might reveal,
  But CHLOE's Eyes have more;
Nor all the Treaſure they conceal,
  Can equal mine on Shore.

From native *Britain*'s temperate Coaſt,
  Remove me farther yet,
To ſhiver in eternal Froſt,
  Or melt with *India*'s Heat.

Her Image ſhall my Days beguile,
  And ſtill my Dream ſhall be
The tuneful Voice, and tender Smile,
  Tho' ne'er vouchſaf'd to me.

Another.

Another.

BLESS'D be the ſweetly ſhining Eyes,
Where ſmiling Love with Beauty lies;
As innocent as fair;
Whoſe native Charms, diſdaining Art,
Have freed a long-deluded Heart
From falſe CORISCA's Snare.

Preſerv'd from her, to fall by you,
With Pleaſure, I my Fate perſue,
With Pride embrace my Chain:
Should you, your faithful Slave deny,
He may lament, deſpair, and die,
But never can complain.

So fares the Wolf's intended Prey,
The trembling Lamb, when ſnatch'd away
From mean ignoble Death;
And doom'd to bleed at Beauty's Shrine,
An Offering to the Pow'r divine,
Reſigns his willing Breath.

An ODE from SAPHO, Engliſh'd

HAPPY Man, the Gods outvying,
He, who cloſe by you appears,
He, who, gazing, liſt'ning, dying,
Drinks your Charms at Eyes and Ears.

When your Words, in Muſick flowing,
Silent Extaſy impart;
When your Smiles, divinely glowing,
Fire the dancing, raviſh'd Heart.

You approach, and thro' your Lover,
Warm the ſoft Infection flies,
My Tongue trips, I ſhake all over,
Ring my Ears, and ſwim my Eyes.

Cold Sweat trickles, Speech forſakes me,
Blood and Senſe at once retire,
Gentle Faintneſs overtakes me,
Now I pant, O! now expire.

From

From CATULLUS.

AH! poor CATULLUS, Love's loſt Game give o'er,
Truſt but thy Eyes, and dream of her no more.
Once I was bleſt, the Sun ſerenely ſhin'd,
Gay were his Beams, for LESBIA once was kind:
Then, ſtill I follow'd where my LESBIA mov'd,
So lov'd by me, as none ſhall e'er be lov'd.
Each Day was ours, and each improv'd our Joy,
So fond was I, nor was my LESBIA coy.
O truly bleſt! but now the Sun that ſhin'd,
Is loſt in Clouds, for LESBIA grows unkind:
Then ceaſe, in vain, to follow thoſe who fly;
But, wouldſt thou ceaſe to Love, die, poor CATULLUS,
die.

On JEALOUSY.

BEAUTY was conſtant, Love's Reward,
Virtue his Friend, was Beauty's Guard:
No Friend, no Guard, ſo ſure as ſhe,
'Till wrong'd by Love-born Jealouſy;
She fled, and to the Monſter's Care,
Reſign'd the Charge ſhe ſcorn'd to ſhare:
The Monſter with a hundred Eyes,
Was watchful to prevent Surprize;
But Beauty bid them cloſe again,
For, Virtue gone, they wak'd in vain:
And Love, undone, by what he nurs'd,
His falſe, unlucky, Offspring curs'd:
Virtue, my Friend! too late he cry'd,
He rav'd, he languiſh'd, and he dy'd.

The Beginning of LUCAN, Lib. VIII. Engliſh'd.

A Narrow Paſs to ſhady *Tempe* leads,
And thence his Flight, the vanquiſh'd Hero ſpeeds:
He ſpurs his jaded Courſer o'er the Plain,
The Windings of th' *Hæmonian* Woods to gain,
And leave a doubtful Tract along the Maze,
Of various Paths, and interfering Ways.
The ſounding Boughs, that bend with ev'ry blaſt,
Awake his Terror, and augment his Haſte;
Each following Friend, appears a following Foe,
He ſtarts, and ſhrinks, to ſhun th' expected Blow:
Tho', fallen from the Height, where once he ſtood,
He knows the Value, ſtill of Pompey's Blood;
And deems the Purchaſe of his Head the ſame,
As Cesar's, in exchange, from him might claim.
In vain, he tries, that well-known Face to hide,
In gloomy Vales, and Solitudes untry'd:

Friends

Friends on the Road, to join his Camp, as yet
Untold the Tidings of his laſt Defeat,
Their ruin'd Lord with dumb Amazement meet:
A Turn ſo ſtrange, ſo violent, and ſhort,
Could ſcarce gain Credit from his own Report.
How hard a Fate the Warrior's Fall attends,
Avoiding Foes, but moſt avoiding Friends!
He would have choſe the ſafer Way, unknown,
To wander thro' the World, no more his own:
But Fortune, long propitious to his Name,
By paſt Renown, enhances preſent Shame,
And ſinks him lower with the Weight of Fame:
To heighten Woe, her differing Lots agree,
One has its Senſe, and one its Memory.
His Honours, early ripe, diſgrace him now,
He hates the Laurels that adorn'd his Brow:
In bloom of glorious Youth, the Pirate's War,
And PONTUS chain'd to his triumphal Car.
'Tis thus, when Life outlaſting Empire ſtays,
The Curſe of mighty Minds is length of Days;
Unleſs, kind Death o'ertakes his waning State,
In Time, preventing the Reverſe of Fate:
Would ever Man on Fortune's Smiles rely,
Or dare be happy, if he dare not die?

H

He reach'd the Shore where PENEUS, with the ſtain
Of *Roman* Blood, ran purple to the Main,
And ſhar'd the Carnage of *Pharſalia*'s plain.
Thence, in a Boat, for inland Streams deſign'd,
And far unequal to the Tide and Wind;
The Scourge of Pyrates, that illuſtrious he,
Lord of the Iſles, and Terror of the Sea;
Was now, by ſtealth, into the Deep convey'd,
Much of the Waves, of CESAR more afraid:
For LESBOS, with a Lover's Haſte, he ply'd,
For LESBOS, the Retreat that hid his Bride
From War's Alarms; but more afflicted there,
Than if *Pharſalia*'s Field had pierc'd the Fair
With dying Groans: In fancied Fights engag'd,
Her heavy Heart, the dire Event preſag'd;
And as ſhe lay, with anxious Dreams oppreſs'd,
The trembling Bed her Agonies confeſs'd:
THESSALIA haunts her each returning Night,
And ſtill as Day renews the cheerful Light,
She climbs the ſteepy Cliff to gaze around,
Or runs to reach the Land's extreameſt Bound:
Her watchful Eyes are ſtill the firſt to hail
The diſtant Proſpect of each bending Sail;

But then, what Fate attends her Soul's Deſire,
She fears to know, and dares not once enquire.
Behold yon Ship, her freight, unknown at firſt,
But Rumour's Voice prepares you for the worſt:
With flying Sails, ſhe makes the *Lesbian* Coaſt,
And Doubt, ſhall ſoon in Certainty be loſt.
Mourn, hapleſs Wife, your vanquiſh'd Lord is near,
You rob from weeping, if you ſtill but fear.
The Veſſel, now at hand, ſhe flew to meet,
And ſaw the Malice of her Fate compleat;
Her Husband, ghaſtly pale, the Robes he wore,
Were black with Duſt, his griſly Locks hung o'er
His Face uncomb'd: With Sorrow and Surprize,
The Light was raviſh'd from CORNELIA's Eyes;
The Blood forſook her Face, her Limbs beneath
The Weight of Woe diſſolv'd; ſhe heav'd for Breath,
And welcom'd, as ſhe thought, the chilling Touch
Death.
When iſſuing from his anchor'd Bark to Land,
Came POMPEY traverſing the lonely *Strand:*
His awful Look the Voice of Mourning drown'd,
Huſh'd into Sighs, her faithful Maids he found,
Employ'd in vain, to raiſe her from the Ground:

But POMPEY ſtrain'd her in a warm Embrace,
And ſoon the kindling Blood renew'd its Race;
She felt his Hands, and now could bear his Face:
When thus, in ſcorn of Fate, the godlike Chief,
Reprov'd the Licence of unbounded Grief.
Let no Miſchance that gallant Spirit tame,
But take th' Occaſion of your POMPEY's Shame,
And rival all your Anceſtors in Fame.
Let Laws, or Arms, the Men's Ambition raiſe;
A wretched Husband is your Sex's Praiſe.
Have Courage then, regard my low Eſtate,
With nuptial Conſtancy, and combat Fate:
And thus, for loſing all, thy Lord ſhall be
Abandon'd by the World, endear'd to thee.
Of Pow'r and Pomp, by fickle Chance bereft,
By Kings deſerted, and by Senates left;
I make the Glory yours, and yours alone,
To follow him whom all beſides diſown;
A loyal Wife before her Lord's Deceaſe,
Should know no Grief, or none above encreaſe:
If Woe muſt ever quell a Soul ſo brave,
Reſerve its laſt Diſtreſs for POMPEY's Grave.
Why ſhould *Pharſalia* touch your Heart ſo near?
Your Husband, tho' o'ercome, is ſafe, and here:

'Tis true, that Idol, Grandeur, is remov'd;
If that provokes your Tears, 'twas that you lov'd.
The well-known Voice alarms the Wife; with Pain
Her feeble Knees, their wonted Weight ſuſtain;
And, as with melting Eyes her Lord ſhe view'd,
A Mixture of Laments and Groans enſu'd.
Ah, wretched me! my Husband's Bane, ſhe cry'd,
And twice the publick Curſe, as twice a Bride!
O! had I been for CESAR's Bed decreed,
Then I had prov'd the Tyrant's Foe indeed.
Me, dire ERYNNYS, to thy Arms convey'd,
And join'd to blaſt me, with thy CRASSUS' Shade;
Whoſe Loſs on *Parthian* Plains, deriv'd from me,
Has been the Prelude of a Worſe to thee.
My Country's Ruin in one fatal Day,
I broke her Ranks, and chas'd her Gods away:
Ev'n *Rome* and Freedom, when their Cauſe was mine,
Could find no Friend among the Pow'rs divine.
O, my lov'd Lord! O Virtue, ill repay'd!
O, POMPEY! to CORNELIA's Bed betray'd!
Could Glory to ſo high a Pitch advance?
And falls it thus, the Game of giddy Chance?
How dearly now my impious Love I rue,
Since wedding me, was wedding Ruin too!

Take

Take then my Life in Vengeance of th' Offence,
A ſlender, but a willing Recompence.
I rather would have dy'd to ſave my Lord,
A Victim to his yet victorious Sword:
The Blow ſtruck then, had barr'd th' impending Ill,
But ſtrike ev'n now, and expiate it ſtill.
Come JULIA, come, my rival Shade appear,
And ſlake thy cruel Thirſt of Vengeance here:
Whatever diſtant Region is the Place,
That ſees thee triumph in thy Lord's Diſgrace;
Let my devoted Head thy Rage atone,
And ſpare my POMPEY then, or ſpare your own.
She ſpoke, and, ſinking on his Breaſt again,
To kind Compaſſion mov'd the weeping Train:
The Hero's Soul, the tender Sorrow ſhar'd,
And LESBOS drew the Tears THESSALIA ſpar'd.

Part of LUCAN. Lib. IX. Engliſh'd.

TO learn their Deſtinies of Ammon, wait
His *Eaſtern* Pilgrims at the Temple Gate;
But leave the Paſſage free for Cato, preſt,
By his own Train, to enter with the reſt;
Conſult a God renown'd thro' *Libya*'s Clime,
And try Tradition vouch'd by Length of Time.
But Labienus urg'd th' Enquiry moſt:
Our wand'ring Way in ſandy Deſarts loſt,
And Chance (he cry'd) if only Chance it be,
Have led us to a preſent Deity:
With glad Devotion ſeize the proffer'd Hour,
And beg the Counſel of Almighty Pow'r:
Behold our Guide, ev'n him who ſhakes the Sky,
Thro' Sands, and Wilds, and dark Futurity;
For Heaven would chooſe to make its Secrets known
To holy Cato ſure; to him or none.
Squar'd by the ſtrict celeſtial Rule of Right,
Your Life has ever kept the God in ſight:

But would you hold a Conference with JOVE?
'Tis granted now, repleniſh from above
Your Mind with ſacred Truths; and learn the Doom
Of impious CESAR, and unhappy *Rome*:
Enquire if Freedom ſhall at length engage
Heav'n's gracious Aid, or fall by civil Rage.
You who have lov'd a Virtue ſo ſevere,
Ask what ſhe is, at leaſt, and why ſo dear;
And fix true Honour by its Standard here.
Inſpir'd by JOVE, who fill'd his ſecret Mind,
The Hero heard, and inſtantly rejoin'd,
In Language worthy of the God enſhrin'd.
For what, my Friend, muſt AMMON be explor'd?
Can CATO queſtion, while he wears a Sword,
To periſh rather free, than own a Lord?
If Life be nothing, ſince in Death it ends?
And Glory more than Years the Span extends?
If e'er the Juſt by Violence are hurt?
Or Fortune's Malice be but Virtue's Sport?
If Merit in the brave Endeavour lies,
Untaught, by blind Events, to fall or riſe?
All this we know; 'tis Truth implanted here,
And wants no JUPITER to make it clear.

Of GOD's eternal Mind the human Soul
A Portion links us to th' Almighty whole:
What ſhould we then enquire? or why diſpute?
His Will controuls us, tho' his Voice be mute.
He choſe the Hour of Birth at once to ſhow,
Whatever Man was privileg'd to know;
And ſtamp'd our Nature with congenial Light,
To ſhine within, and guide its Followers right:
Nor are his Truths to barren Sands confin'd,
And whiſper'd to a Part of Humankind.
Has he a Seat? 'tis Earth, and Sea, and Air,
And Heaven, and Virtue; with prepoſt'rous Care
We ſeek the God retir'd, when all may find him there.
Believe me, Friend, 'tis omnipreſent JOVE,
Whate'er you ſee, and whereſoe'er you move.
Let Slaves to future Hopes and Fears, rely
On doubtful Anſwers from the Shrines, while I
Conſult that Oracle, Mortality:
"Death ſure to come, can never come amiſs;
"Alike the Coward, and the Brave are his:"
This CATO ſays, and JOVE need ſay but this.
He ſpoke, and, turning ſhort, perſu'd his Road,
And left the gaping Croud to ſound the God.

HORACE,

HORACE, Book II. Ode V. Engliſh'd.

ALOFT her tender Neck ſhe bears,
Reluctant to the Yoke untry'd,
Indocil yet to draw in Pairs,
Starts at the Names of Slave and Bride:
And, wild with unexperienc'd Fear,
Your Heyfar mocks the ardent Steer.

Behold the friſking Wanton ſpend,
In verdant Fields, the thoughtleſs Day;
The Younglings of her Kind attend,
With harmleſs Court and childiſh Play;
While purling Streams with azure crown'd,
Quench all the Heat ſhe e'er has found.

Fond of the Grape's unmellow'd Juice,
Thy ſickly Appetite confine;
For *Autumn* Suns ſhall ſoon produce,
The purple Harveſt of the Vine;

And growing Years her Bloom diſplay,
The Years that haſten thy Decay.

The wanton Frown of LALAGE,
Shall court thee then to riper Joy;
Not CHLORIS ſo belov'd as ſhe,
Nor PHOLOE ſo bewitching coy:
Her ſwelling Boſom's ſpacious white,
Like ſilver Seas by CYNTHIA's Light.

So fair, ſo ſhining in Diſguiſe,
Would GYGES grace the Virgin Quire;
Would charm and cheat the ſharpeſt Eyes,
A Maid in Features and Attire:
So ſoft his Look, ſo young his Air,
With female Down, and flowing Hair.

On a GENTLEMAN, who ran Mad with Love of a Phyſician's Daughter.

EMPLOY'D to cure a Love-diſtracted Swain,
The boaſted Aid of HELLEBORE is vain:
None but the Fair, the Storm ſhe rais'd, can calm,
Her Smiles the Cordial, and her Tears the Balm:
In CYNTHIA's Boſom dwells the magick Pow'r,
Sovereign to heal, and vital to reſtore.
But oh! what Med'cine e'er could reach the Heart!
The Daughter's Eyes have foil'd the Father's Art:
For matchleſs were the learn'd Phyſician's Skill,
If he could cure as faſt as ſhe can kill.

EPITAPH.

EPITAPH.

SUCH was the ſecond DRELINCOURT, a Name,
Victorious over Death, and dear to Fame.
The Chriſtian's Praiſe, by diff'rent Meaſures won,
Succeſſive grac'd the Father, and the Son:
To ſacred Service, one his Wealth conſign'd,
And one the living Treaſure of his Mind.
'Twere raſh to ſay, whoſe Talent did excel,
Each was ſo rich, and each improv'd ſo well.
Nor was the Charity delay'd 'till Death,
He choſe to give what others but bequeath:
Much tho' he gave, and oft, yet more he meant,
Had Life proportion'd to his Will been lent;
But to compleat a Scheme ſo well deſign'd,
Belongs to her who ſhar'd his Bed and Mind:
Whoſe pious Sorrows thus to future Days,
Tranſmit his Image, and extend his Praiſe.

ODE to the *Thames*, for the New-Year's-Day, 1720.

KING of the Floods, whom friendly Stars ordain
To fold alternate in thy winding Train
The lofty Palace, and the fertile Vale,
King of the Floods, BRITANNIA's darling, Hail:
Hail with the Year ſo well begun,
And bid his each revolving Sun,
Taught by thy Stream, in ſmooth Succeſſion run.

From thy never-failing Urn,
Flow'ry Bloom, and fair Increaſe,
With the Seaſons take their Turn,
From thy tributary Seas.
Tides of various Wealth attend thee,
Seas and Seaſons all befriend thee.

Here on thy Banks to mate the Skies,
AUGUSTA's hallow'd Domes ariſe;

And

And there thy ample Boſom pours
Her num'rous Sails, and floating Tow'rs;
Whoſe Terrors, late to vanquiſh'd *Spain* were known,
And ÆTNA ſhook with Thunder, not her own.

Talleſt Flags doſt thou ſuſtain,
While thy Banks confine thy Courſe;
Emblem of our CESAR's Reign,
Mingling Clemency and Force.

So may thy Sons ſecur'd by diſtant Wars,
Ne'er ſtain thy Chryſtal with domeſtick Jars;
As CESAR's Reign, to *Britain* ever dear,
Shall join with thee to bleſs the coming Year.

On thy ſhady Margin,
Care its Load diſcharging,
Is lull'd to gentle Reſt:
Britain ſo diſarming,
(War's no more alarming)
Shall ſleep on CESAR's Breaſt.

Swee

Sweet to Diſtreſs is balmy Sleep,
  To ſleep auſpicious Dreams ;
Thy Meadows, *Thames*, to feeding Sheep,
  To thirſt thy ſilver Streams :
More ſweet than all the Praiſe
Of CESAR's golden Days ;
CESAR's Praiſe is ſweeter,
Britain's Pleaſure greater :
Still may CESAR's Reign excel,
Sweet the Praiſe of reigning well.

CHORUS.

Gentle JANUS, *ever wait*
On BRITANNIA's *kinder Fate* ;
  Crown all our Vows, and all thy Gifts beſtow,
'Till Time no more renews his Date,
  And Thames *forgets to flow.*

To a Young FRIEND.

SHOULD ſmiling Joys on all thy Steps attend,
And Health, to Monarchs coy, be STREPHON Friend;
Gay ſhould thy Humour be, ſerene thy Brow,
And, eaſy as thy Thoughts, thy Minutes flow:
Yet more, ſhould *Fame*, adopting thee her Son,
With partial Hand, thy wildeſt Wiſhes crown,
And promiſe to thy Mem'ry late Renown:
While at thy Feet, the Earth, and Ocean lay
Their Wealth, and glittering Heaps choak up thy Way.

Say --- Would it not diſturb thy mirthful Vein?
O'erturn the fooliſh *Babel* of thy Brain?
The feeble Charm diſſolve of human Praiſe,
And with grim Phantoms haunt thy genial Days?
Should e'er this Thought intrude, the Drudge, and I,
And ev'ry hapleſs Wight alike muſt die:
They, from a weary March, and toilſome Strife,
By Death diſcharg'd, ſhall ceaſe to ſuffer Life;

I, what I love, muſt quit, and when the Sun
A few Times more its ſhining Courſe hath run,
Down to the melancholy Coaſts muſt go,
Which, nor his Morning Beams, nor Ev'ning, know,
Where Muſick's ſoothing Voice (tho' Fables tell,
That ORPHEUS once could charm the Shades of Hell)
And the loud Trump of *Fame* are never heard,
The heavy, leaden, Gates by ſilence bar'd:
Silence, which, baniſh'd to thoſe dre'ry Plains,
O'er the wide Waſte in peaceful Terror reigns;
'Tis, thither, my unweeting Feet, ye tend,
And there, alas! muſt all Life's Mock'ry end.
Thence, folded up in Sleep, I ne'er ſhall riſe,
'Till the laſt Summons ſhake the vaulted Skies,
And the Earth's duſty Chambers, where we lay,
Catch all on Fire, and blaze unnat'ral Day.
Say --- Will the World then wear that tempting Face?
Wilt thou then court, as now, its fond Embrace?
Confeſs ---- the pious Man alone is wiſe,
Who looſe preſerves his Heart from earthly Ties;
When Life's a Comedy, can wiſh it done,
Heir to diviner Joys above the Sun;
Yet does not as a bare Spectator ſit,
To laugh at Follies, other Men commit;

But

But takes the Part of Providence aſſign'd,
And, by a generous Aim, to ſerve Mankind,
If great his Lot, ſhews 'tis below his Mind.
Regardleſs of the World, he journeys thro',
To Heav'n's high Arch he lifts his ardent View,
The narrow, rough, Aſcent of Virtue treads,
Nor counts that painful, which to Glory leads;
To thoſe bright Manſions, thoſe ſerene Abodes,
Where more than Kings, rever'd on Earth as Gods;
The wiſer few, whom true Ambition fir'd,
Exalted ſhine, admiring, and admir'd.
Thither, his Soul, enlarg'd from fleſhly Bands,
Flies joyful; thence the Proſpect round commands;
And at the laſt, the great, deciſive Day,
He, fearleſs, ſhall the burning World ſurvey;
There, ſafe, in holy Peace, with Angels ſit,
While vaſt Deſtruction raves beneath his Feet.

To

To ——— on his intended Marriage, after an Increaſe of his Fortune.

SURE old VIELLA's Shade thy Thanks demands,
That left th' alluring Treaſure in thy Hands,
To buy thee Happineſs ſo near divine,
And make thee dear enchanting MARCIA thine.

Tho' loud and tuneful, thy ſonorous Tongue,
When MARCIA's Window heard thy midnight Song;
Tho' cloſe thy Hug, and glutinous thy Kiſs,
Genteel thy Bow, and graceful thy Addreſs;
Tho' blithe thine Humour, and thine Habit neat,
Thine Airs all courtly, and thy Breath ſo ſweet;
Yet, oft thou knowſt, dear CODRUS, Merit fails,
While Money with ambitious Girls prevails.

Some to their Lover, yield unenvied Charms,
Thou haſt the Wiſh of fifty in thine Arms.

When

When HYMEN's Wreath ſhall on thy Brows be ſeen,
Deſpairing Crouds ſhall mourn in Willow-green.
Almoſt, my ſelf, ſhould grudge thy nuptial Night,
Could Friendſhip dare invade the tend'reſt Right;
Or, Honour in thoſe dark Receſſes pry,
Where Virtue, and the Shade forbid our Eye.

Well, haſt thou ſerv'd her ſev'n revolving Years,
And liv'd a Lover's Life of Hopes and Fears,
Seen many a forward Rival riſe and fall,
Yet, urg'd thy Claim, and born the Prize from all.
MARICA, for this, due Elogies ſhall gain,
Who crowns at laſt, the perſevering Swain:
Who waited longeſt, and deſerv'd her beſt,
Contented, at her Leiſure, to be bleſt.

If, in the doubtful Strife, for MARCIA's Heart,
(As Rivals often uſe that vicious Art)
Satire has roſe thy Character to blame,
And fix ſome hum'rous Burleſque on thy Name;
Succeſs with MARCIA, is thy ſure Defence,
Removes the Charge, and vindicates thy Senſe;
Her Beauty ſhields thee from malignant Wit,
Call her thine own, and Raillery muſt ſubmit;

For *Belles* can give the ſhallow'ſt Favourite Fame,
While Wits rejected, hide their Heads in Shame.
Or, if the laughing *Muſe*, perſue thee ſtill,
Prize thy good Fortune, that provokes Ill-will.
Let MARCIA's Charms, thy full Revenge ſupply,
While we in Secret, for thy Pleaſures die:
MOMUS may paſs, with heavy Heart, his Jeſts,
While VULCAN, in the Arms of VENUS, reſts.

PRIDE and DISCONTENT ſilenc'd.

AFTER a fruitleſs Chaſe, reſolv'd to know,
Whether a World ſo lov'd, was more than Show,
The Good, and Ill, a fretful Mortal laid
In Paſſion's Scales, uncertain, which outweigh'd;
But quickly found the beſt of human Things,
Light as the Gloſs that paints the Inſect's Wings;
While Troubles, ſuch a Weight, in Fancy, have,
As brings down Life, with Sorrow to the Grave.

Of Patience, quite forſook, 'twas here he cry'd,
No friendly Power doth over Man preſide:

The

The ſcatter'd Duſt, at firſt without a Name,
By chance this Maſs of Wretchedneſs became;
And Chance, with Folly, ſhares the helpleſs Prey,
'Till kinder Death comes in, and ſweeps him quite away

As theſe laſt Words, with fault'ring Tongue he ſpoke
Earth trembled, and his Soul with Horror ſhook,
All Heav'n appear'd incens'd, and from the Flame,
A Voice, more terrible than Thunder, came.
Where is this Child of Pride, who to be mine,
Himſelf denies, fond of an abject Line?
Stand forth, Ingrate; if thou haſt Strength to ſtand,
When not upheld by my Almighty Hand.
Dare puny Atoms, Heav'n's Decrees controul?
And counſel him, who guides the boundleſs Whole?
Laws to their Sovereign, and their Maker, give?
And his Exiſtence, doubt by whom they live?
Know, thankleſs Man, when Worms indignant ſwell,
As hardly us'd, it ſhews them us'd too well.
Take cheerfully the Lot, fore-caſt, as beſt,
And Patience will deliver thee to Reſt;
Purg'd by Afflictions, and by Time approv'd,
Death will inſtruct thee fully, whom I lov'd;
But if, unhumbled ſtill, thou dar'ſt my Frown,
The Bolt uplifted, hangs to cruſh thee down.

O

On LANGUAGE.

WHEN firſt the Infant leaves the darkſom Space,
Where myſtick Nature builds the lifeleſs Maſs,
By Form alone, a future Man confeſt,
He gives no Signs of Soul within his Breaſt;
As the brute Cub, the Child his Tongue employs,
In reſtleſs Plaints, and unharmonious Noiſe;
With undiſtinguiſh'd Cries, he rends the Air,
The clam'rous Sounds he makes no Meaning bear.
No Traces yet, are printed on the Brain ----
Or the Mind knows not how its Notions to explain;
'Till docile Nature, and the early School,
Form him to ſpeak, and teach the wond'rous Rule,
A copious Language, by degrees he gains,
Hence TULLY's Proſe, and MARO's tuneful Strains.

But when we trace it to the Founder, Man,
And curious ask from whom the Art began?
How the firſt Mortal, if a firſt there were,
(As Reaſon's Voice, and ſacred Books declare)

Unthinking

Unthinking Sounds, and airy Tremours taught,
To paint Ideas, and delineate Thought?
Unequal to the arduous Search we pauſe,
And can but fancy the producive Cauſe.
When EVE's bright Image roſe before our Sire,
And kindled in his Soul, the genial Fire,
Did Beauty Speech as well as Love inſpire?
Or did he in dumb Show addreſs the Dame,
By ſilent Actions intimate his Flame?
Were tender Touches, and the am'rous Glance,
The ſpeechleſs Signals of his firſt Advance?

Sure 'twas the godlike Bloom, and youthful Grace,
That flush'd the Features of the Charmer's Face:
(Bleſt Prodigy) his nat'ral Silence broke,
He ſaw, he lov'd, and rais'd above himſelf, he ſpoke.
From female Charms what great Effects ariſe!
How potent is the Glance of LUCCA's Eyes?

Scarce leſs was he in DRYDEN's Tale transform'd,
When Love awoke his Pow'rs, and Woman warm'd;
'Till then, a dull inſipid Ruſtick known,
In ſpite of Rule, Expence, and Art, a Clown:

Now

Now ſaid the fineſt Things with graceful Air,
And, by the Senſe ſhe gave, ſubdu'd the Fair.

Divine Invention! to diſcloſe the Mind,
And ſound converſive Life among Mankind:
In this, the Riſe of ev'ry Art was laid,
As Thoughts combining, lent their mutual Aid;
Depriv'd of Speech, our beſt Refinements fall,
And, wanting that, we muſt have wanted all.
Man would have gaz'd on Man, with mute Surprize,
And faintly ſhown a Meaning in his Eyes:
Our nobleſt Faculties had dormant lain,
And Nature's vaſt Munificence were vain;
No common Laws had bound the human Herd,
Nor Policies been form'd, nor Empires rear'd.
The *Roman*, and the *Goth* had been the ſame
Diſtinguiſh'd, nor in Nature, nor in Name:
No goodly Towns had roſe, nor rural Seats
For ſocial Dwelling, or for ſweet Retreats.
Like was the Scene at *Shinar*'s riſing Tow'r,
(Fruitleſs Attempt to mock Almighty Pow'r!)
Each mutter'd in a Jargon of his own,
And ſtrove in vain to make his Purpoſe known;
By Miracles eſtrang'd, the Builders fled,
The Pile forbid to raiſe its impious Head.

A THOUGHT at Waking.

THAT Morning too will dawn, when I ſhall riſe
Freſh from my Duſt, and, ſoaring, ſeek the Skies
Then, why ſhould I lament that Night draws on?
And, tir'd, refuſe to lay my Burthen down?
Tho', others more, yet I enough, have ſeen,
And gueſs what is to be, by what hath been.
And, ſince my youthful Days, now almoſt paſt,
Have pleas'd ſo little, welcome thou my laſt.
'Tis the leaſt Care, of all that fill this Head,
What Men deſign when I am ſtol'n to Bed.
Cloſing my Eyes, the World I now encloſe,
And fancy, waking, murthers my Repoſe;
But in the Grave, the Houſe of Rich, and Poor,
Faſt I ſhall ſleep, and dream of Life no more.

LIFE

LIFE made Agreeable.

SEEST thou yon ſunny Spot of riſing Ground?
How bright it looks amid the Shade around!
Juſt oppoſite, a ſhining Clift on high,
Tranſmits the Glories of the upper Sky:
Such is the good Man's Life, ſo ſhines his Way,
Befriended by Religion's cheerful Ray;
While guilty Wretches ſit in Death's cold Shade,
And Clouds, with Tempeſts charg'd, low'r o'er their Head.
On him, deſcends a conſtant Stream of Light,
Which gilds each common Object to his Sight;
Calm Paſſions, joyous Hopes, a Mind ſerene,
Make all without to ſmile, like all within;
Pleaſures from ev'ry Soil, ſpontaneous riſe,
And what is Gloom to others, charms his Eyes.
So when his Beams the Sun on Nature throws,
He ſtamps the beauteous Colours which he ſhews.

To AMANDA, going to *Bath*.

FAIR, ſweet, and young, receive this friendly Strain,
And liſten, if you wiſh a laſting Reign;
No ſoothing Words you muſt expect to find,
They pleaſe the Fancy, but miſlead the Mind;
The courtly Lover in theſe Lines I wave,
And, while the Councellor, diſmiſs the Slave;
Know thy own Merit, and aſſert thy Charms,
Expos'd to Danger, and beſet with Harms.
Beware the treach'rous Whiſpers of the Gay,
Nor let ſoft Nonſenſe ſteal thy Heart away.
Lords, Knights, and 'Squires, avoid with equal Care,
Alike pernicious to the giddy Fair;
Be apt to think a faithleſs Man draws near,
Watch his Deſigns, and, while you Triumph, fear;
Conduct ſhould ever be with Beauty join'd,
It looks ſevere, but proves ſeverely kind;
Without this Guide, how few forbear to ſtray,
Too oft the brighteſt Eyes miſtake the Way;

E'en

E'en you may fall, from Glory, to Diſgrace,
And loſe thoſe Conqueſts, yet retain that Face;
But Heav'n preſerve you from a tott'ring Throne,
And make you wiſe, by Suff'rings not your own:
Oh! may AMANDA, learn without Expence;
Bath is the Touchſtone of a Lady's Senſe.

EPITAPH.

BENEATH this Stone, fair Ladies, lies,
Your once profound Adorer;
His Soul once liv'd by your bright Eyes,
Ah! can't they now reſtore her?

Struck by the Luſtre of your Charms,
The Twenty-eighth of *May*,
He fell quite raviſh'd from your Arms,
For ever and for aye.

Becauſe he could not ſpeak his Part,
He did this mournful Thing,
And dy'd like a right honeſt Heart,
And ſo God ſave the King.

If common Mortals, Tears attend,
Far more his Virtues crave,
Then, Ladies, meekly condeſcend
To p----s upon his Grave.

So what inſpired *Bards* have told,
Shall be fulfill'd, we truſt;
His Mem'ry ſhall ne'er grow ſtale,
But ſavour in the Duſt.

NATURE,

NATURE.

SURPRIZING, Being! which we Nature call,
She's ſeen in various Forms, and charms in all;
In the broad Light of Day, or nightly Gloom,
In rugged Winter, or in vernal Bloom,
In boiſt'rous Oceans, and on *Alpine* Hills,
As amid fruitful Vales, and murm'ring Rills.
A Change of Aſpects ſhe delights to ſhew,
As gay BELINDA ſuits of different hue.
Oh! could I ſee thoſe Wilds, and burning Sands,
Where the great CATO march'd his gen'rous Bands.
I wiſh to viſit (were the Wiſh not vain)
As well the frozen *Pole*, as *Bagdat*'s Plain:
Lapland's bleak Regions, and her Stores of Snow,
As *Eaſtern* Iſles, where fragrant Spices grow.

Each has its Beauties of a diff'rent Kind,
That pleaſe alike, a philoſophick Mind;

Not Form, or Matter, entertains the Soul,
But that great Reaſon, which contrives the Whole.
Th' harmonious Ends, and juſt Direction ſeen
In all the Movements of the vaſt Machine.
Wiſdom and Pow'r are every where the ſame,
And Nature ſhines alike in all her Frame.
Her greater Works our awful Wonder move,
And raiſe a Paſſion more ſublime than Love.
When from this ſingle Globe we turn our Eyes,
And to the Univerſe in Thought ariſe;
We ſee unwieldy Planets, round the Sun,
Pois'd in void Space, ſtupendous Circles run:
Beyond our World unnumber'd Stars appear,
Confus'd they ſeem, and mingling Sphere with Sphere.
Who knows what Beings in thoſe Orbs reſide?
What Laws ſuſtain them, or what Bounds divide?
Deſcend, my humble *Muſe*, nor ſoar ſo high,
But Groves and Fields, a lower Subject, try.
See Nature, where ſhe more familiar looks,
In verdant Meadows, and tranſparent Brooks;
There feed a purer, and more laſting Fire,
Than SYLVIA's fading Beauties can inſpire;
With PLATO, to the Source of Beauty riſe,
And on the great Creator, fix thine Eyes.

Written

Written on one of the Ivory-Leaves of a LADY's Pocket-Book.

HOW bleſt! could I in CLOE's Heart,
As in this Book, inſcribe my Name;
But wretched ſtill, if there as here,
Another Fool might do the ſame.

On HELEN's Picture, painted by a LADY.

PROUD of this Maſter-piece of Light and Shade,
Exultingly, thus Art, to Nature ſaid;
" Yield rival Siſter, now the Palm reſign,
" And own thy HELEN, is excel'd by mine."
To whom thus Nature haughtily reply'd,
" Check thy Injuſtice, and reform thy Pride:

" Why doſt thou thy compleateſt Draught compare,
" With the rough Sketches of my infant Care?
" Look on my later Works, and thou ſhalt trace
" Ten thouſand HELEN's in ELISA's Face.
" View ev'ry Feature there, and thy proud Heart
" Muſt own, thoſe Strokes beyond the Reach of Art."

The Story of ARIADNE, apply'd.

FAIR ARIADNE, drown'd in Tears,
Upbraids the faithleſs *Grecian* Chief,
'Till BACCHUS, jolly God, appears,
And calms her Woe, and lulls her Grief.

The Moral of this Tale implies,
When Woman yields her Virgin Store,
Away the fated Lover flies,
Since there he can obtain no more.

Awhile ſhe tries each female Snare,
And ſeems ev'n loſt in Thinking;
But, tir'd at length with fruitleſs Care,
Drowns all her Woes with drinking.

HORACE,

HORACE, Book III. Ode XXIX. Imitated.

HASTE, my Mecenas, haſte away,
The roſy Wreath awaits thy Brow,
Th' impriſon'd Chian chides thy Stay;
What Care, what Pleaſure, holds thee now?

How can you take Delight to view
The ſame dull Proſpects o'er and o'er?
What can your Fancy find out new,
On *Ezul*'s Hill, or *Tiber*'s Shore?

Forſake awhile the Pomp, that cloys
The glitt'ring Croud, the lofty Dome,
Awhile exchange for rural Joys,
The Hurry, Smoak, and Noiſe of *Rome*.

Tir'd of their Heav'n, and fond of Change,
Ev'n Gods forſake their ſtarry Seats,
The Gods delight on Earth to range,
And joy to taſte our humble Sweets.

See ev'ry baneful Planet ſhine,
The raging *Dogſtar* ſcatters Death,
With Heat the fainting Cattle pine,
And the poor Shepherd pants for Breath.

In vain, the Grove, and gliding Flood,
With weary Steps they now explore;
Nor *Zephyr* wakes the ſilent Wood,
Or whiſtles in the hollow Shore.

Why then, ah why! ſtill wrapp'd in Cares?
Why Negligent of Health and Eaſe,
Fearful in vain of future Wars,
Why do you loſe the Joys of Peace?

Future Events are hid in ſhades,
JOVE only gives the preſent Hour,
Vain is the Mortal that invades
The Secrets of Almighty Pow'r.

Careleſs of what may be to Morrow,
  On preſent Mirth your Thoughts employ,
Why ſhould the Fears of future Sorrow,
  Trouble the Stream of preſent Joy?

Human Affairs like *Tiber*'s Tide,
  With no fix'd ſtated Motion flow,
Unruffled now, they ſmoothly glide,
  While no rude Wind preſumes to blow.

Anon, the Waves with dreadful Force,
  Come ruſhing on the frighted Shore,
With Ruin mark their furious Courſe,
  And make the diſtant Foreſt roar.

Bleſs'd, only he, who free from Care,
  Can ev'ry Night with Pleaſure ſay,
Be it to Morrow foul or fair,
  Thanks to my Stars, I've liv'd to Day.

The Joys I have poſſeſs'd, are mine,
  Harbour'd ſecure, from Fortune's Blaſt,
Tho' JOVE ſhould at my Bliſs repine,
  JOVE can't recal the Minutes paſs'd.

Fortune loves dearly to perplex
  Our buſy Hopes, and airy Schemes,
Unfix'd, like her inconſtant Sex,
  She's ever changing to Extreams.

Whene'er ſhe pleaſes to be kind,
  I'll meet her with extended Arms;
But when the Wanton ſhifts her Mind,
  Why ſhou'd I languiſh for her Charms?

Without Regret, I then reſign,
  The fleeting Joys, ſhe only lent;
Nor at th' expected Change repine,
  Arm'd with my Virtue and Content.

Let Fools th' unpitying Gods implore,
  When Ruin ſwells in every Wave,
And anxious to preſerve their Store,
  Drown with the Wealth they ſtrive to ſave.

Whilſt I, an humble Safety ſeek,
  And ev'ry Star propitious find;
Haſte to ſome happy little Creek,
  Nor think on all I leave behind.

The Fable of the FOX and GRAPES.

A Fox more ſubtle than the Reſt,
And ſharp in all his Senſes,
Once on a Time by Hunger preſt,
Broke o'er a Garden's Fences.

The Pears that dangle on thoſe Boughs,
He ſwears are ſo inviting!
Thoſe pretty Peaches too, he vows,
Do mightily delight him.

But, then! thoſe Grapes! and takes a Jump,
As high as Legs could rear him;
But, falling, almoſt breaks his Rump,
And yet could not come near 'em.

D---n them (he cry'd) d'ye call theſe ripe,
They'd kill one with the Cholick,
I wou'd not eat them if I might,
I jump'd but for a Frolick.

LIFE, from a *French* EPIGRAM.

HOW ſwift, we cry, the reſtleſs Years rowl on,
Fond to appear, impatient to be gone?
Why mourn we idly then the flying Hours,
When by Enjoyment we might make them ours?
With roſy Fetters bind the Minutes faſt,
Nor loſe the preſent, to regret the paſt;
In Life's ſhort Road, let Pleaſures force Delay,
Strew it with Flowers to obſtruct thy Way.

On FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, the heav'nly Theme, I ſing,
Thou Source of ſweeteſt Joy!
Pleaſures from groſſer Senſe refin'd,
Still new, that never cloy.

'Tis

'Tis ſacred Friendſhip ſoftens Life,
And ſmooth's the rugged Stream;
Uniting Joys, will Joys create,
And ſharing leſſen Pain.

'Tis pure as the etherial Flame,
That lights the Lamps above,
Or, as the new-born Infant's Thought,
Or, as his Mother's Love.

The ſordid Soul ne'er knows thy Charms,
Nor ſuch divine Delight;
He whom thy gen'rous Paſſion warms,
Soars to an Angel's Height.

Friendſhip, is founded on Eſteem,
'Tis Elegance of Choice,
Acquaintance pick'd from Crouds of Men,
By heav'nly Reaſon's Voice.

Diſtinguiſh'd by ſuperiour Worth,
And Virtue all divine,
Behaviour elegant, whoſe Taſte,
Learning, and Wit, refine.

When

When ſuch diſcourſe, Inſtruction flows,
Not idle empty Sound,
No Breath envenom'd Flatt'ry knows,
Or Envy's ruthleſs Wound.

Reaſon and Truth, inſpire each Tongue,
The Soul, bright Knowledge gains,
Such, ADAM ask'd, and GABRIEL ſung,
In heav'nly MILTON's Strains.

Such, the Companions of my Hours,
And ſuch, my lov'd Employ,
I wou'd indulge my nobler Pow'rs,
But know no guilty Joy.

And thus, as ſwift-wing'd Time brings on
Death nearer to our View,
Tun'd to ſweet Harmony, our Souls
Will take a ſhort Adieu.

'Till the laſt Trump's delightful Sound,
Shall wake our ſleeping Clay,
Then ſwift, to find our Fellow-Souls,
As light we haſte away.

The Victory: To CYNTHIA.

BELINDA, long my Heart aſſail'd,
Now almoſt free, and now a Slave;
Reſiſtleſs now her Charms prevail'd,
Anon, her Scorn ſome Reſpite gave.

Now Favours to my Rival move;
With ſpiteful Care, her Faults to trace,
Her Empire ſinks----'till artful Love,
By treach'rous Smiles regains his Place.

Thus hung my Fate, when CYNTHIA came,
With Eyes that Love and Hope inſpire,
The lovelieſt, ſofteſt, ſweeteſt, Dame,
That ever kindled warm Deſire.

Alike from Pride, and Cunning free,
Gentle her Sway, without Deceit;
And whom ſhe dooms in vain to Sigh,
Softens with kind Concern their Fate.

My Soul at once her Pow'r confeſs'd,
With Pleaſure bore her eaſy Chain,
Whoſe Love can make ſincerely bleſt,
Whoſe Pity free ev'n Death from Pain.

Some Vice thus, by the Fancy dreſt,
In gaudy Charms, allures the Eye,
The Youth half leans to her Embrace,
Then ſees the Cheat, and ſtrives to flie.

Confus'd, uncertain, long he ſtands,
'Till Virtue's conqu'ring Form appear,
Diſſolves at once th' Enchantreſs' Bands,
And make her Beauties diſappear.

The Youth with gen'rous Ardour glows,
And claſps the Goddeſs to his Breaſt,
With rapt'rous Joy his Soul o'erflows:
Dear CYNTHIA, let me thus be bleſt.

A MORNING-HYMN.

HAIL, ſacred Light! thy quick'ning Glance
Awakes to Life, and points to God,
Who makes thy pureſt Beams his Robe,
Thy perfect Splendor his Abode.

His mighty Hand impels the Sun,
Unactive elſe that Orb would lie,
Nor to expecting Worlds diſpenſe
His vital Fires, but all muſt die.

Thy Bounty, Lord, the vaſt Expenſe
Of daily Light, and Heat defrays,
And Worlds and Creatures thou preſerv'ſt,
Fit to receive and feel thy Grace!

My Soul its willing Homage pays,
And lengthen'd Life aſcribes to thee,
Pleas'd to depend on that great Source
Of Love, from whence I ſprang to be.

Thou

Thou guard'ſt my nightly Slumbers free
From frightful Dreams, and real Harms,
I wake to Plenty, Peace, and Friends,
For ſtill I wake within thy Arms.

Thou wind'ſt the Springs of Life anew,
And bids new Tides of Spirits riſe,
They bear the Mind with proſp'rous Courſe,
To Truth, to Virtue, to the Skies.

I mourn my Waſt of former Days,
To thee devote my future Time;
Bright with thy Favour let it roul,
Rich in good Fruits, and free from Crime.

Then chearful I'd receive my Doom,
Tho' long were my appointed Race,
Or joy to change this diſtant Dawn,
For the full Glories of thy Face.

To an INFANT, by a LADY.

O Happy Nymph! a friendly Sign
Has uſher'd in thy Birth;
Fair Hope ſits blooming on thy Morn,
And crowns the Day with Mirth.

May ev'ry Omen proſp'rous prove,
And gladſom all thy Days;
May Beauty triumph in thy Face,
And Wiſdom guide thy Ways.

Still mayſt thou give thy Father Joy,
Deſerve thy Mother's Love,
Give an Example to thy Sex,
Which Virtue may approve.

And late may'ſt thou retire from Life,
With ev'ry Merit bleſt,
Belov'd, eſteem'd, lamented, dye,
And glide to heav'nly Reſt.

A SONG.

WHY, CELIA, ſhould you ſo much ſtrive,
Your kindling Paſſion to conceal?
Your Lips, tho' they Denial give,
Yet all your Actions Love reveal.

In vain you ſtrive, in vain, alas!
The charming Paſſion to diſguiſe,
It glows, it bluſhes on your Face,
And ſparkles in your ſwimming Eyes.

Your Eyes, thoſe Emblems of the Heart,
Still contradict whate'er you ſay,
And, tho' your Lips deny the Smart,
Your Eyes are more believ'd than they.

Another

Another, occaſion'd by the Sight of a CORPS in the *Thames*.

WHEN ſhall I, wretched Maid!
Lay down my Cares and dye?
When join my Lover's Shade,
And by his Aſhes lye?
------But, ah! I rage in vain,
With fruitleſs Moan complain;
I ſee no End of Pain,
No End of Pain.

Once Love, with ſilken Bands,
Entwin'd our Hearts and Hands,
And, innocently gay,
Wing'd all our Hours away:
------Now, where loud Billows roar,
His dead Corps beats the Shore,
And knows ſuch Joys no more,
Alas! no more.

Sad on the rocky Strand,
I take his Corps to Land,
And, while I weep and rave,
Implore a friendly Grave :
------But who will deign their Aid,
To ſooth a plaintive Shade,
Or help a wretched Maid ;
A wretched Maid !

Dear Youth ! I wail thy Doom,
In angry Tempeſts loſt,
Dear Youth ! deny'd a Tomb,
To ſooth thy plaintive Ghoſt.
------But, o'er my Fun'ral Bed,
Will one kind Tear be ſhed,
To wail poor JULIA dead ?
Poor JULIA dead !

The RUINS of TIME.

FIX'D is the Date of all Things here below,
Relentleſs Time devours them ſoon or late:
Ev'n Springs ſhall fail, and Rivers ceaſe to flow,
And mould'ring Mountains ſink with Age's Weight.

In vain that fierce Deſtroyer to defeat,
Proud Monuments of labour'd Art we raiſe,
Soon they decay and periſh at his Feet,
Born down th' impetuous Stream of rolling Days.

Alas! muſt Beauty too be doom'd to fade?
Time is a Tyrant, whom no Charms can move:
Not even thine, LUCINDA, deareſt Maid;
Even thine protected, by the God of Love.

Smile on me, fair One, and my Pains aſſwage!
Thy Charms thro' unborn Ages I'll prolong;
I'll bid them ſcorn even Time's devouring Rage,
And Bloom for ever in immortal Song.

Serenely ſmooth the eaſy Lines ſhall flow,
Brightly ſhall ſhine adorn'd with ev'ry Grace;
But to thy Smiles their Strength and Softneſs owe,
And ſteal their Beauties from thy Mind and Face.

On her MAJESTY's STATUE in St. *Paul's-Church-Yard.*

NEAR the vaſt Bulk of that ſtupendous Frame,
Known by the *Gentiles* great Apoſtle's Name;
With Grace divine, great ANNA's ſeen to riſe,
An awful Form that glads a Nation's Eyes:
Beneath her Feet four mighty Realms appear,
And with due Reverence pay their Homage there.
Britain and *Ireland*, ſeem to own her Grace,
And ev'n wild *India* wears a ſmiling Face.

But *France* alone with downcaſt Eyes is ſeen,
The ſad Attendant of ſo good a Queen:
Ungrateful Country! to forget ſo ſoon,
All that great ANNA for thy Sake has done:

When

When ſworn the kind Defender of thy Cauſe,
Spite of her dear Religion, ſpite of Laws;
For thee ſhe ſheath'd the Terrors of her Sword,
For thee ſhe broke her General----and her Word:
For thee her Mind in doubtful Terms ſhe told,
And learn'd to ſpeak like Oracles of old.
For thee, for thee alone, what could ſhe more?
She loſt the Honour ſhe had gain'd before;
Loſt all the Trophies, which her Arms had won,
(Such, CESAR never knew, nor PHILIP's Son)
Reſign'd the Glories of a ten Year's Reign,
And ſuch as none but MARLBOROUGH's Arm could gain.
For thee, in Annals, ſhe's content to ſhine
Like other Monarchs of her antient Line.

A PARAPHRASE on the latter Part of the VIth Chap. of St. *MATTHEW.*

WHEN my Breaſt labours with oppreſſive Care,
And o'er my Cheek deſcends the falling Tear;
While all my warring Paſſions are at Strife,
Oh, let me liſten to the Words of Life!

Raptures deep-felt, his Doctrine did impart,
And thus he lov'd to chear the lonely Heart.

Think not, when all, your ſcanty Stores afford,
Is ſpread, at once, upon the ſparing Board;
Think not, when worn, the homely Robe appears,
While, on the Roof, the howling Tempeſt bears;
What, farther, ſhall this feeble Life ſuſtain,
And what ſhall cloath theſe ſhiv'ring Limbs again.
Say, does not Life its Nouriſhment exceed?
And the fair Body its inveſting Weed?

Behold!---- and look away your low Deſpair,
See the light Tenants of the barren Air:
To them, nor Stores, nor Granaries, belong,
Nought, but the Woodland, and the pleaſing Song;
Yet, your kind heavenly Father bends his Eye,
On the leaſt Wing, that flits along the Sky.
To him they ſing, when *Spring* renews the Plain,
To him they cry, in *Winter*'s pinching Reign;
Nor is their Muſick, nor their Plaint in vain.
He hears the gay, and the Diſtreſsful call,
And with unſparing Bounty fills them all.

Obſerve the riſing Lilly's ſnowy Grace,
Obſerve the various vegetable Race;
They neither toil, nor ſpin, but careleſs grow,
Yet ſee how warm they bluſh! how bright they glow!
What regal Veſtments can with them compare!
What King ſo ſhining! and what Queen ſo fair!

If, ceaſeleſs, thus the Fowls of Heaven he feeds,
If, o'er the Fields, ſuch lucid Robes he ſpreads;
Will he not care for you, ye Faithleſs, ſay?
Is he unwiſe? Or, are ye leſs than they?

The Incomparable Soporific DOCTOR.

SWEET, ſleeky *Doctor!* dear, pacifick Soul!
Lay at the Beef, and ſuck the vital Bowl.
Still let th' involving Smoak around thee fly,
And broad-look'd Dulneſs ſettle in thine Eye.
Ah! ſoft in Down theſe dainty Limbs repoſe,
And in the very Lap of Slumber doze;

But

But chiefly, on the lazy Day of Grace,
Call forth the lambent Glories of thy Face;
If ought the Thoughts of Dinner can prevail,
And ſure the *Sunday*'s Dinner cannot fail.
To the thin Church in ſleepy Pomp proceed,
And lean on the *Lethargick Book* thy Head.
Theſe Eyes wipe often with the hallow'd Lawn,
Profoundly Nod, immeaſurably Yawn.
Slow let the Prayers by thy meek Lips be ſung,
Nor let thy Thoughts be diſtanc'd by thy Tongue;
If e'er the Lingerers are within a Call,
Or if on Prayers thou deign'ſt to think at all.
Yet---only yet---the ſwimming Head we bend;
But when ſerene, the Pulpit you aſcend,
Thro' every Joint a gentle Horror creeps,
And round you the conſenting Audience ſleeps.
So when an Aſs with ſluggiſh Front appears,
The Horſes ſtart, and prick their quivering Ears;
But ſoon as e'er the *Sage* is heard to bray,
The Fields all thunder, and they bound away.

The HAPPY MAN.

HE'S not the *Happy Man*, to whom is given
A plenteous Fortune by indulgent *Heaven*;
Whoſe gilded Roofs on ſhining Columns riſe,
And painted Walls enchant the Gazer's Eyes;
Whoſe Table flows with hoſpitable Chear,
And all the various Bounty of the Year;
Whoſe Vallies ſmile, whoſe Gardens breathe the *Spring*,
Whoſe carved Mountains bleat, and Foreſts ſing;
For whom the cooling Shade in *Summer* twines,
While his full Cellars give their generous Wines;
From whoſe wide Fields unbounded *Autumn* pours
A golden Tide, into his ſwelling Stores:
Whoſe *Winter* laughs; for whom the liberal Gales
Stretch the big Sheet, and toiling *Commerce* ſails;
When yielding Crouds attend, and *Pleaſure* ſerves;
While Youth, and Health, and Vigour ſtring his Nerves.
Even not all theſe, in one rich Lot combin'd,
Can make the *Happy Man*, without the Mind;

Where

Where *Judgment* ſits clear-ſighted, and ſurveys
The Chain of *Reaſon* with unerring Gaze;
Where *Fancy* lives, and to the bright'ning Eyes,
Bids fairer Scenes, and bolder Figures riſe;
Where *ſocial Love* exerts her ſoft Command,
And plays the *Paſſions* with a tender Hand,
Whence every *Virtue* flows, in rival Strife,
And all the *moral Harmony* of Life.

Nor canſt thou, D---D---N, this Truth decline,
Thine is the *Fortune*, and the *Mind* is thine.

HYMN on SOLITUDE.

HAIL ever-pleaſing Solitude!
Companion of the Wiſe, and Good!
But, from whoſe holy, piercing Eye,
The Herd of Fools, and Villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk!
And liſten to thy whiſper'd Talk;

Which

Which Innocence, and Truth imparts,
And melts the moſt obdurate Hearts.

A thouſand Shapes you wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in every Shape you pleaſe;
Now wrapt in ſome myſterious Dream,
A lone Philoſopher you ſeem;
Now quick from Hill to Vale you fly,
And now you ſweep the vaulted Sky,
And *Nature* triumphs in your Eye:
Then ſtrait again you court the Shade,
And pining, hang the penſive Head.
A Shepherd next, you haunt the Plain,
And warble forth your oaten Strain.
A Lover now, with all the Grace
Of that ſweet Paſſion in your Face!
Then, ſoft-divided, you aſſume
The gentle-looking H- ---d's Bloom,
As, with her PHILOMELA, ſhe,
(Her PHILOMELA fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing Vale,
Awakes the rival'd Nightingale.
A thouſand Shapes you wear with eaſe,
And ſtill in every Shape you pleaſe.

Thine is th' unbounded Breath of Morn,
Juſt as the dew-bent Roſe is born;
And while *Meridian* Fevers beat,
Thine is the Woodland dumb Retreat;
But chief, when Evening Scenes decay,
And the faint Landskip ſwims away,
Thine is the doubtful dear Decline,
And that beſt Hour of muſing thine.

Deſcending Angels bleſs thy Train,
The *Virtues* of the Sage, and Swain;
Plain *Innocence* in white array'd,
And *Contemplation* rears the Head;
Religion, with her awful Brow,
And rapt URANIA waits on you.

Oh, let me pierce thy ſecret Cell!
And in thy deep Receſſes dwell;
For ever with thy Raptures fir'd,
For ever from the World retir'd;
Nor by a Mortal ſeen, ſave he
A LYCIDAS, or LYCON be.

FINIS.

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